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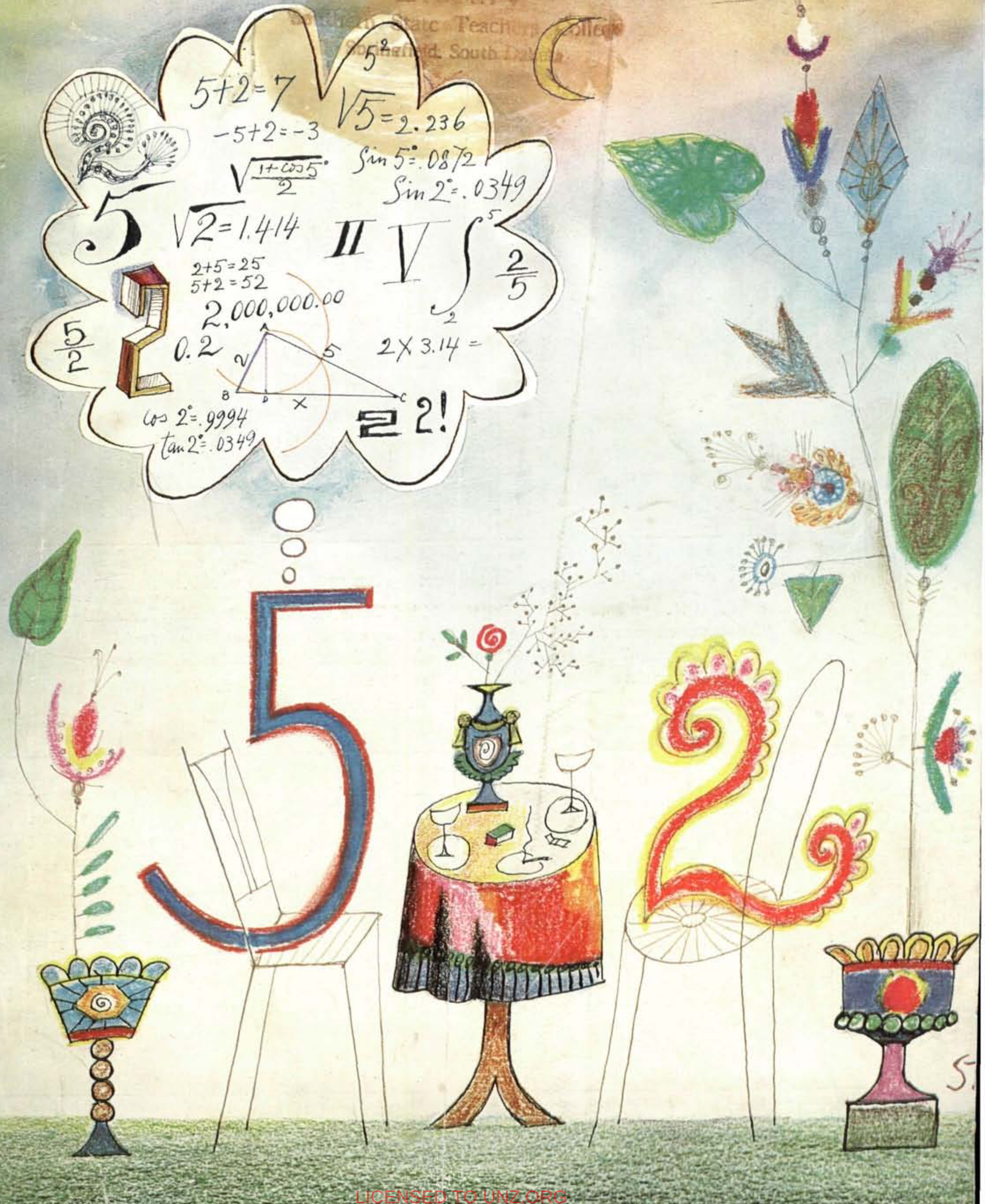
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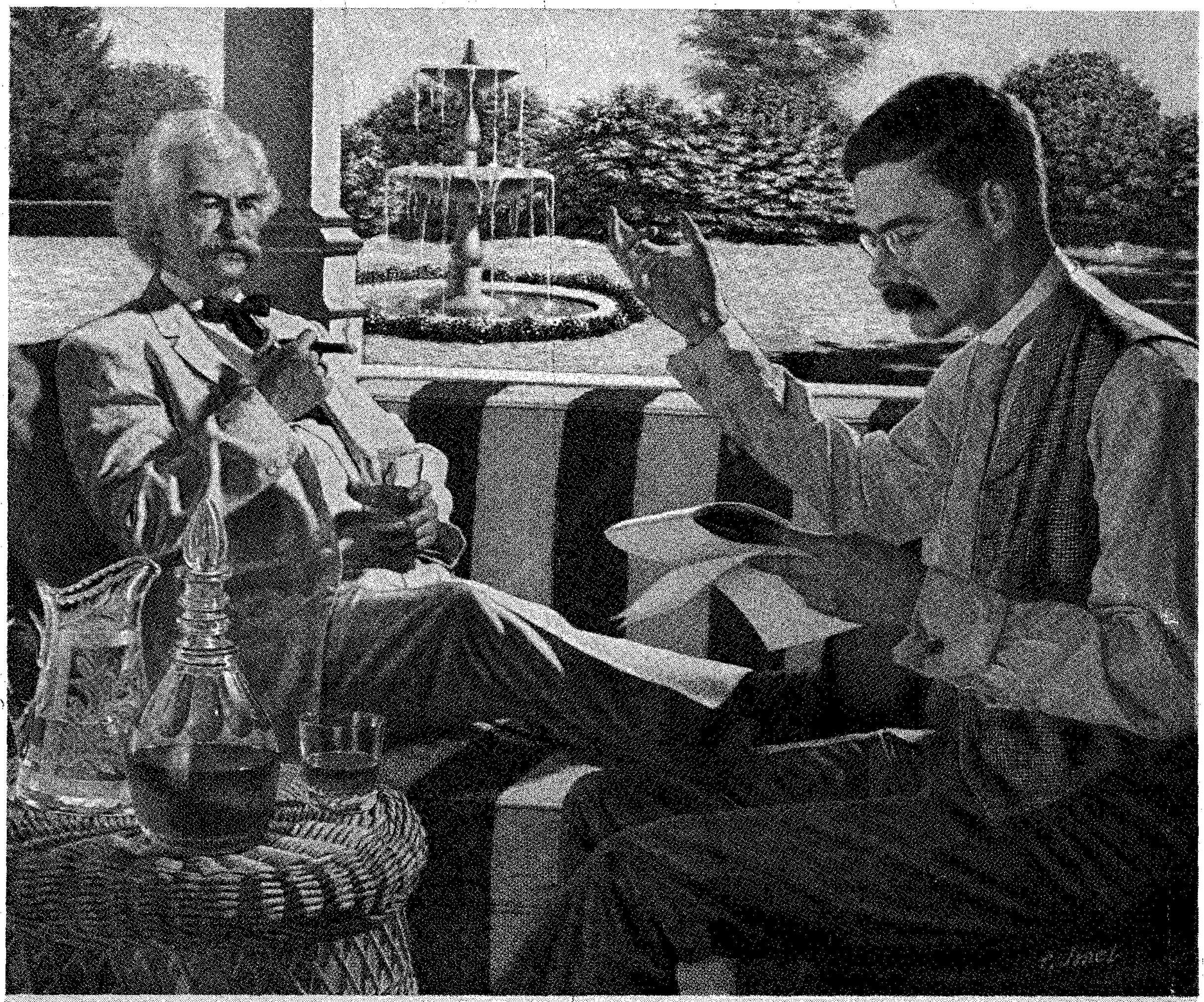

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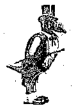

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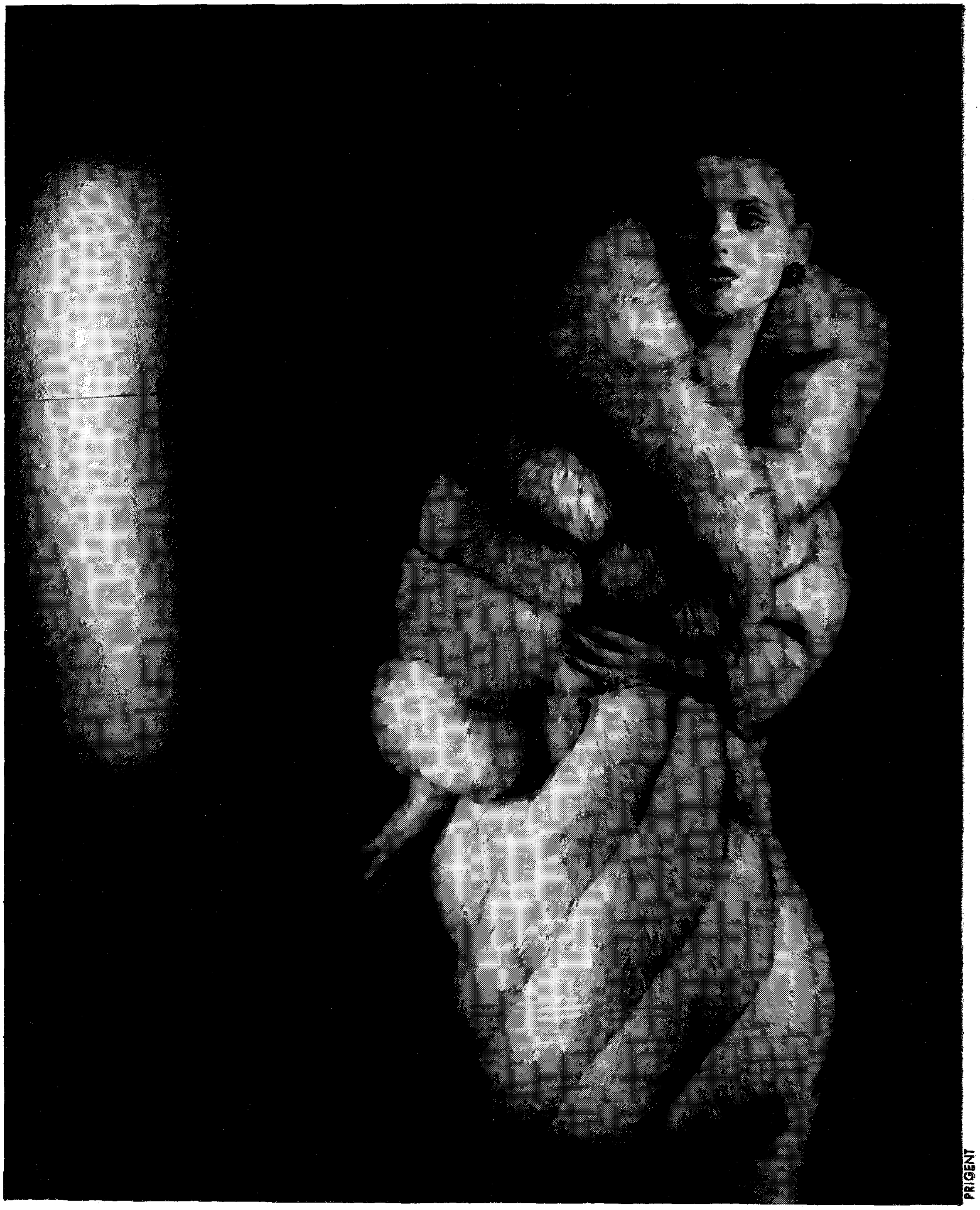

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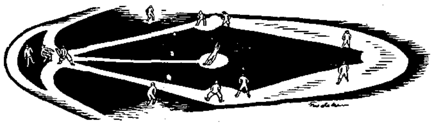
# GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN



## A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

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## THE THEATRE

(E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

### PLAYS

**The Affair**—Ronald Millar's dramatization of the C. P. Snow novel about the trouble stirred up at Cambridge when a young physicist is discharged for faking some facts in his dissertation. Not too satisfactory from a theatrical standpoint. Brewster Mason heads the mixed British and American cast. (Henry Miller, 43rd St., E. BR 9-3970. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

**A Thousand Clowns**—A comedy by Herb Gardner concerned with a television writer who has shaken the dust of Madison Avenue from his shoes and doesn't want to get them soiled again. Sometimes it's up, sometimes it's down, but it has many antic rewards as acted by Jason Robards, Jr., Sandy Dennis, Barry Gordon, A. Larry Haines, William Daniels, and Gene Saks. (Eugene O'Neill, 49th St., W. CI 6-8870. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

**Long Runs**—**come blow your horn:** Neil Simon's comedy about the doings of a pair of youths who have absolutely no interest in their father's artificial-fruit business. Hal March, Warren Berlinger, and Morris Carnovsky are in the cast. (Brooks Atkinson, 47th St., W. CI 5-1310. Nightly at 8:40. Matinée Saturday at 2:30. Closes Saturday, Oct. 6.) . . . **a man for all seasons:** A play (by Robert Bolt) concerning Sir Thomas More, the sixteenth-century martyr, now played by Emlyn Williams. Other performers in the cast include George Rose, Thomas Gomez, Albert Dekker, William Redfield, and David J. Stewart. (ANTA Theatre, 52nd St., W. CI 6-6270. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **mary, mary:** An estranged couple making their way back to the old nest. Barbara Bel Geddes, Barry Nelson, and Edward Mulhare are in Jean Kerr's comedy. (Helen Hayes, 46th St., W. CI 6-6380. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **take her, she's mine:** Art Carney and Elizabeth Ashley are in this comedy, by Phoebe and Henry Ephron, about a West Coast father who dispatches his daughter to an Eastern college and then broods heavily about what might be happening to her there. (Biltmore, 47th St., W. JU 2-5340. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

### MUSICALS

**A Funny Thing Happened on the Way to the Forum**—Zero Mostel, David Burns, Jack Gilford, and John Carradine, among others, clowning about ancient Rome in a jolly combination of burlesque and vaudeville. The comedy was put together by Burt Shevelove and Larry Gelbart, who based their play on the works of Plautus. The score, by Stephen Sondheim, is undistinguished, but his lyrics are volatile, and so is the direction, by George Abbott. (Alvin, 52nd St., W. CI 5-5226. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

**I Can Get It for You Wholesale**—A funny and exciting show that mirrors the cutthroat excitement of life in the garment district. Jerome Weidman has done his own adaptation of his novel about the rapid ascent of a pushy young crook; Harold Rome has written breezy and melodic songs to go with it; and a couple of newcomers (Elliott Gould and Barbra Streisand) and a trio of veterans (Harold Lang, Bambi Linn, and Lillian Roth) play the principal Seventh Avenue types. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. CI 7-7992. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

**No Strings**—The music of Richard Rodgers, the choreography and direction of Joe Layton, the scenery of David Hays, and the presence and voice of Diahann Carroll, as a model for Paris *Vogue*, combine to make this show a thing of beauty. Only the weakness of the book, which deals in part with the who-cares literary frustrations of an expatriate American novelist (Richard Kiley), prevents it from being a joy forever. (Broadhurst, 44th St., W. CI 6-6699. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

**Long Runs**—**camelot:** King Arthur and all that. With William Squire and Janet Pavek. (Majestic, 44th St., W. CI 6-0730. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:35. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:35.) . . . **carnival:** Susan Watson portrays a young orphan girl who falls in love with a group of puppets. Among her associates are James Mitchell, Jerry Orbach, and Kaye Ballard. (Imperial, 45th St., W. CO 5-2412. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **how to succeed in business without really trying:** The saga of a young egomaniac who skips to the top of the mercantile world by duplicity, chicanery, and just plain gall. Robert Morse plays the youth on the upswing, and Rudy Vallée plays his employer. (46th Street Theatre, 46th St., W. CI 6-4271. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **milk and honey:** A tour through modern Israel with a clutch of American widows, all anxious to head for the altar again. The cast is led by Robert Weede, Mimi Benzell, and Hermione Gingold. (Martin Beck, 45th St., W. CI 6-6363. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **the sound of music:** Rodgers and Hammerstein tell us all about the Austrian Trapp family. Now with Nancy Dussault and Donald Scott. (Lunt-Fontanne, 46th St., W. JU 6-5555. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Scheduled to open too late for review in this issue:

**Stop the World—I Want to Get Off**—A musical imported from London, starring Anthony Newley, who also directed it and, with Leslie Bricusse, wrote it. Produced by David Merrick, in association with Bernard Delfont. (Shubert, 44th St., W. CI 6-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

### OPENINGS

(There are often last-minute changes in dates and curtain times, so it is a good idea to verify them before starting out.)

**Come On Strong**—Carroll Baker and Van Johnson in a play written and directed by Garson Kanin. Produced by Hillard Elkins and Al Goldin. Opens Thursday, Oct. 4. (Morosco, 45th St., W. CI 6-6230. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40; opening-night curtain at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

**Who's Afraid of Virginia Woolf?**—A four-character play by Edward Albee, with Uta Hagen, Arthur Hill, George Grizzard, and Melinda Dillon. Directed by Alan Schneider and presented by Richard Barr and Clinton Wilder. Opens Saturday, Oct. 13. (Billy Rose, 41st St., W. WI 7-5510. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8.)

### OFF BROADWAY

(Confirmation of dates, curtain times, and casts is distinctly advisable.)

**Anything Goes**—A snappy revival of Cole Porter's hit musical of the 1934-35 season. The book, an affable bit of foolishness, is the work of P. G. Wodehouse, Guy Bolton, Russel Crouse, and Howard Lindsay. The score is, of course, one of Mr. Porter's best, so the addition of several songs from his other shows may make you wonder if those responsible haven't taken the title a bit too literally. (Orpheum Theatre, Second Ave. at 8th St. OR 4-8140. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

**The Blacks**—Jean Genêt ferries us, by means of symbols, rituals, and masks, into a kind of state of mind—the excruciating state of mind that separates the Negro and the white. The play is too long, but Gene Frankel, despite some excited direction, handles the all-Negro cast well. (St. Marks Playhouse, 133 Second Ave., at St. Marks Pl. OR 4-3530. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

**Brecht on Brecht**—Barbara Baxley, Theodore Bikel, Viveca Lindfors, Alfred Ryder, and Michael Wager in excerpts from the writings—public and private—of Bertolt Brecht. Mr. Brecht's words are, for the most part, quite brilliant, and the actors' performances are entirely worthy of them. (Theatre de Lys, 121 Christopher St. WA 4-8782. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 2:40.)

**The Days and Nights of Beebee Fenstermaker**—A play by William Snyder. (Sheridan Square Playhouse, 99 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. CH 2-3224. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

**The Fantasticks**—This musical comedy about a lovesick boy and the lovesick girl next door will be chiefly of interest to those with a large tolerance for whimsey. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. OR 4-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

**The Hostage**—A revival of Brendan Behan's wild, poignant comedy about a Cockney soldier held captive in a Dublin lodging house. (One Sheridan Square, between Sixth

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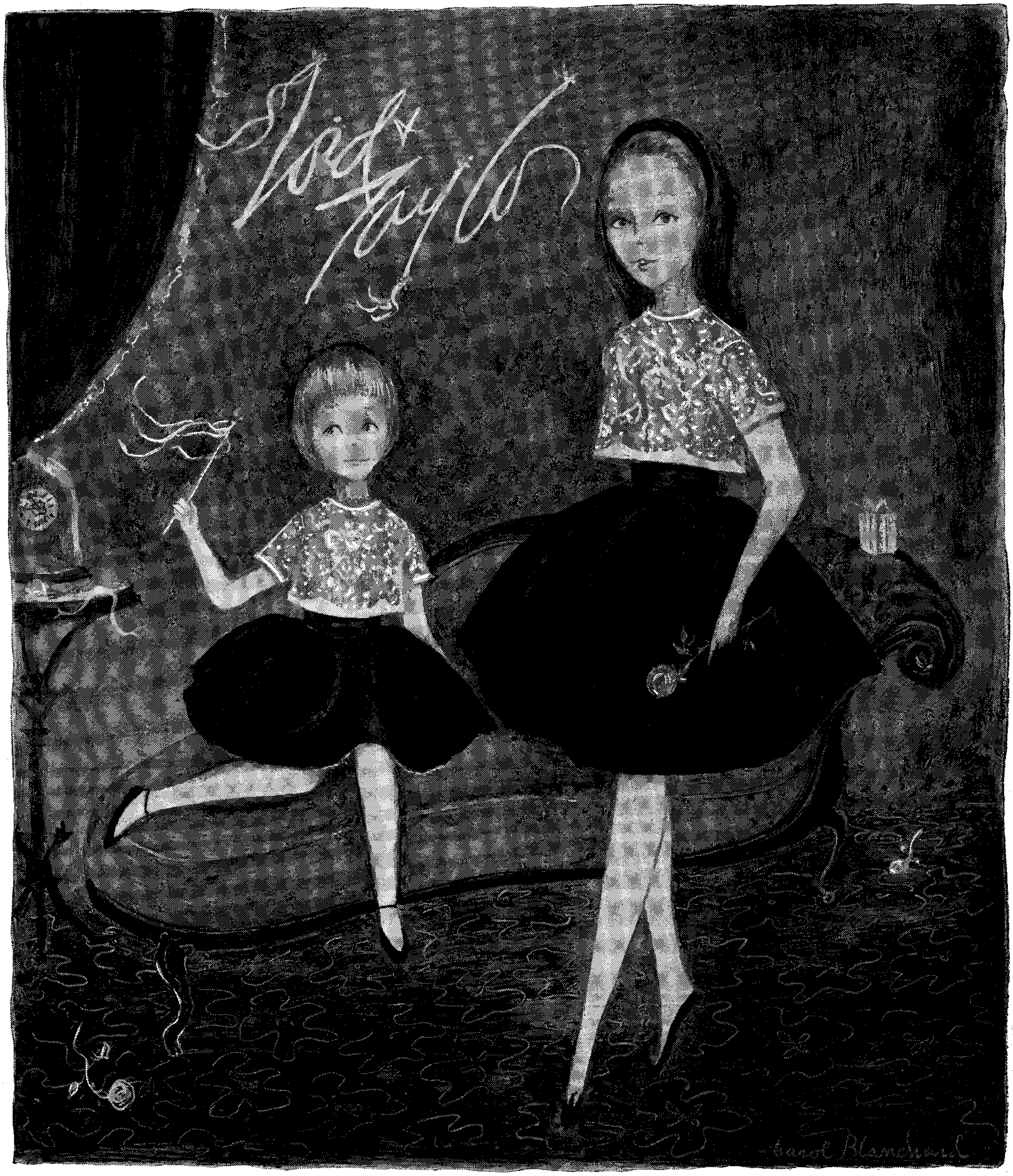
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# GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

and Seventh Aves. YU 9-1334. Tuesdays through Thursdays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Fridays and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

**Man Is Man**—Bertolt Brecht's brutal but ingenious farce about an easygoing laborer, who, by a series of tricks, is changed into an enthusiastic soldier. This version of the script is the eleventh and final one. Although most of the acting is good, the production as a whole is overwrought and strident, which may be just what the playwright intended. (Living Theatre, 530 Sixth Ave., at 14th St. CH 3-4569. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 2:40.)

**A Man's a Man**—Same play, in an earlier and more loose-limbed version. Several of the scenes are entertaining, several are downright repulsive, and, with a few exceptions, the performances are quite poor. (Masque Theatre, 442 W. 42nd St. CH 4-1350. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

**Oh Dad, Poor Dad, Mama's Hung You in the Closet and I'm Feelin' So Sad**—A new playwright named Arthur Kopit has made a Surrealist comic strip out of the violent story of a hateful, possessive mother and her miserable son. The staging, by Jerome Robbins, is all that any playwright, new or old, could wish for, and the performances, by Jo Van Fleet, Austin Pendleton, Sandor Szabo, and especially Barbara Harris, are highly satisfactory. (Phoenix Theatre, 334 E. 74th St. UN 1-2288. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3. No performance Sunday evening, Oct. 7.)

**Plays for Bleecker Street**—Thornton Wilder's triptych of new one-acters, directed by José Quintero. In "Childhood," a near triumph of sleight of hand for both playwright and players, a father assumes a role in his children's fantasy. "Infancy" is a serious farce, in which two grown men appear as raging infants in perambulators, and, not surprisingly, a Father Francis is the leading character of a rather frail work called "Someone from Assisi." (Circle in the Square, 159 Bleecker St. GR 3-4590. Mondays, Wednesdays, Thursdays, and Sundays at 8:40; Fridays at 9:30; and Saturdays at 8 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

**A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man** and **The Barroom Monks**—A selection of scenes, well chosen and plausibly performed, from Joyce's novel. In "The Barroom Monks," which is the curtain-raiser, a young medical student tries to rescue a priest almost hopelessly lost in alcoholism. The setting is a saloon, and the author is Joseph Carroll. (Martinique Theatre, Broadway at 32nd St. PE 6-3056. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

**Sweet Miani**—A musical with a book by Stuart Bishop and music and lyrics by Ed Tyler. (Players Theatre, 115 Macdougal St. AL 4-5076. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

**Ten Nights in a Barroom**—A musical version, by John Savoca and Marcia Taradash, of the novel by P. S. Arthur. (Greenwich Mews Theatre, 141 W. 13th St. CH 3-6800. Mondays through Thursdays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

**This Was Burlesque**—The return of Ann Corio, as M.C., star turn, and director of an old-time burlesque show, along with a number of old-time comedians and a line of strip teasers. Much of the material is funny in an earthy kind of way, but it is also awfully gamy for all but the most insensitive palates. (Casino East Theatre, Second Ave. at 12th St. YU 2-6611. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at midnight. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2:30.)

**Whisper Into My Good Ear** and **Mrs. Dally Has a Lover**—A twin bill by William Hanley. (Cherry Lane Theatre, 38 Commerce St. YU 9-2020. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

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**Note**—Four characters in search of an author are meanwhile writing their own skits, often as they go along, throughout the casually entertaining potpourri at the Premise, an orderly little coffee-and-pastry shop at 154 Bleecker St. LF 3-5020. The schedule: Mondays through Thursdays at 8:30 and 10:30; Fridays at 8, 10, and midnight; Saturdays at 7:30, 9:30, and 11:30; and Sundays at 3 and 8:30.

## NIGHT LIFE

(Some places where you will find music or other entertainment. They are open every evening, except as indicated.)

### DINNER, SUPPER, AND DANCING

**Americana**, Seventh Ave. at 52nd St. (LT 1-1000): A new city-state, the Royal Box, opens its doors on Tuesday, Oct. 9, so that Harry Belafonte, singer of West Indian mythology, can become its first citizen. Lester Lanin has assembled a dance band suitable to the occasion. Mr. B. shows up at dinner and supper. Closed Sundays.

**El Morocco**, 307 E. 54th St. (PL 2-5079)—Unqualifiedly recommended to people who like life to be an open book. Freddy Alonso's Latin band and Freddie Jagels' dance orchestra perform for anyone who gets tired of reading. The adjoining Champagne Room, where Gleb Yellin's piano muses and Janet Vaughn's fiddle sighs, is for people who *think* they'd like to get away from it all. Curfew for the whole place every Sunday.

**Pierre**, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (TE 8-8000)—Twice a night in the Cotillion Room, the dance bands of Stanley Melba and Phil Wayne cease and desist while a mass meeting of musicians (twenty or more) led by Joseph Sudy set up a background for a song festival by a pair of singers. Sunday, Oct. 7, when there'll be just a dinner performance, is the last night of the song festival. Closed Mondays. . . . ¶ A sort of Regency rectitude is the guiding spirit of the Café Pierre, where Stanley Worth's band does the exercise tunes. Another band fills in on Mondays.

**Plaza**, Fifth Ave. at 58th St. (PL 9-3000)—Katyna Ranieri descending the podium of the Persian Room could be mistaken for Cleopatra descending the Nile, for such are the pomp and circumstance of Miss R.'s twice-a-night renditions of ballads. Orchestras run by Emil Coleman and Mark Monte make as merry as possible during the interludes. On Wednesday, Oct. 10, Georgia Gibbs, an outgoing type, becomes the caroller. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ The brace of stringed instruments that start their day in the Palm Court, from four-fifteen to six-thirty, bring it to an end in the Edwardian Room, from seven-thirty to nine-thirty. Mondays are their nights off.

**Roosevelt**, Madison Ave. at 45th St. (MU 6-9200)—Jan Garber's dance orchestra, which dates back to the days of 78 r.p.m., is in the Grill. Closed Sundays.

**St. Regis**, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—The stroke on the new varsity crew that has been launched in the Maisonette is Peter Duchin, who has forsaken houseboats on the Seine and beaches at Southampton for a more serious pursuit—the construction of a dance band with the New York sound (gliding arabesques instead of unrelenting thump). This useful work is supplemented by Ray Bari's group. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ The elegantly appointed chalet called La Boite, a perfect setting for an Edith Wharton novel, is actually the setting for baroque piano music from dinner until after the theatre. Closed Sundays.

**Savoy Hilton**, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2600)—Ted Straeter and his orchestra are back where they've always belonged—in the middle of Manhattan. Specifically, the locale is the royal enclosure called the Columns, where dancing is the order of the night. Ray Hartley, the house pianist, is the soloist whenever the band takes a break. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ Mr. Hartley spends the rest of his evenings, except Sundays, in the leisurely Savoy Room, where he turns out piano that, no matter how relaxed, is pièce de résistance.

**Sheraton-East**, Park Ave. at 51st St. (PL 5-1000): Two plots in the Elysian Fields are assigned to the Embassy Club and the Knight Box, the first of them sprinkled with the dance music of Gunnar Hansen's and Quintero's orchestras, the second with Jani Sarkozi's dream-world violin. Both operations are dormant Mondays.

**Waldorf-Astoria**, Park Ave. at 49th St. (EL 5-3000): Gordon and Sheila MacRae, who fully occupy the Empire Room during dinner and supper, are once in a while content with mere cornhusking, but the rest of their domestic comedy and their night out is jolly, all right. Milt Shaw's dance orchestra shows up betweentimes. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ Peacock Alley, deep for months in estivation, has put Emile Petti (invisible for three years now) back at the piano most of the time from five until past midnight. Fridays and Saturdays, he expands, after nine-thirty, into a trio. Only mixed drinks (no more mixed grills) are the accompaniment. No music Sundays.

### SMALL AND CHEERFUL

(No dancing, unless noted.)

**Goldie's New York**, 244 E. 53rd St. (PL 9-7245): Peter Pans and Wendys who are planning never to grow up, plus a lot of genuine youngsters. The leading pro at this country club is Goldie Hawkins himself, who does single piano during the evening and double piano, with Wayne Sanders, along about midnight; Mr. Sanders is around the whole evening, too, and Bob Printz patrols a piano from five-thirty to eight. Closed Sundays. . . . **Drake Room**, 71 E. 56th St. (PL 5-0600): Grand manner is the attitude of the café over which Cy Walter presides. His pianoforte, which is lightning ever so loosely chained, operates from cocktails until one in the morning. Forrest Perrin is at the instrument on Sundays. . . . **In Boboli**, 1591 Second Ave., at 82nd St. (TR 9-3777): The Puccini copyright on this Florentine opera house will probably never expire. Aldo Bruschi—pianist, basso profundo, and commentator—is the mainstay of the sound department. From Thursday through Sunday, he also runs a minute dance band. Closed Mondays. . . . **Château Henri IV**, 37 E. 64th St. (RE 7-8818): When knights were bold and all that, but not enough to suppress Norbert Faconi and his drink-to-me-only Stradivarius, whose orbit includes every table in the house. No music Sundays. . . . **King Henri IV**, 142 E. 53rd St. (PL 2-5566): King Henri's other château, glittering like a crazy Christmas tree. Through its delirious décor a violinist and a pianist make their way every evening but Sunday. . . . **Walldorfkeller**, Park Ave. at 49th St. (EL 5-3000): Just what the architect ordered for Greta Keller, whose calm soliloquies on life, love, and laughter in Vienna are sung after ten in the evening. From six to ten, a zither plies its trade. Closed Sundays. . . . **Ritz Bar**, Madison Ave. at 61st St. (TE 8-3000): In the board room of the Carlton House, Victor del Monte quietly addresses his piano at the cocktail hour and again from nine to one every night but Sunday. . . . **El Chico**, 80 Grove St., at Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-4646): Flamenco running close to riot. Dancing for the visitors as well. Closed Sundays. . . . **Waverly Lounge**, 103 Waverly Pl. (AL 4-0776): Laurie Brewis, the bubbly Londoner, is at the piano in the bar of the Hotel Earle, displaying his transatlantic portfolio, principally British and New York. He gets rolling at nine. Mondays are his holidays. . . . **Roma di Notte**, 1528 Second Ave.,

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Risom

# GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

at 79th St. (RE 4-3443): A Roman army that loves to travel on its stomach. Strolling among the viands and *vini* are a group of street musicians who arrive at six and reluctantly go home at two. Closed Sundays. . . . **LA ZAMBRA,** 14 E. 60th St. (EL 5-4774): Life is real, life is earnest when guitar, piano, voice, and girl flamenco dancer get to work on Spanish fandangos. They can carry on far into the night. Closed Sundays. . . . **LIBORIO,** 150 W. 47th St. (JU 2-6188): A set of musicians fiddle while Angel Mancheno burns to the ground during a ballet of almost uncontrolled fury. Guitars and delectable young ladies (Luisita Sevilla is one of them) assist him in this awesome undertaking. The rest of the time, a dance band is usually encouraging the diners to rise and shine. Rising and shining are also permissible on Sundays, from two to seven. . . . **CHARDAS,** 307 E. 79th St. (RH 4-9382): Happy, happy villagers (the locale is musical-comedy Budapest, circa 1910) at song, at music, at play. Dancing. Closed Mondays. . . . **CAFÉ CARLYLE,** Madison Ave. at 76th St. (RH 4-1600): One of the Society Islands. George Feyer's piano provides hand-crocheted samplers for décor. Closed Sundays. . . . **MONSIGNORE,** 61 E. 55th St. (EL 5-2070): Sidewalk tables on the sunny side of the Via Veneto. Vigorous contributions to the traffic jam are made by a posse of patrolling violinists and accordionists. Closed Sundays. . . . **LA CHANSONETTE,** 890 Second Ave., at 47th St. (PL 2-7320): The minute *salle à manger* becomes a minute *salle à chanter* when the chatelaine, Rita Dimitri, reprises (with a full panoply of Continental airs and graces) the songs she used to do in this musical comedy and that. Betweentimes, a pianist and an accordionist keep the echoes slowly circulating. . . . **BARBERRY,** 17 E. 52nd St. (PL 3-5800): A well-behaved casbah with American cuisine and, in among all the Moorish arches, soft-spoken American piano by Conrad Monjoy. No music Sundays. . . . **VIENNESE LANTERN,** 242 E. 79th St. (TR 9-7760): A bit of mish, a bit of mash, lots of energetic music, and (what's more to the point) songs by the stately Fernanda Montel. Closed Mondays. . . . **BILTMORE,** Madison Ave. at 43rd St. (MU 7-7000): The Palm Court, at times a coeducational adjunct of the Ivy League, has Joan Bishop's limpid piano at tryst time, which is five to eight-thirty. No Sunday music.

### BIG AND BRASSY

**LATIN QUARTER,** Broadway at 48th St. (CI 6-1735): Nothing here troubles the careworn mind, since the principal subject matter is not the body politic but the body of the species beautiful. Among the numerous specimens are the girls of an enormous earthbound ballet, not to mention the girls of the Wallenda flying ballet, which literally lives on air. There are a few interruptions, such as basic-premise comedians, but they do go away. What other males exist in this Erewhon are the very Russian Kuban Cossack Dancers. Dancing. . . . **COPACABANA,** 10 E. 60th St. (PL 8-0900): A *petite histoire* of the Nether-Nether Land that Joe E. Lewis has been observing for years is being delivered by the great Professor himself, spyglass and wineglass in hand. Dancing. . . . **INTERNATIONAL,** Broadway at 52nd St. (CI 7-3070): On Wednesday, Oct. 10, "Minsky's Follies," a comic strip tease in which Las Vegas has made a long-term investment, will move in, thus converting this supermarket into an old curiosity shop indeed.

### SUPPER CLUBS

(No dancing, unless noted.)

**BLUE ANGEL,** 152 E. 55th St. (PL 3-5998): Nipsy Russell, a shooting-from-the-hip sociologist, is one of the funniest savants around, but he has now reverted to his habit of talking a blue—in every sense of the word—streak. Jo Mapes, a memorably blond retailer of folk ballads, is sticking to her habit of inventing waspish indigenous airs to suit all occasions. The three visitors from overseas—the Alberts, of nighttime London's the Establishment, have, for their part, invented an atticful of outlandish props but not always quite enough byplay and bywords to go with them. . . . **PLAZA 9-,** Central Park S., just east of the Plaza Hotel door. (PL 9-3000): The old Rendez-Vous of the Plaza Hotel has been rebuilt into a music hall, in which "Dime a Dozen," this season's Julius Monk revue, is in the midst of its trial runs. Jack Fletcher, Ceil Cabot, Mary Louise Wilson, Gerry Matthews, and Rex Robbins, who have all enhanced the ambience of earlier Monk merrymaking, wear their best sock and buskin in it. Closed Sundays. . . . **CHÂTEAU MADRID,** 42 W. 58th St. (PL 3-3773): The Spanish ballet company devised and dragooned by Roberto Iglesias is beautiful, bountiful, and all-embracing. It runs (not walks) from bounding Basque interludes to a touching glimpse of upcountry Peru. Between the sessions of song and prance, a brace of persuasive dance bands—one of them Pupi Campo's—calls upon the customers to outdo the mummers. The Sunday tea dances are works of art. . . . ¶ After ten, in a little den next door to the bar, the flamenco songs of José Moreno and the guitar of Pedro Cortes compare notes on the love life of Iberia. . . . **DOWNSTAIRS AT THE UPSTAIRS,** 37 W. 56th St. (JU 2-1244): The current edition of "Seven Come Eleven" (Ben Bagley is the publisher of this one) may be aimed more toward mass circulation. Just the same, Cy Young is first-rate as a skit player, and the same can be said for some of the words and music. Twice a night during the week and three times weekends is the ground rule. Closed Sundays. . . . **UPSTAIRS AT THE DOWNSTAIRS,** 37 W. 56th St. (JU 2-1244): Another portmanteau revue, "No Shoestrings," in which two excelling mischief-makers—Jane Connell and Bill McCutcheon—command a crew of six, has just got under way here. Two-a-night is the rule on this level. Closed Sundays. . . . **STROLLERS THEATRE CLUB,** 154 E. 54th St. (PL 2-4711): What used to be Piccadilly is now British West Indian. The Talbot Brothers, a leading family of Bermuda, finish their serenading on Thursday, Oct. 4. Next evening, a Trinidad steel band, a couple of dancers, and a singer move in. On Monday, Oct. 8, and every Monday thereafter, they'll be replaced by the Talbot Brothers. Lanny Ross, singer, guitarist, and Yale man to the core, is the possibly bewildered host. Dancing.

### MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

(No dancing, unless noted.)

**EDDIE CONDON'S,** 330 E. 56th St. (PL 5-9550): Tony Parenti, an Old Condon Blue, is heading up a steeped-in-tradition band that has Sammy Price on piano. Closed Sundays. . . . **VILLAGE VANGUARD,** 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (CH 2-9355): The Clancy Brothers and Tommy Makem, who sing their praises of the Emerald Isle, are lusty Irish nationalists, to be sure, but a friendly lot for all that. Bill Evans' trio is carefully thought out commentary on the modern American scene. The shop is open every night but Monday, and for early risers there is a Sunday matinée at four-thirty. . . . **BASIN STREET EAST,** 137 E. 48th St. (PL 2-4444): Della Reese, a tremendous head of steam, is the singer; Lenny Kent, a follow-the-leaders type of wit, is the talker. On Thursday, Oct. 11, they'll be succeeded by Louis Prima's new professional football team, a blend of brawn and bedlam, music and muscle. Closed Sundays. . . . **HICKORY HOUSE,** 144 W. 52nd St. (CI 7-9524): Marian McPartland lays a pair of feminine but powerful hands on the local piano in successful pursuit of the modern idiom; Dave Bailey and Ben Tucker are her lively aides. Howard Reynolds plays adequately awake piano during intermission. No sounds of music on Mondays. . . . **VILLAGE GATE,** 185 Thompson St., at Bleecker St. (GR 5-5120): The imperial majesty that is the essence of Miriam Makeba does not prevent her from being wistful, droll, impassioned, abandoned, or—for that matter—magnificent as she parades her songs and her dances, both of them mostly African. Inman and Ira, who confine themselves to American folklore, seem at the moment unable to decide whether to be good singers or indifferent comedians. There's also the trio of Charlie Byrd, whose non-electronic guitar has its own opinions on everything from Gershwin to Brazil's new *bossa nova*. On Tuesday, Oct. 9, Lonnie Donegan, a folk singer from the British Isles, succeeds everyone but the Byrds. Mondays are given over to other performers. . . . **METROPOLE,** Seventh Ave. at 48th

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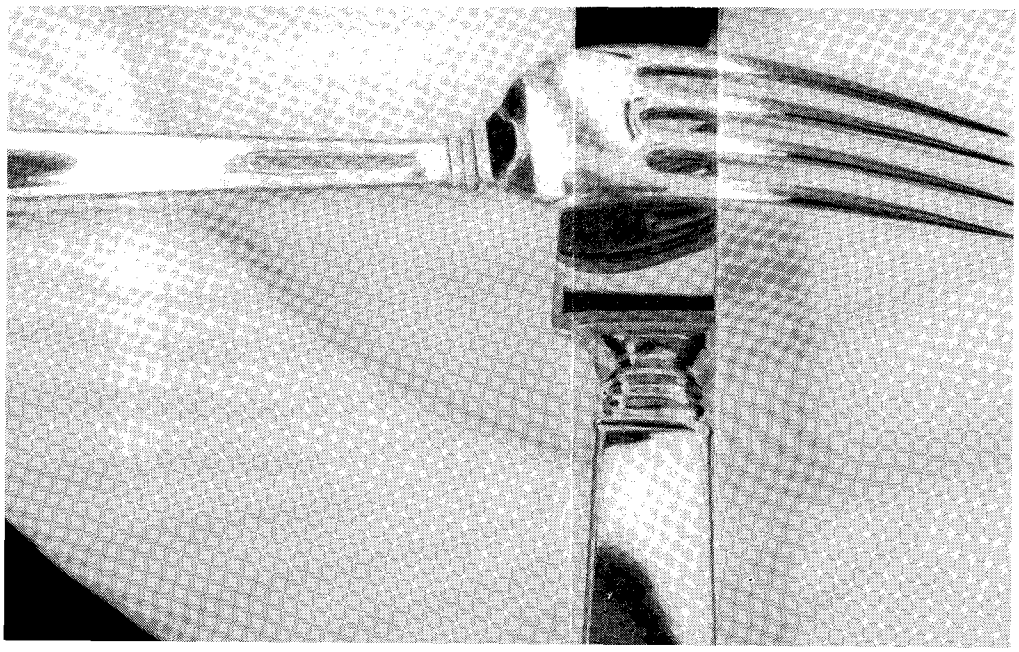

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St. (CI 5-0088): Merrimac and Monitor, hour after hour. They're crewed by Woody Herman's Herd and the Sun City Six, and the action takes place inches from the listeners' noses. On Friday, Oct. 12, there'll be a new cast—Maynard Ferguson's most recent band. Sundays, visiting bands have the use of the hall. . . . ¶ Saturdays, upstairs in the hayloft, the Twist is making what may be its last stand in our town. . . . **ROOM AT THE BOTTOM**, 23 W. 8th St. (GR 5-5388): The jazz that came up the river to 52nd Street has now come down to the Village. It's fostered by Wilbur de Paris and band (Sidney de Paris, Garvin Bushell, Doc Cheatham, et al). Rose Murphy and Slam Stewart, on the other hand, perform an antic jazz—part instrumental and part vocal—that exists only in their own two heads, if anywhere. Don Frye is, as he has been for centuries, the de Paris solo pianist. Closed Sundays. . . . **BIRDLAND**, 1678 Broadway, at 52nd St. (JU 6-7333): Other parts of the world—African and Latin—are heard from, through the respective barrages of Olatunji's drummers and Mongo Santamaria's band. On Thursday, Oct. 11, Art Blakey's Jazz Messengers will replace the Olatunjis. Jam sessions Mondays, when the regulars are home. . . . **HALF NOTE**, 289 Hudson St., near Spring St. (AL 5-9752): Al Grey and Billy Mitchell, who like it here, have just moved their sextet back in. On Tuesday, Oct. 9, they'll give way to Art Farmer's quartet. Closed Mondays. . . . **NICK'S**, Seventh Ave. S. at 10th St. (CH 2-6683): Wild Bill Davison's sextet—Vic Dickenson, Buster Bailey, Dick Wellstood, and Cliff Leeman are deeply and redoubtably involved—is responsible for the "Danger: Blasting" signs in the neighborhood. Closed Mondays. . . . **THE EMBERS**, 161 E. 54th St. (PL 9-3228): Dorothy Donegan, who treats a piano as though it were a trampoline, has a trio in action. J. C. Heard is in it. Arvell Shaw's trio, which is the rest of the gang, checks out on Saturday, Oct. 6. Sundays offer potluck bouts between extra hands. . . . **KENNY'S STEAK PUB**, 565 Lexington Ave., at 50th St. (EL 5-0666): Herman Chittison just keeps rolling along his piano in his steady, measured way from eight until two every night but Sunday. His post is a corner of the hoity-toity bar. . . . **BITTER END**, 147 Bleecker St., at West Broadway. (GR 3-9533): If lemon peel is an insufficient supplement to one's espresso, there's always folk music of sorts in this frontier tavern. Oscar Brand, whose ballads often have a wicked connotation, arrives on Wednesday, Oct. 10, to help out. The players all stay home Tuesdays. . . . **CENTRAL PLAZA**, 111 Second Ave., at 6th St. (AL 4-9800): The college-extension seminars in early American history are held every weekend. Friday and Saturday, Oct. 5-6, the senior class should be represented by Edmond Hall, Conrad Janis, Johnny Letman, and Panama Francis. Dancing.

## ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open weekdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

**Boris Aronson**—Work in metal, executed during the past year; through Oct. 27. (Saidenberg, 10 E. 77th St. Closed Mondays.)

**Jean Arp**—Drawings and collages by the pioneer abstractionist; through Oct. 20. (Borgenicht, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St. Closed Mondays.)

**Harold Baumbach**—Abstract oils derived from nature; through Saturday, Oct. 13. (Thibaut, 799 Madison Ave., at 67th St. Closed Mondays.)

**Arnold Blanch**—A retrospective of some forty-five paintings (1922-62); through Saturday, Oct. 13. (Krasner, 1061 Madison Ave., at 81st St.)

**Bernard Cathelin**—Landscapes, flowers, nudes, and portraits by a School of Paris painter; through Saturday, Oct. 13. (Findlay, 11 E. 57th St.)

**Arthur B. Davies** (1862-1928)—Two exhibitions that are running concurrently with his show at the Whitney Museum—"Figures and Landscapes Without Figures;" through Oct. 27. (Graham, second floor, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St. Closed Mondays.) . . . ¶ Prints and drawings; through Saturday, Oct. 13. (Weyhe, 794 Lexington Ave., at 61st St. Closed Mondays.)

**Adolph Gottlieb**—New abstract oils; through Oct. 27. (Janis, 15 E. 57th St.)

**Peter Hayward**—Street scenes and landscapes done in New York, Europe, and Hawaii; through Friday, Oct. 12. (Grand Central, 40 Vanderbilt Ave., at 44th St. Closed Saturdays.)

**Eric Isenburger**—Pictures of Venice, still-lifes, and figures; through Saturday, Oct. 13. (Hammer, 51 E. 57th St.)

**Yehoshua Kovarsky**—Semi-abstract canvases by a Lithuanian-born citizen of Israel, who lives in Los Angeles; through Oct. 20. (Poindexter, 21 W. 56th St. Closed Mondays.)

**John LaFarge**—Ferraments (welded ironwork forms); through Saturday, Oct. 6. (Bodley, 223 E. 60th St.)

**Lilian MacKendrick**—Impressionist oils and pastels of the Israeli, French, and Connecticut countryside, plus a group of still-life paintings; through Saturday, Oct. 13. (Hirschl & Adler, 21 E. 67th St. Closed Mondays.)

**Alexander Mackenzie**—Abstract landscapes by a young English painter; through Oct. 27. (Durlacher, 538 Madison Ave., at 54th St.)

**Boris Margo**—Abstract paintings; through Oct. 20. (Parsons, 15 E. 57th St.)

**Edvard Munch** (1863-1944)—About eighty lithographs, woodcuts, and etchings; through Nov. 3. (Frumkin, 32 E. 57th St.)

**Claes Oldenburg**—Sculptures; through Oct. 20. (Green, 15 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

**Picasso**—The first showing of eight recent paintings; through Oct. 20. (Kootz, 655 Madison Ave., at 60th St. Closed Mondays.)

**Reuven Rubin**—Biblical scenes, landscapes, still-lifes, and flower pieces covering the past forty years by this leading Israeli painter; through Oct. 20. (Wildenstein, 19 E. 64th St.)

**William Scott**—A ten-year retrospective of abstract canvases, gouaches, and drawings by the contemporary British artist; through Oct. 20. (Jackson, 32 E. 69th St. Closed Mondays.)

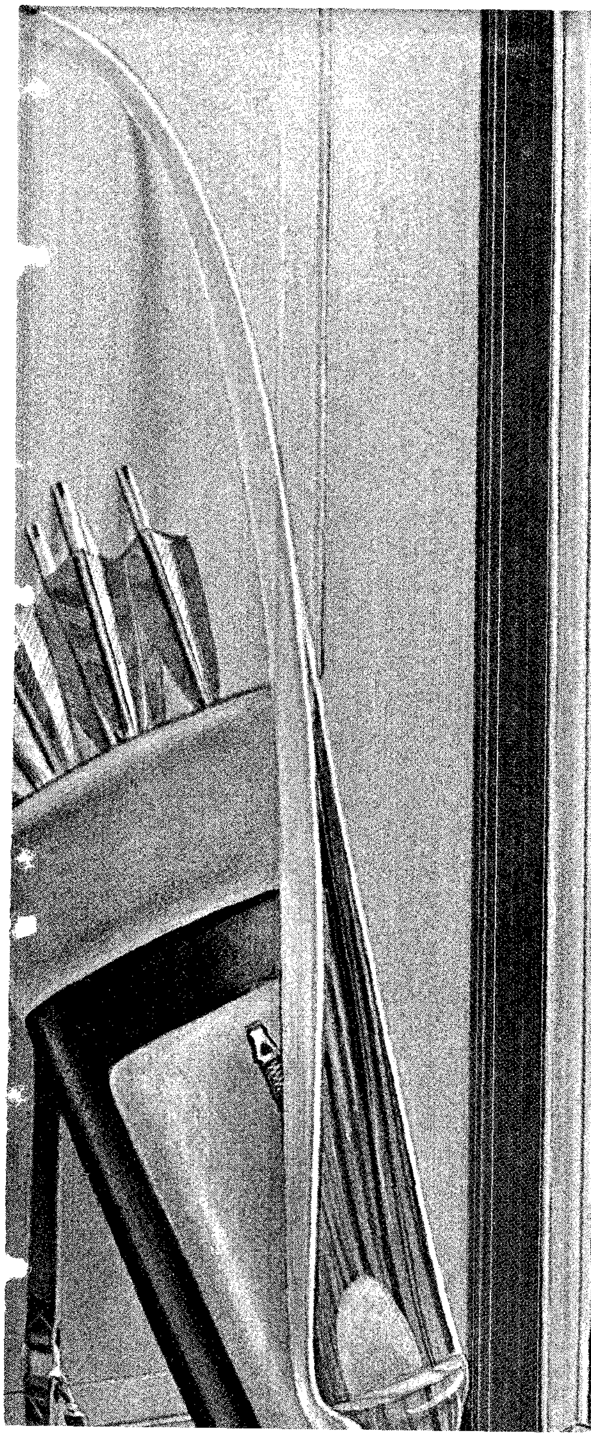
**Mark Tobey**—An exhibition of recent paintings that is running simultaneously with his show at the Museum of Modern Art; through Oct. 20. (Willard, 23 W. 56th St. Closed Mondays.)

**James Wines**—Abstract sculptures in bronze, cement, and iron, along with a group of collages; through Oct. 20. (Gerson, 41 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

**African Art**—A survey of tribal styles from the newly formed African states of Mali, Ivory Coast, Ghana, Nigeria, and so on. Included are carvings in wood and ivory, bronzes, masks, statues, stools, and sculptures used in religious and magic ceremonies. Through Oct. 31. (Segy, 708 Lexington Ave., at 57th St. Saturday hours: 2 to 5:30.)

**Sculptures**—At the **DUVEEN**, 18 E. 79th St.: Medieval and Renaissance works by Donatello, Luca della Robbia, and others; through Oct. 20. . . . **GRIPPI**, 905 Madison Ave., at 73rd St.: David Hare, James Kearns, and David Smith are among the artists represented in a showing of contemporary American sculptures; through Saturday, Oct. 6.

**Americans; Group Shows**—At the **ALEXANDER**, 36 E. 61st St.: Recent drawings by forty-five artists, among them Charles Burchfield, Willem de Kooning, and Alfonso Ossorio; through Saturday, Oct. 13. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **BLACK**, 1062 Madison Ave., at 80th St.: Drawings and water colors by (for instance) Whistler, Sargent, Sloan, and Henri; through Oct. 20. . . . **DINTENFASS**, 18 E. 67th St.: Paintings, drawings, and sculptures by the gallery artists—Philip Evergood, Jacob Lawrence, and Robert Gwathmey, for example; through Saturday, Oct. 13. . . . **DOWNTOWN**, 32 E. 51st St.: An exhibition called "American Roots," comprising eighteenth- and nineteenth-century portraits, landscapes, still-lifes, weather vanes, trade signs, decoys, and whatnot; through Saturday, Oct. 13. . . . **GRAND CENTRAL**, 40 Vanderbilt Ave., at 44th St.: More than a hundred paintings, and some sculptures, by Priscilla Roberts, Henry



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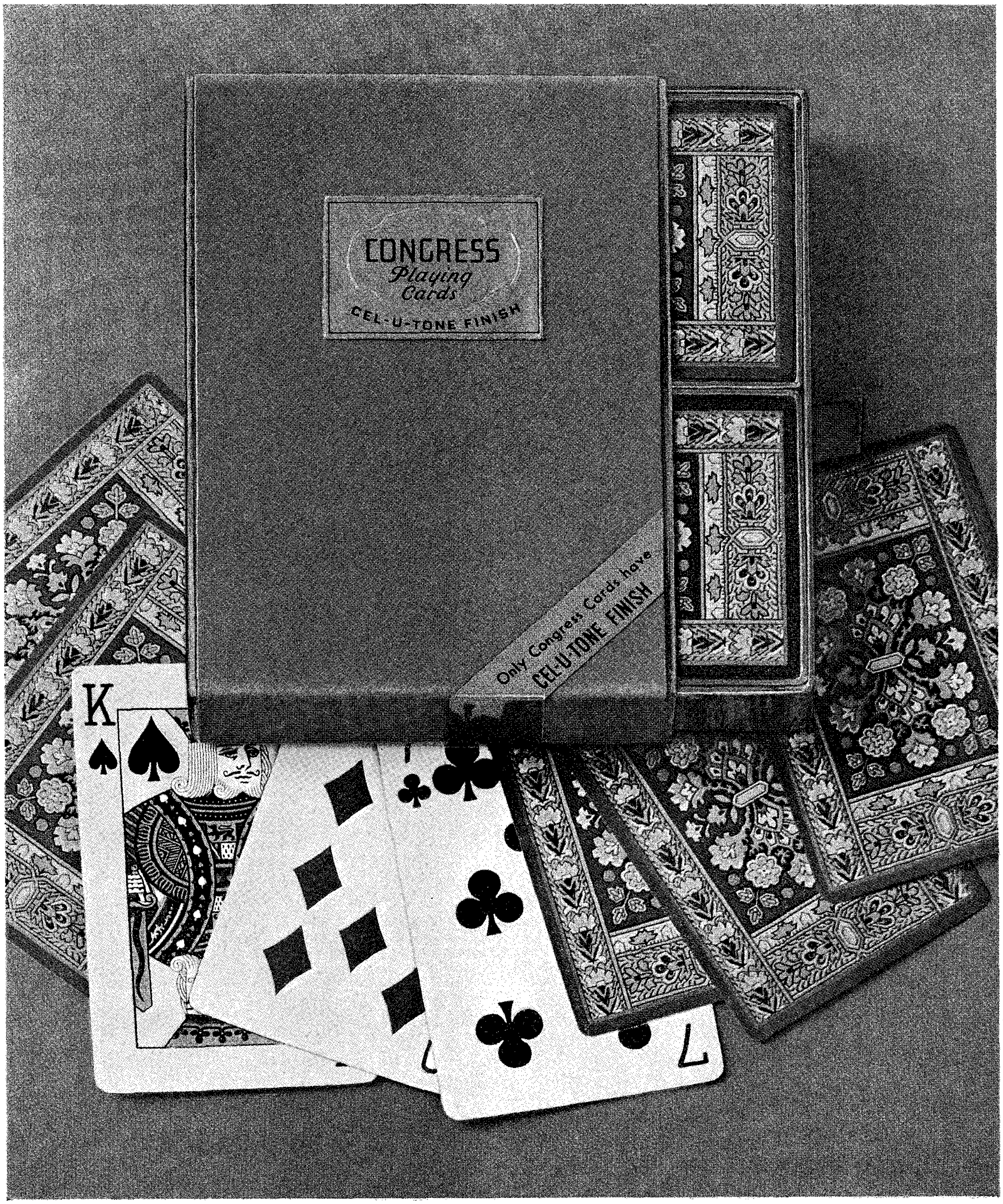
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# GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Gasser, John Costigan, and others; through Oct. 25. (Closed Saturdays.)... **KRAUSHAAR,** 1055 Madison Ave., at 80th St.: Louis Bouché, John Sloan, and Robert Laurent are on the roster of artists represented in this showing of works of the twenties and thirties; through Saturday, Oct. 13.... **NEW SCHOOL,** 66 W. 12th St.: The annual Art Faculty exhibition of paintings, sculptures, and graphics by, among others, Julian Levi, José de Creeft, and Worden Day; through Oct. 15. (Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 10; Saturdays, 10 to 3.)... **PERIDOT,** 820 Madison Ave., at 68th St.: Three of the dozen contributors to a showing of paintings and sculptures are Stanley Twardowicz, Reginald Pollack, and Morris Brose; through Oct. 20.... **SMOLIN,** 19 E. 71st St.: "Art of the Thirties," consisting of two groups of paintings (work done under the W.P.A. and work done independently of it) by such artists as Mark Rothko, Louise Nevelson, and Philip Guston; through Saturday, Oct. 13. (Closed Mondays.)... **VILLAGE ART CENTER,** 39 Grove St.: The Twentieth Annual Oil Exhibition; through Oct. 19. (Daily, 1 to 6.)

**AMERICANS AND EUROPEANS; GROUP SHOWS**—At the **ALAN,** 766 Madison Ave., at 66th St.: Works in a variety of mediums by E.L.T. Mesens, Oliver Andrews, Marcia Marcus, and others; through Saturday, Oct. 13.... **AMEL,** 63 E. 57th St.: Matta, Yves Tanguy, and I. Rice Pereira are among the exhibitors in a show called "Poetic Image II;" through Tuesday, Oct. 9.... **FORUM,** 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.: "Drawings by Sculptors," an exhibition of works (by Minguzzi, Moore, Lipchitz, and others) on loan from the collection of Joseph H. Hirshhorn and running concurrently with the showing of his sculptures at the Guggenheim Museum; through Oct. 20.... **LEFEBRE,** 47 E. 77th St.: A season's preview, with paintings by such artists as Asger Jorn, Julius Bissier, and Kurt Sonderborg; through Saturday, Oct. 6. ... **PERLS,** 1016 Madison Ave., at 78th St.: Paintings and sculptures by Rouault, Utrillo, Calder, and other modern masters; through Saturday, Oct. 6.... **STAEMPFLI,** 47 E. 77th St.: Fritz Koenig, David Park, and Harry Bertoia are three of the artists represented in an exhibit of paintings and sculptures; through Saturday, Oct. 13. (Closed Mondays.)... **WORLD HOUSE,** 987 Madison Ave., at 77th St.: A mixed-mediums show, comprising pieces by Saul Baizerman, Paul Klee, Edvard Munch, and others; through Saturday, Oct. 6.

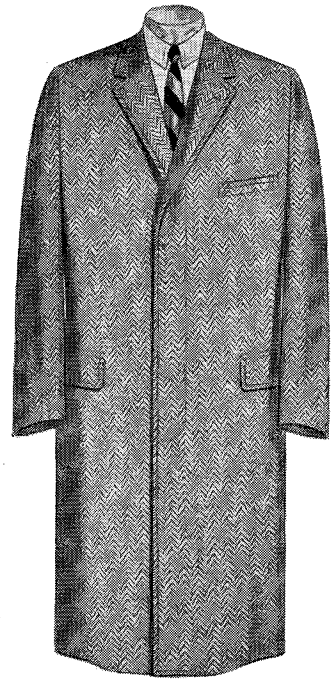
**EUROPEANS; GROUP SHOWS**—At the **ELKON,** 1063 Madison Ave., at 80th St.: Paintings by, among others, René Magritte, Kurt Schwitters, and André Masson; through Saturday, Oct. 13.... **LOEB,** 12 E. 57th St.: André Lanskoy, Max Ernst, Jean Ipousteguy, and other painters and sculptors; through Saturday, Oct. 13.

**TENTH STREET USA**—Eight downtown galleries are participating in an opening exhibition (ending Thursday, Oct. 11) of paintings, constructions, collages, and sculptures by gallery members and invited guests—At the **AEGIS,** 89 E. 10th St.; **AREA,** 80 E. 10th St.; **ASPECTS,** 100 E. 10th St.; **BRATA,** 56 Third Ave., at 10th St.; **CAMINO,** 89 E. 10th St.; **CARMEL,** 84 E. 10th St.; **PHOENIX,** 40 Third Ave., at 10th St.; and **10/4 GROUP,** 73 Fourth Ave., at 10th St. (All the galleries are open daily, except Mondays, seven of them from 1 to 6; the Aspects Gallery is open from 3 to 6 and Friday evenings, 7 to 10.)

## MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

**METROPOLITAN MUSEUM,** Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—Chinese porcelains from the bequest of John D. Rockefeller, Jr., notably several Ming three-color temple jars and K'ang-hsi vases and plates in *famille noire, famille jaune,* and *famille verte;* through Oct. 15. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays and Friday, Oct. 12, from 1 to 5.)

**MUSEUM OF MODERN ART,** 11 W. 53rd St.—A hundred and thirty-five paintings, mainly from the past two decades, by Mark Tobey; through Nov. 4. (Weekdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9; Sundays, 1 to 7.) A good complement to this exhibition is the



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Tobey showing at the Willard Gallery, 23 W. 56th St.

**Brooklyn Museum**, Eastern Parkway—A large display of works from the collection of the late Louis E. Stern, comprising American and European oils, sculptures, prints, and drawings (by Marin, Chagall, Giacometti, and others); objects of ancient Near Eastern, primitive, and Oriental art; and illustrated books. Through March 10. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays and Friday, Oct. 12, from 1 to 5.)

**Asia House**, 112 E. 64th St.—"The Art of India/Stone Sculpture," is devoted to forty-five examples, dating from the second millennium B.C. through the twelfth century A.D., borrowed from American museums and private collections; through Nov. 25. (Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays, Sundays, and Friday, Oct. 12, from 1 to 5.)

**Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum**, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—A selection of four hundred and forty-four American and European sculptures (Daumier and Rodin to David Smith) from the collection of Joseph H. Hirshhorn; through Jan. 6. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9; Sundays, noon to 6.) A good complement to this exhibition is the showing of American and European drawings (by sculptors) from the same collection, at the Forum Gallery, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.

**Morgan Library**, 33 E. 36th St.—An exhibition of medieval and Renaissance illuminated manuscripts; through Nov. 24. (Weekdays, 9:30 to 5.)

**Museum of Contemporary Crafts**, 29 W. 53rd St.—"Forms from the Earth; 1000 Years of Pottery in America;" through Nov. 4. (Weekdays, noon to 6; Sundays, 2 to 6.)

**Museum of Primitive Art**, 15 W. 54th St.—"Sculpture from the Pacific," created by the Melanesians, Micronesians, and Polynesians before they came into much contact with the West; through Nov. 11. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, noon to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)... ¶ In the Museum's pavilion (16 W. 54th St.) there is a showing of more than two hundred spirit canoes, ritual poles, drums, shields, spears, ancestral figures, and animal sculptures collected by Michael C. Rockefeller in the Asmat region of New Guinea; through Nov. 11. (Weekdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 10; Sundays, 1 to 7.)

**Riverside Museum**, 310 Riverside Dr., at 103rd St.—A joint exhibition of paintings and sculptures by the Agrupación Arte No Figurativo (twenty-four contemporary abstract Argentine artists) and the National Association of Women Artists; through Nov. 4. (Daily, 1 to 5.)

**Whitney Museum**, 22 W. 54th St.—A centennial exhibition of some ninety oils, water colors, and small bronzes by Arthur B. Davies; through Oct. 17. Good complements to this show are the Davies' works at the Graham Gallery, second floor, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St., and the Weyhe Gallery, 794 Lexington Ave., at 61st St.... ¶ Etchings, engravings, woodcuts, lithographs, and serigraphs by forty-eight American artists make up an exhibit called "American Prints Today—1962," which is being shown simultaneously in eight cities; through Oct. 21. (Daily, 1 to 5.)

## MUSIC

(The box-office number for Philharmonic Hall is TR 4-2424, for Carnegie Hall CI 7-7460, and for Town Hall JU 2-4536. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

### OPERA

**New York City Opera Company**—Opening performances of the season, which will continue through Sunday, Nov. 11—Thursday, Oct. 4, at 8: The company's première of Charpentier's "Louise." (A benefit for the New York City Opera's Production Fund.)... ¶ Friday, Oct. 5, at 8:15: "The Turn of the Screw."... ¶ Saturday, Oct. 6, at 8:15: "Rigoletto."... ¶ Sunday, Oct. 7, at 2:30: "Aïda."... ¶ Sunday, Oct. 7, at 8:15: "Madame Butterfly."... ¶ Thursday, Oct. 11, at 8: The première of Carlisle Floyd's "The Passion of Jonathan Wade."... ¶ Friday, Oct. 12, at 8:15: "The Marriage of Figaro" (in English).... ¶ Saturday, Oct. 13, at 2:30: "The Mikado."... ¶ Saturday, Oct. 13, at 8:15: "Madame Butterfly." (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. CI 6-8989.)

**"Der Rosenkavalier" on Film**—A Salzburg Festival performance of Richard Strauss's opera, directed by Herbert von Karajan and filmed in color. Elisabeth Schwarzkopf, Sena Jurinac, Anneliese Rothenberger, Otto Edelmann, and Erich Kunz are the principals. (Carnegie Hall. Tuesday through Friday, Oct. 9-12, at 8:30.)

### ORCHESTRAS

**New York Philharmonic**—At Philharmonic Hall, Lincoln Center, Leonard Bernstein conducting the opening performances of the regular season, which will run through Sunday, May 26—Thursday, Oct. 4, at 8:30; Friday, Oct. 5, at 2:15; Saturday, Oct. 6, at 8:30; and Sunday, Oct. 7, at 3; and Thursday, Oct. 11, at 8:30; Friday, Oct. 12, at 2:15; Saturday, Oct. 13, at 8:30; and Sunday, Oct. 14, at 3.

**Senior Musicians Symphony**—Jef Alpaerts conducting, with Joey Alfidi, thirteen-year-old pianist-conductor-composer. A benefit for the Mount Carmel Guild, of Newark. (Carnegie Hall. Saturday, Oct. 6, at 8:30.)

**I Solisti di Zagreb**—A Yugoslav chamber orchestra, with the cellist Antonio Janigro as both conductor and soloist. (Town Hall. Monday, Oct. 8, at 8:40.)

**Symphony of Musical Arts**—Vincent La Selva conducting, with Arthur Bloom, clarinet, and vocal soloists. (Riviera Terrace, Broadway at 53rd St. Wednesday, Oct. 10, at 8:30. No tickets necessary.)

### RECITALS

**José Iturbi**—Piano. (Philharmonic Hall, Lincoln Center. Friday, Oct. 5, at 8:30.)

**Beaux-Arts String Quartet**—Chamber music. (New School, 66 W. 12th St. OR 5-2700. Friday, Oct. 5, at 8:30.)

**Budapest String Quartet**—Chamber music. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. TR 9-5512. Friday, Oct. 5, at 8:30, with Benar Heifetz, cello; and Friday, Oct. 12, at 8:30, no guest artist. All seats have been sold and only standing room is left.... ¶ Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. AT 9-2400. Wednesday, Oct. 10, at 8:30.)

**Sangeeta Madras**—A program of South Indian music by five instrumental soloists. (Town Hall. Saturday, Oct. 6, at 8:30.)

**Robert Pritchard**—Piano. (Philharmonic Hall, Lincoln Center. Monday, Oct. 8, at 8:30.)

**Ray Dudley**—Piano. (Philharmonic Hall, Lincoln Center. Tuesday, Oct. 9, at 8:30.)

**Kohon String Quartet**—Chamber music. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. AT 9-2400. Tuesday, Oct. 9, at 8:30.)

**Rosalyn Tureck**—Piano, playing Bach's "Goldberg Variations." (Town Hall. Wednesday, Oct. 10, at 8:30.)

**New York Pro Musica**—A program of Spanish medieval and early Renaissance music. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. TR 9-5512. Thursday, Oct. 11, at 8:30.)

**Mahalia Jackson**—Gospel singer. (Philharmonic Hall, Lincoln Center. Friday, Oct. 12, at 8:40.)

### MISCELLANY

**Bobby Short**—The whoop-de-do singer and pianist, plus his jazz trio. (Carnegie Hall. Friday, Oct. 5, at 8:30.)

## SPORTS

(The box-office number for Madison Square Garden is CO 5-6811.)

**Baseball**—World Series—Yankees vs. the winner of the Giants-Dodgers playoff games. The first and second games in the home park of the National League champion, Thursday and Friday, Oct. 4-5; the third, fourth, and if necessary, fifth games at Yankee Stadium, Sunday through Tuesday, Oct. 7-9. After that, if the tug of war is still on, back to the National League city for final games on Thursday and Friday, Oct. 11-12. Local

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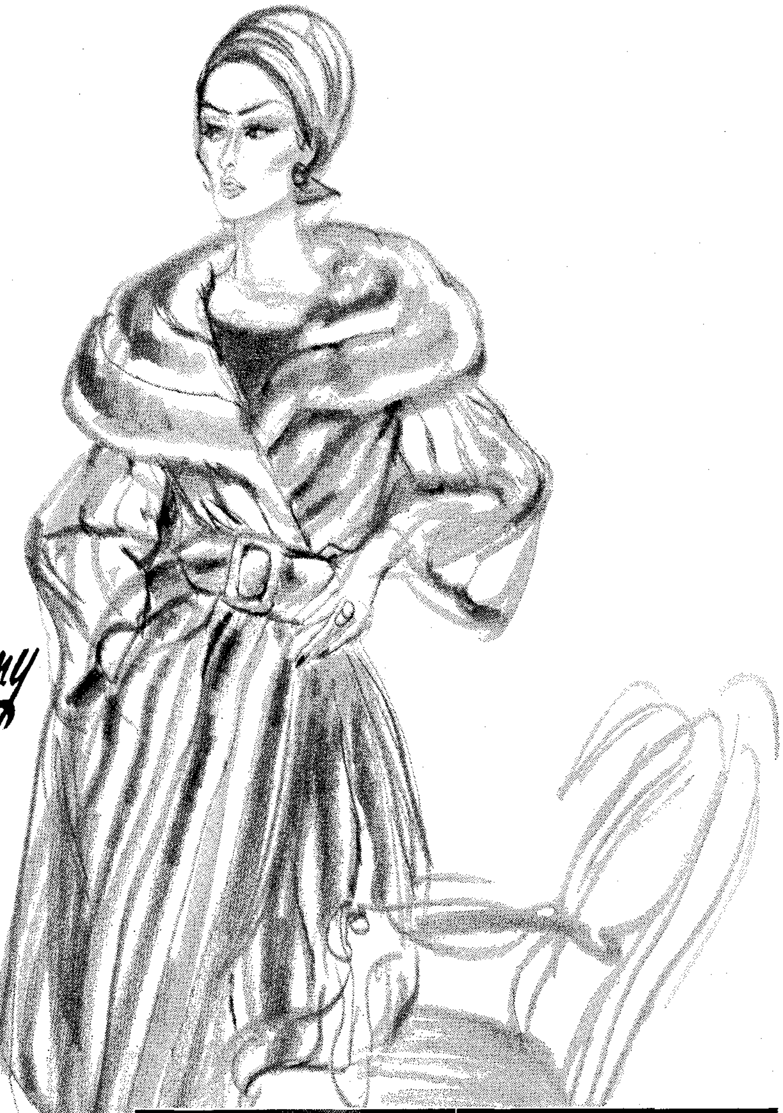

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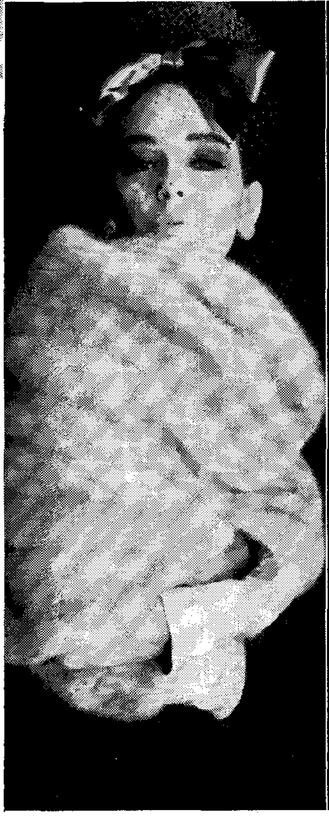

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**PROFESSIONAL BASKETBALL**—Exhibition games—Boston vs. Syracuse and Knicks vs. College All-Stars. (Madison Square Garden. Friday, Oct. 12, at 7.)

**BOXING**—At Madison Square Garden—Saturday, Oct. 6: Emile Griffith vs. Don Fullmer, middleweights, 10 rounds. . . . ¶ Saturday, Oct. 13: Wilbert McClure vs. Gomeo Brennan, middleweights, 10 rounds. (Preliminaries at 8:30; main bouts at 10.)

**DOG SHOW**—Devon Dog Show Association. (Devon, Pa. Saturday, Oct. 6.)

**COLLEGE FOOTBALL—SATURDAY, OCT. 6** (all at 2): Brown vs. Yale, at Providence. . . . ¶ Colgate vs. Holy Cross, at Hamilton. . . . ¶ Cornell vs. Harvard, at Ithaca. . . . ¶ Dartmouth vs. Pennsylvania, at Hanover. . . . ¶ Princeton vs. Columbia, at Princeton. . . . **SATURDAY, OCT. 13:** Army vs. Penn State, at West Point, at 2. . . . ¶ Brown vs. Dartmouth, at Providence, at 2. . . . ¶ Columbia vs. Yale, at Baker Field, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Harvard vs. Holy Cross, at Cambridge, at 2. . . . ¶ Navy vs. Cornell, at Annapolis, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Pennsylvania vs. Princeton, at Philadelphia, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Rutgers vs. Colgate, at New Brunswick, at 1:30.

**PROFESSIONAL FOOTBALL**—Titans vs. Boston Patriots. (Polo Grounds. Friday, Oct. 5, at 8.)

**GOLF**—U.S.G.A. Senior Championship. (Evanston Golf Club, Skokie, Ill. Through Saturday, Oct. 6.)

**HOCKEY**—At Madison Square Garden—Tuesday, Oct. 9: Rangers vs. Baltimore, exhibition game. . . . ¶ Thursday, Oct. 11: Rangers vs. Detroit, first official league game. (Games begin at 7:30.)

**HUNT RACING**—Rolling Rock Hunt Racing Association. (Ligonier, Pa. Saturday, Oct. 6.) . . . ¶ Rose Tree Fox Hunting Club. (Media, Pa. Saturday, Oct. 13.)

**POLO**—At **BLIND BROOK POLO CLUB**, Purchase: Sundays at 3:30. . . . **MEADOW BROOK CLUB**, Jericho: Sundays at 4.

**RACING**—At **BELMONT:** Weekdays at 1:30; through Saturday, Oct. 27. The Frizette, Saturday, Oct. 6; the Manhattan Handicap, Friday, Oct. 12; and the Champagne, Saturday, Oct. 13. (Frequent trains leave Penn Station for the track Mondays through Fridays between 11 and 1, and Saturdays between 10:30 and 1:25.) . . . **GARDEN STATE PARK**, Camden, N.J.: Tuesdays through Saturdays at 1:30; last day Wednesday, Dec. 5. (A train leaves Penn Station at 9:30 and connects with a train for the track at North Philadelphia.)

**SPORTS-CAR RACING:** At Watkins Glen, N.Y.: The Grand Prix and other races, Sunday, Oct. 7, at 2.

**TROTTING**—At **YONKERS RACEWAY:** Weekdays at 8:20; through Friday, Nov. 30. . . . **SARATOGA RACEWAY**, Saratoga Springs: Weekdays at 8:15; through Saturday, Oct. 13.

## FOR CHILDREN

**CONCERT**—Leonard Bernstein conducting the New York Philharmonic in the opening children's concert of the season. (Philharmonic Hall, Lincoln Center. TR 4-2424. Saturday, Oct. 13, at noon.)

**STAGE SHOWS**—By the **HILLTOP PRODUCTIONS:** "Once Upon a Leprechaun." (Theatre East, 211 E. 60th St. TE 8-0177. Saturdays at 1, 2:15, and 3:30, and Sundays at 2 and 3:30.) . . . **MUSICAL THEATRE FOR CHILDREN:** "Little Red Riding Hood." (Judson Hall, 165 W. 57th St. JU 2-4090. Saturday, Oct. 13, at 2 and 3:30.) . . . **MUSIC BOX THEATRE FOR CHILDREN:** "Tom Sawyer." (Sheridan Square Playhouse, 99 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. CH 2-9609. Saturdays and Friday, Oct. 12, at 2:30, and Sundays at 1.) . . . ¶ "Topsy Turvy Town." (Masque Theatre, 442 W. 42nd St. CH 4-1350. Saturday, Oct. 13, at 2:30.)

**JUNIOR MUSEUM**, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 81st St.—"Archaeology–Exploring the Past," an exhibition of art and artifacts from Egypt, the ancient Near East, and pre-Columbian America. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays and Friday, Oct. 12, from 1 to 5.)

**HAYDEN PLANETARIUM**, Central Park W. at 81st St. (TR 3-1300)—The current show is called "History of a Star;" through Nov. 26. (Mondays at 2 and 3:30; Tuesdays through Fridays, except Oct. 12, at 2, 3:30, and 8:30; Saturdays at 11, 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, and 8:30; and Sundays and Friday, Oct. 12, at 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, and 8:30. Children under five not admitted.)

**MOVIES**—"Smoky," with Fred MacMurray and Burl Ives. (New-York Historical Society, 170 Central Park W., at 77th St. Saturday, Oct. 6, at 1:30. Admission is free.)

## OTHER EVENTS

**UNITED NATIONS**—Visitors are admitted to the plenary and/or committee sessions of the General Assembly, as well as to periodic meetings of the Security Council and regular sessions of various other commissions and committees. A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the admissions desk in the public lobby no earlier than thirty minutes before the start of each meeting. Meetings usually convene at 10:30 or 11 and at 2:30 or 3, Mondays through Fridays. (General Assembly Building, First Ave. at 45th St.) . . . ¶ Hour-long tours leave the lobby of the General Assembly Building every ten minutes or so from 9:15 to 4:45 daily.

**AUCTIONS**—At the Parke-Bernet Galleries, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 8, and Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5.)—Friday, Oct. 5, at 1:45, and Saturday, Oct. 6, at about 2:15: Early American and other furniture, cigar-store Indians and other trade signs, paperweights, table silver and porcelains, paintings and drawings, and Oriental rugs; from the estate of Helen Campbell Cheney and from other sources. . . . ¶ Saturday, Oct. 6, at 1:45: Royal Worcester porcelain bird statuettes and flowers modelled by Dorothy Doughty, together with a few Royal Worcester porcelain tropical fish groups modelled by Ronald van Ruyckevelt; collected by William A. Rudd and others. . . . ¶ Wednesday and Thursday, Oct. 10-11, at 1:45: Chinese jades, pottery, porcelains, sculptures, and paintings, belonging to the estate of C. T. Loo. Exhibition starts Saturday, Oct. 6.

**ELECTION REGISTRATION**—The registration dates for the Nov. 6 elections will be Tuesday through Friday, Oct. 9-12, from 5:30 P.M. to 10:30 P.M., and Saturday, Oct. 13, from 7 A.M. to 10:30 P.M.

**NOTE**—Columbus Day is Friday, Oct. 12, and there will be a parade up Fifth Avenue, from 44th Street to 83rd Street, starting at 11:45.

## COMING EVENTS

(A listing for forehanded readers.)

**PROFESSIONAL BASKETBALL**—At Madison Square Garden: Oct. 16, 19, 23, and 26, and Nov. 9 and 13.

**PROFESSIONAL FOOTBALL**—At **YANKEE STADIUM:** Giants vs. Pittsburgh Steelers, Oct. 14. . . . ¶ Giants vs. Detroit Lions, Oct. 21. . . . ¶ Giants vs. Washington Redskins, Oct. 28. . . . ¶ Giants vs. St. Louis Cardinals, Nov. 4. . . . **POLO GROUNDS:** Titans vs. San Diego Chargers, Oct. 28. . . . ¶ Titans vs. Oakland Raiders, Nov. 4. . . . ¶ Titans vs. Dallas Texans, Nov. 11.

**HOCKEY**—Professional games at Madison Square Garden on Oct. 14, 17, 21, and 28, and Nov. 7, 11, and 14.

**HORSE SHOWS**—Pennsylvania National Horse Show. (Harrisburg, Pa. Oct. 13 and Oct. 15-20.) . . . ¶ Washington International Horse Show. (Washington, D.C. Oct. 23-28.) . . . ¶ National Horse Show. (Madison Square Garden. Oct. 30-Nov. 6.)

**HUNT RACING**—Monmouth County Hunt Racing Association. (Red Bank, N.J. Oct. 20.) . . . ¶ Essex Fox Hounds Race Meeting Association. (Far Hills, N.J. Oct. 27.) . . . ¶ Montpelier Hunt Race Meeting. (Montpelier Station, Va. Nov. 3.) . . . ¶ Virginia Fall Race Meeting. (Middleburg, Va. Nov. 10.)

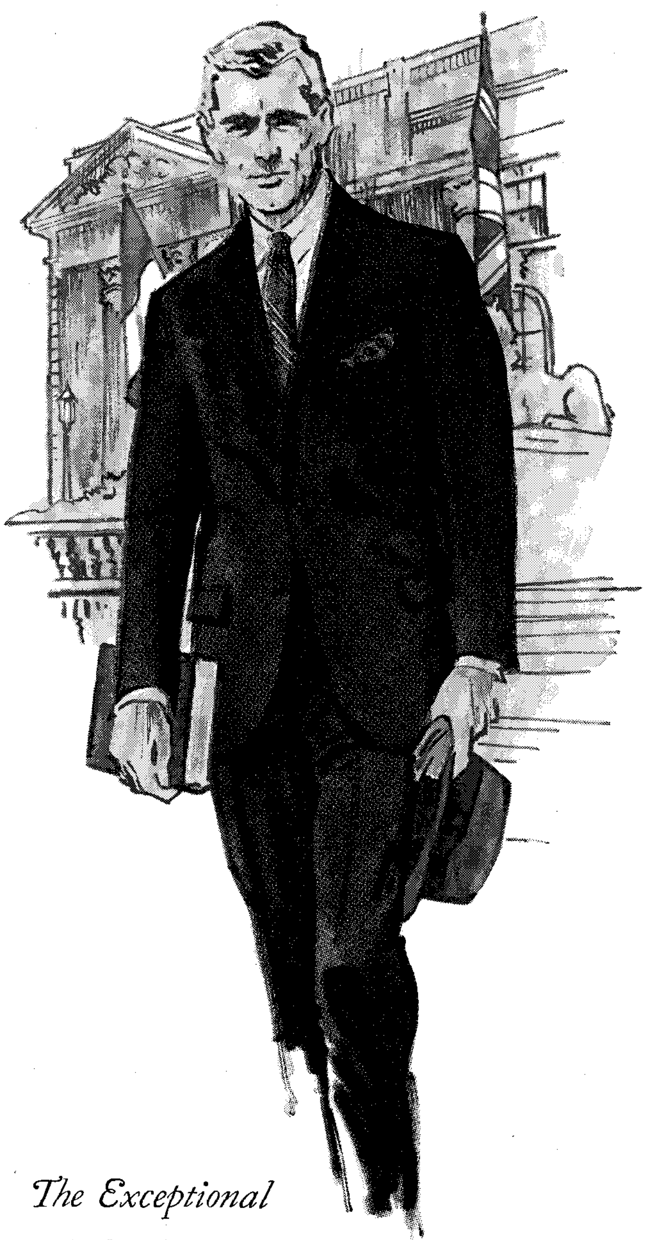
**RACING—UNITED HUNTS AT BELMONT:** Oct. 25-26. . . . **LAUREL**, Md.: Oct. 27-Nov. 12. . . . **AQUEDUCT:** Oct. 29-Nov. 30.

**SPORTS-CAR RACING**—At **THOMPSON RACEWAY**, Thompson, Conn.: Oct. 13-14. . . . **LIME ROCK PARK**, Lime Rock, Conn.: Oct. 20.

**MUSIC—METROPOLITAN OPERA** (PE 6-1210): The season will open on Oct. 15, with Giordano's "Andrea Chénier," and will run through April 13. . . . **PHILHARMONIC HALL,** Lincoln Center (TR 4-2424): Philippa Schuyler, piano, Oct. 14. . . . ¶ Festival Orchestra, Oct. 14 and 19. . . . ¶ Philadelphia Orchestra, Oct. 16 and Nov. 6. . . . ¶ Eleanor Steber, soprano, Oct. 17. . . . ¶ Leningrad Philharmonic, Oct. 21. . . . ¶ Concert Opera Association, Oct. 22. . . . ¶ Opening performances of the Boston Symphony's regular series here, Erich Leinsdorf conducting, Oct. 24 and 26. . . . ¶ Vladimir Ashkenazy, piano, Oct. 28. . . . ¶ Claudio Arrau, piano, Oct. 29 and Nov. 2, 10, and 16. . . . ¶ Jan Smeterlin, piano, Oct. 30. . . . ¶ Orchestre National Français, Oct. 31. . . . ¶ Kimio Eto, koto, Nov. 4. . . . ¶ Robert Goldsand, piano, Nov. 5. . . . ¶ John Browning, piano, Nov. 7. . . . ¶ Artur Rubinstein, piano, Nov. 9. . . . **CARNEGIE HALL** (CI 7-7460): American Symphony Orchestra, Oct. 15 and Nov. 5. . . . ¶ Harry Belafonte, ballad singer, Oct. 19. . . . ¶ Philadelphia Orchestra, Oct. 23. . . . ¶ Leningrad Philharmonic, Oct. 24. . . . ¶ Tamás Vásáry, piano, Oct. 26. . . . ¶ Theodore Bikel, folk singer, Oct. 27. . . . ¶ Dietrich Fischer-Dieskau, baritone, Oct. 30. . . . ¶ Jorge Bolet, piano, Oct. 31. . . . ¶ David Oistrakh, violin, Nov. 1. . . . ¶ Clancy Brothers and Tommy Makem, folk singers, Nov. 3. . . . ¶ Orchestra of America, Nov. 7. . . . ¶ Grace Bumbry, mezzo-soprano, Nov. 8. . . . ¶ Cantata Singers, Nov. 9. . . . ¶ The Limeliters, folk singers, Nov. 10. . . . ¶ Friends of French Opera, Nov. 11. . . . ¶ Pittsburgh Symphony Orchestra, Nov. 12. . . . ¶ Symphony of the Air, Nov. 14. . . . **TOWN HALL** (JU 2-4536): Esterhazy Orchestra, Oct. 17. . . . ¶ Lenox Quartet, Oct. 21 and Nov. 11. . . . ¶ Anahid and Maro Ajemian, violin and piano, Oct. 26. . . . ¶ Nova Arte Trio, Oct. 28. . . . ¶ Rita Streich, soprano, Oct. 31. . . . ¶ Clarion Concert, Nov. 7. . . . ¶ Shoshana Damari, Israeli folk singer, Nov. 10. . . . ¶ Charles Rosen, piano, Nov. 13. . . . ¶ Elena Nikolaidi, contralto, Nov. 14. . . . ¶ Kenneth Amada, piano, Nov. 15. . . . **GRACE RAINEY ROGERS AUDITORIUM,** Metropolitan Museum (TR 9-5512): Christian Ferras, violin, and Pierre Barbizet, piano, Oct. 18. . . . ¶ New York Chamber Soloists, Oct. 26. . . . ¶ Musica Aeterna Orchestra, Nov. 4. . . . ¶ Guiomar Novaes, piano, Nov. 9. . . . ¶ Music Forgotten and Remembered, Nov. 10. . . . **HUNTER COLLEGE ASSEMBLY HALL** (RE 7-8490): Guiomar Novaes, piano, Oct. 20. . . . ¶ Gérard Souzay, baritone, Nov. 3.

**THEATRE**—Some productions scheduled to open during the next several weeks: Elick Moll's adaptation of his own novel, "Seidman and Son," with Sam Levene and Nancy Wickwire. . . . ¶ A play by Bernard Evslin, "Step on a Crack," in which Gary Merrill and Pauline Flanagan will appear. . . . ¶ A musical, "Mr. President," with music and lyrics by Irving Berlin and a book by Howard Lindsay and Russel Crouse. Robert Ryan and Nanette Fabray head the cast. . . . ¶ "The Fun Couple," a comedy by Neil Jansen and John Haase, taken from the latter's novel. The cast includes Jane Fonda, Bradford Dillman, and Ben Piazza. . . . ¶ Sidney Kingsley's new play, "Night Life," with Neville Brand, Carol Lawrence, Walter Abel, Carmen Mathews, and Salome Jens. . . . ¶ Gene Barry, Angie Dickinson, and Jan Sterling have the leading roles in a comedy by Jack Sher called "The Perfect Setup." . . . ¶ A comedy, "A Matter of Position," by Elaine May, starring Mike Nichols. . . . ¶ An English revue, "Beyond the Fringe," created by Alan Bennett, Peter Cook, Jonathan Miller, and Dudley Moore, who make up the entire cast. . . . ¶ "Tchin-Tchin," a play by Sidney Michaels, based on a French original, with Anthony Quinn and Margaret Leighton. . . . ¶ Joseph Cotten in "Calculated Risk," a play by Joseph Hayes, derived from a play by George Ross and Campbell Singer. . . . ¶ A musical, "Nowhere to Go but Up," with Tom Bosley and Martin Balsam. James Lipton wrote the book and lyrics and Sol Berkowitz the music. . . . ¶ A four-week engagement of Gilbert and Sullivan by the D'Oyly Carte Opera Company, at the City Center.

**OTHER DATES**—New York Antiques Fair, at the 71st Regiment Armory, Oct. 15-20. . . . ¶ Fall Flower Show of the Horticultural Society of New York, at Essex House, Oct. 17. . . . ¶ Daylight-saving time ends Sunday, Oct. 28. . . . ¶ Election Day is Tuesday, Nov. 6. . . . ¶ Veterans' Day is Sunday, Nov. 11; Monday, Nov. 12, will be a holiday.



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## MOTION PICTURES

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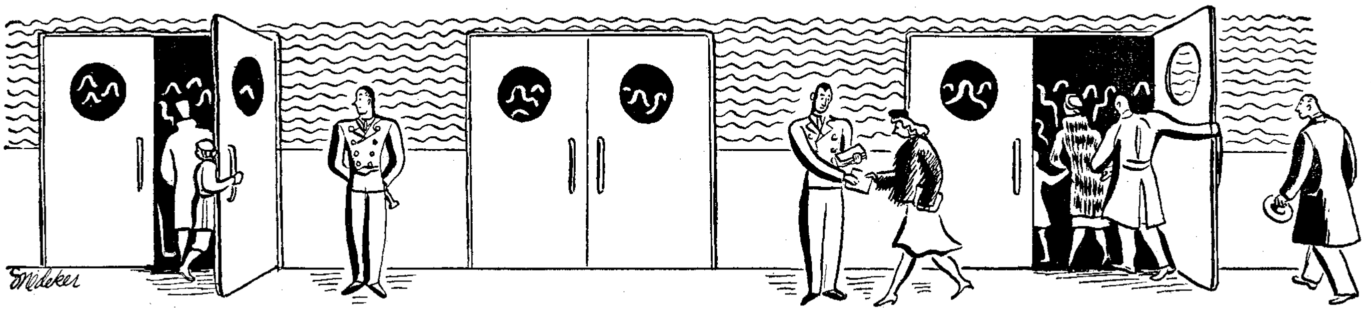

**Divorce—Italian Style**—A very funny, because ruthlessly reasonable, farce, in which it's demonstrated that if the only way out of an unhappy marriage is murder, then murder has much to be said for it. The setting is Sicily, the star of an exceptionally able cast is Marcello Mastroianni, and the director is Pietro Germi. (Paris, 4 W. 58th, MU 8-0134.)

**The Island**—A beautifully photographed pseudo-documentary Japanese film that describes in minute detail the hardships faced by a family trying to wrest a living from an arid patch of land on an island in the Inland Sea. (Guild, 33 W. 50th, PL 7-2406.)

**Judgment at Nuremberg**—A long, honest, and often painful examination of the nature of accountability, told in terms of four Nazi judges, on trial before an American military court. The almost too starry cast includes Spencer Tracy, Richard Widmark, Burt Lancaster, Marlene Dietrich, Judy Garland, Maximilian Schell, and Montgomery Clift. (68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th, RE 4-0302. . . . ¶ Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8037; Oct. 7-9.)

**A Kind of Loving**—Another of those tough but attractive studies of love and misery in the English Midlands, notable for boldness of speech and action, and for what amounts to an affirmative ending. Alan Bates, Thora Hird, and June Ritchie head a marvellous cast. (Fine Arts, 130 E. 58th, PL 5-6030.)

**Last Year at Marienbad**—It is impossible to be sure what is happening from one moment to the next in this beautiful French film, which is a sort of ghost story about love, only without ghosts or love. Screenplay by Alain Robbe-Grillet and direction by Alain Resnais. (Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th, PL 7-2131.)

**Harold Lloyd's World of Comedy**—Hilarious samples of the handiwork of an early master builder of sight gags. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, WA 9-3350; and Midtown, B'way at 100th, AC 2-1200; starting Oct. 10, tentative.)

**The Miracle Worker**—Anne Bancroft and Patty Duke playing to perfection the roles they created on Broadway, in a sometimes almost unbearably anguishing account of the war between teacher and child by means of which the blind and deaf Helen Keller learned the meaning of words and so entered the world. (Astor, B'way at 45th, JU 6-2240; and Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th, BU 8-3180; through Oct. 9.)

**The Night**—The brilliant Italian director Michelangelo Antonioni here studies a couple of upper-middle-class intellectuals who are so bored they could scream, if only screaming weren't so unattractive and exhausting. With Jeanne Moreau and Marcello Mastroianni. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, WA 9-3350; through Oct. 9, tentative. . . . ¶ New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; through Oct. 10.)

**The Notorious Landlady**—A comic mystery, set in London, that concerns a couple of American diplomats (Jack Lemmon and Fred Astaire) and a Scotland Yard inspector (Lionel Jeffries) who become involved in the case of an American damsel in distress (Kim Novak). The script is especially amusing, and so are most of the performances. (Academy of Music, 126 E. 14th, GR 3-2277; R.K.O. 58th St., 3rd Ave. at 58th, EL 5-3577; R.K.O. 86th St., Lexington at 86th, AT 9-8900; Riverside, B'way at 96th, MO 3-4530; and Nemo, B'way at 110th, MO 6-8210; starting Oct. 10.)

**A Taste of Honey**—The sad, delightful Shelagh Delaney play, uncannily improved by the English director Tony Richardson. Faultless performances by Rita Tushingham, Dora Bryan, Robert Stephens, Paul Danquah, and Murray Melvin. (8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th, GR 7-7874; through Oct. 10, tentative.)

**That Touch of Mink**—A romantic farce, nimbly designed to accommodate the joint gifts of Doris Day and Cary Grant. (R.K.O. 58th St., 3rd Ave. at 58th, EL 5-3577; through Oct. 5. . . . ¶ Academy of Music, 126 E. 14th, GR 3-2277; and R.K.O. 86th St., Lexington at 86th, AT 9-8900; through Oct. 6. . . . ¶ Riverside, B'way at 96th, MO 3-4530; and Nemo, B'way at 110th, MO 6-8210; through Oct. 9. . . . ¶ Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; and Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8037; starting Oct. 10.)

**West Side Story**—The Ben-Hur of musicals, distinguished by the Bernstein tunes and the Robbins dances but inhumanly overproduced. (Rivoli, B'way at 49th, CI 7-1633. Nightly at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Sundays at 2:30, and Saturdays at 2 and 5:15. Reserved seats only.)

## REVIVALS

**Alexander Nevsky** (1938)—Eisenstein's view of medieval warfare. In Russian. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway, OR 4-3210; Oct. 5-8.)

**Anna Karenina** (1935)—The Garbo triumph, which Tolstoy had something to do with, and in which the lady is escorted by Basil Rathbone and Fredric March. (Plaza, 42 E. 58th, EL 5-3320; through Oct. 10, tentative.)

**L'Atalante** (1934)—Jean Vigo's poetic account of a young barge captain on the Seine, who takes a bride and loses her and nearly goes mad before he gets her back. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway, OR 4-3210; Oct. 4.)

**Battleground** (1949)—The Battle of the Bulge. Our defenders include Van Johnson, John Hodiak, and George Murphy. (Loew's 83rd St., B'way at 83rd, TR 7-3190; through Oct. 6. . . . ¶ Olympia, B'way at 107th, UN 5-8128; through Oct. 9.)

**Behind the Great Wall** (1959)—A travelogue about modern China, made by the Italian documentary expert Leonardo Bonzi. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, WA 9-3350; and Midtown, B'way at 100th, AC 2-1200; starting Oct. 10, tentative.)

**Casablanca** (1942)—Intrigue in North Africa. With Humphrey Bogart, Ingrid Bergman, and Claude Rains. (Charles, Ave. B at 12th, GR 3-6170; through Oct. 6, evening performances only, except on Saturday.)

**Diary of a Country Priest** (1954)—A French film about the tribulations of a cleric. Claude Laydu plays the priest. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Oct. 10.)

**La Dolce Vita** (1961)—Each of the dozen or so sequences of this movie tells a separate story, and deals with a separate aspect of present-day Roman life. Federico Fellini wrote and directed it and Marcello Mastroianni plays the leading role. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8037; through Oct. 6.)

**W. C. Fields Short** (1933)—The great man in "The Barbershop." (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; through Oct. 10.)

**Go for Broke!** (1951)—How the Japanese-Americans fought in Italy and France during the Second World War. Van Johnson and Warner Anderson are two of the Caucasians on hand. (Loew's 83rd St., B'way at 83rd, TR 7-3190; through Oct. 6. . . . ¶ Olympia, B'way at 107th, UN 5-8128; through Oct. 9.)

**The Magnificent Ambersons** (1942)—Orson Welles' treatment of the Tarkington novel. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway, OR 4-3210; Oct. 5-8.)

**The Maltese Falcon** (1941)—Humphrey Bogart, Mary Astor, and Sydney Greenstreet in the Dashiell Hammett yarn. (Charles, Ave. B at 12th, GR 3-6170; Oct. 9-10, evening performances only.)

**Mr. Hulot's Holiday** (1954)—A romp at the seaside resort, with Jacques Tati. (5th Ave. Cinema, 5th Ave. at 12th, WA 4-8339; and 55th St. Playhouse, 154 W. 55th, JU 6-4590.)

**Purple Noon** (1961)—A French thriller, laid in Italy, about a group of well-heeled young American wastrels, one of whom carelessly murders a couple of the others. Alain Delon is the wicked hero. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Oct. 5.)

**A Raisin in the Sun** (1961)—Lorraine Hansberry's story about a Negro family in Chicago, with Claudia McNeil, Sidney Poitier, and Ruby Dee. (Academy of Music, 126 E. 14th, GR 3-2277; and R.K.O. 86th St., Lexington at 86th, AT 9-8900; Oct. 7-9. . . . ¶ R.K.O. 58th St., 3rd Ave. at 58th, EL 5-3577; Oct. 8-9.)

**Saturday Night and Sunday Morning** (1961)—Alan Sillitoe's own adaptation of his novel about a defiant young factory worker in a British provincial city. With Albert Finney. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Oct. 5.)

**We Are All Murderers** (1957)—Raymond Pellegrin and Marcel Mouloudji in a French film that inveighs against capital punishment. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Oct. 4.)

**Wild Strawberries** (1959)—Victor Sjöström plays an eminent physician in this Swedish film directed by Ingmar Bergman. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Oct. 6.)

**Zero for Conduct** (1933)—A forty-four-minute-long comedy-fantasy of life among schoolchildren, written and directed by Jean Vigo. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway, OR 4-3210; Oct. 4.)

**Museum of Modern Art Film Library**—Oct. 4, at 8 P.M.: "I Am a Fugitive from a Chain Gang" (1932), with Paul Muni. . . . ¶ Oct. 4-6 (showings at 3): The last program in a series called "The Cinema of Gene Kelly"—"Anchors Aweigh" (1945), with Frank Sinatra and Kathryn Grayson. . . . ¶ Oct. 7, at 3 and 5:30: "Teatteri" (1957) and three other recent acquisitions. . . . ¶ Oct. 8-9 (showings at 3 and 5:30): "Sabotage" (1937), with Sylvia Sidney. . . . ¶ Starting Oct. 10 (showings at 3 and 5:30): The first program in a series called "Swedish Films, 1909-1957"—"Swedish Primitives" (1909), "New York Vignettes" (1911), and "Ingeborg Holm" (1913). (A limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the Museum, 11 W. 53rd, after 11 on the day of the showing or, if it is a Sunday, after 1.)

## THE BROADWAY AREA

**Astor,** B'way at 45th. (JU 6-2240)
Through Oct. 9: **THE MIRACLE WORKER.**
From Oct. 10: "Pressure Point," Sidney Poitier, Bobby Darin.

**Cinerama,** B'way at 51st. (JU 2-5060)
"The Wonderful World of the Brothers Grimm," Laurence Harvey, Claire Bloom. (Weekdays at 8:30 and Sundays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Sundays at 2:30, and Saturdays at 2 and 5:15. Special performances Friday, Oct. 5, at 4:30, and Monday, Oct. 8, at 2:30. Reserved seats only.)

**Criterion,** B'way at 44th. (JU 2-1796)
"Damn the Defiant!," Alec Guinness, Dirk Bogarde.

**DeMille,** 7th Ave. at 47th. (CO 5-8431)
Through Oct. 7: "The Pigeon That Took Rome," Charlton Heston, Elsa Martinelli.
Oct. 8-9: *Theatre closed.*
From Oct. 10, at 8:30: "Barabbas," Anthony Quinn, Silvana Mangano. (Reserved seats only.)

**Forum,** B'way at 47th. (PL 7-8320)
"The Smashing of the Reich" and "Kamikaze," both documentary films on the Second World War.

**Music Hall,** 6th Ave. at 50th. (CI 6-4600)
"Gigot," Jackie Gleason, Katherine Kath.

**New Embassy,** B'way at 46th. (PL 7-2408)
"Secrets of the Nazi Criminals," a Swedish documentary film, with an English narration.

**Palace,** B'way at 47th. (PL 7-2626)
Through Oct. 9: "Marco Polo," Rory Calhoun, Yoko Tani.
From Oct. 10: "No Man Is an Island," Jeffrey Hunter, Barbara Perez.

**Paramount,** B'way at 43rd. (WI 7-9400)
"Convicts 4," Ben Gazzara, Stuart Whitman.

**Rivoli,** B'way at 49th. (CI 7-1633)
**WEST SIDE STORY.**

**State,** B'way at 45th. (JU 2-5070)
"A Very Private Affair," Brigitte Bardot, Marcello Mastroianni.

**Victoria,** B'way at 46th. (JU 6-0540)
"I Thank a Fool," Susan Hayward, Peter Finch.

**Warner,** B'way at 47th. (CO 5-5711)
"The Longest Day." (Weekdays at 8:15 and Sundays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2:30. Reserved seats only.)

## EAST SIDE

**Art,** 36 E. 8th. (GR 3-7014)
Through Oct. 9: "Bird Man of Alcatraz," Burt Lancaster, Karl Malden; and "Lonely Are the Brave," Kirk Douglas, Gena Rowlands.
From Oct. 10: To be announced.

**Charles,** Ave. B at 12th. (GR 3-6170; evening performances only, except on weekends.)
Through Oct. 6: **CASABLANCA,** revival; and "Passage to Marseille," revival, Humphrey Bogart, Michèle Morgan.
Oct. 7-8: "Kid Galahad," revival, Bette Davis, Edward G. Robinson; and "Thank Your Lucky Stars," revival, all-star cast, including Eddie Cantor, Bette Davis, and Humphrey Bogart.
Oct. 9-10: **THE MALTESE FALCON,** revival; and "Dark Passage," revival, Humphrey Bogart, Lauren Bacall.

**Academy of Music,** 126 E. 14th. (GR 3-2277)
Through Oct. 6: **THAT TOUCH OF MINK.**
Oct. 7-9: **A RAISIN IN THE SUN,** revival; and "The Interns," Michael Callan, Cliff Robertson.
From Oct. 10: **THE NOTORIOUS LANDLADY;** and "The Wild Westerners," Nancy Kovack, James Philbrook.

**Gramercy,** Lexington at 23rd. (GR 5-1660)
Through Oct. 9: "Bird Man of Alcatraz," Burt Lancaster, Karl Malden.
From Oct. 10: **THAT TOUCH OF MINK.**

**Murray Hill,** 160 E. 34th. (MU 5-7652)
"Operation Snatch," Terry-Thomas, George Sanders.

**Trans-Lux 52nd St.,** Lexington at 52nd. (PL 3-2434)
"Secrets of the Nazi Criminals," a Swedish documentary film, with an English narration.

**Sutton,** 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 9-1411)
"Waltz of the Toreadors," Peter Sellers, Margaret Leighton.

**R.K.O. 58th St.,** 3rd Ave. at 58th. (EL 5-3577)
Through Oct. 5: **THAT TOUCH OF MINK.**

# THE MOVIE HOUSES

| S | M | T | W | T | F | S |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| | | | | 4 | 5 | 6 |
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FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST APPEAR IN HEAVY TYPE AND ARE DESCRIBED ON THE OPPOSITE PAGE

Oct. 6-7: "The Best of Enemies," David Niven, Alberto Sordi; and "Zotz!," Tom Poston, Julia Meade.
Oct. 8-9: **A RAISIN IN THE SUN,** revival; and "The Interns," Michael Callan, Cliff Robertson.
From Oct. 10: **THE NOTORIOUS LANDLADY.**

**Fine Arts,** 130 E. 58th. (PL 5-6030)
**A KIND OF LOVING.**

**Plaza,** 42 E. 58th. (EL 5-3320)
Through Oct. 10 (tentative): **ANNA KARENINA,** revival.

**Baronet,** 3rd Ave. at 59th. (EL 5-1663)
From Oct. 8: "The Loneliness of the Long Distance Runner," Michael Redgrave, Tom Courtenay.

**Cinema I,** 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-6022)
"Boccaccio '70" (in Italian), Sophia Loren, Romy Schneider, Anita Ekberg.

**Cinema II,** 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-0774)
Through Oct. 6: "Cleo from 5 to 7" (in French), Corinne Marchand, Antoine Bourseiller.
From Oct. 7: "Devi" (in Bengali).

**Beekman,** 2nd Ave. at 66th. (RE 7-2622)
"A Very Private Affair" (in French), Brigitte Bardot, Marcello Mastroianni.

**68th St. Playhouse,** 3rd Ave. at 68th. (RE 4-0302)
**JUDGMENT AT NUREMBERG.**

**Tower East,** 3rd Ave. at 72nd. (TR 9-1313)
From Oct. 9, at 8:30: "Long Day's Journey Into Night," Katharine Hepburn, Ralph Richardson. (Nightly at 8:30. Matinées *daily at 1 and 4:30. Reserved seats only,* except for the Monday through Friday matinées.)

**72nd St. Playhouse,** 1st Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-9304)
*Through Oct. 9: "The Sky Above—The Mud Below,"* a French documentary film on New Guinea, with an English narration; and "Carry On Constable," Sidney James, Eric Barker.
From Oct. 10: To be announced.

**Trans-Lux 85th St.,** Madison at 85th. (BU 8-3180)
Through Oct. 9: **THE MIRACLE WORKER.**
From Oct. 10: "Pressure Point," Sidney Poitier, Bobby Darin.

**R.K.O. 86th St.,** Lexington at 86th. (AT 9-8900)
Through Oct. 6: **THAT TOUCH OF MINK.**
Oct. 7-9: **A RAISIN IN THE SUN,** revival; and "The Interns," Michael Callan, Cliff Robertson.
From Oct. 10: **THE NOTORIOUS LANDLADY;** and "The Wild Westerners," Nancy Kovack, James Philbrook.

**Orpheum,** 3rd Ave. at 86th. (AT 9-4607)
Through Oct. 9: "Zotz!," Tom Poston, Julia Meade; and "The Best of Enemies," David Niven, Alberto Sordi.
From Oct. 10: "The Pigeon That Took Rome," Charlton Heston, Elsa Martinelli; and "Where the Truth Lies," Juliette Greco, Lilo Pulver.

## WEST SIDE

**Bleecker St. Cinema,** 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway. (OR 4-3210)
Oct. 4: **L'ATALANTE** and **ZERO FOR CONDUCT** (both in French and both revivals).
Oct. 5-8: **ALEXANDER NEVSKY** (in Russian), revival; and **THE MAGNIFICENT AMBERSONS,** revival.
From Oct. 9: Sergei Eisenstein's "Ivan the Terrible, Parts I and II" (in Russian), revivals.

**Waverly,** 6th Ave. at 3rd. (WA 9-8037)
Through Oct. 6: **LA DOLCE VITA** (in Italian), revival.
Oct. 7-9: **JUDGMENT AT NUREMBERG.**
From Oct. 10: **THAT TOUCH OF MINK.**

**8th St. Playhouse,** 52 W. 8th. (GR 7-7874)
Through Oct. 10 (tentative): **A TASTE OF HONEY.**

**5th Ave. Cinema,** 5th Ave. at 12th. (WA 4-8339)
**MR. HULOT'S HOLIDAY,** revival.

**Sheridan,** 7th Ave. at 12th. (WA 9-2166)
Through Oct. 9: "Zotz!," Tom Poston, Julia Meade; and "The Best of Enemies," David Niven, Alberto Sordi.
From Oct. 10: "The Pigeon That Took Rome," Charlton Heston, Elsa Martinelli; and "Where the Truth Lies," Juliette Greco, Lilo Pulver.

**Greenwich,** Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (WA 9-3350)
Through Oct. 9 (tentative): **THE NIGHT** (in Italian); and "Jessica," Maurice Chevalier, Angie Dickinson.
From Oct. 10 (tentative): **HAROLD LLOYD'S WORLD OF COMEDY;** and **BEHIND THE GREAT WALL,** revival.

**Guild,** 33 W. 50th. (PL 7-2406)
**THE ISLAND** (a Japanese film without dialogue.)

**55th St. Playhouse,** 154 W. 55th. (JU 6-4590)
**MR. HULOT'S HOLIDAY,** revival.

**Trans-Lux Normandie,** 110 W. 57th. (JU 6-4448)
Through Oct. 10: "La Viaccia" (in Italian), Jean-Paul Belmondo, Claudia Cardinale.

**Little Carnegie,** 146 W. 57th. (CI 6-3454)
"Tales of Paris" (in French), Dany Robin, Françoise Arnoul.

**Carnegie Hall Cinema,** 7th Ave. at 57th. (PL 7-2131)
**LAST YEAR AT MARIENBAD** (in French).

**Paris,** 4 W. 58th. (MU 8-0134)
**DIVORCE—ITALIAN STYLE** (in Italian).

**Loew's 83rd St.,** B'way at 83rd. (TR 7-3190)
Through Oct. 6: **BATTLEGROUND,** revival; and **GO FOR BROKE!,** revival.
Oct. 7-9: "Aïda" (in Italian and English), revival, Sophia Loren, Lois Maxwell; and "Madame Butterfly," revival, with Japanese actors and Italian singers.
From Oct. 10: "The Pigeon That Took Rome," Charlton Heston, Elsa Martinelli; and "Where the Truth Lies," Juliette Greco, Lilo Pulver.

**New Yorker,** B'way at 88th. (TR 4-9189)
Through Oct. 10: **THE NIGHT** (in Italian); and **W. C. FIELDS SHORT,** revival.

**Symphony,** B'way at 95th. (AC 2-6600)
Through Oct. 9: "Boys' Night Out," Kim Novak, James Garner; and "Jessica," Maurice Chevalier, Angie Dickinson.
From Oct. 10: "My Geisha," Shirley MacLaine, Yves Montand; and "Lonely Are the Brave," Kirk Douglas, Gena Rowlands.

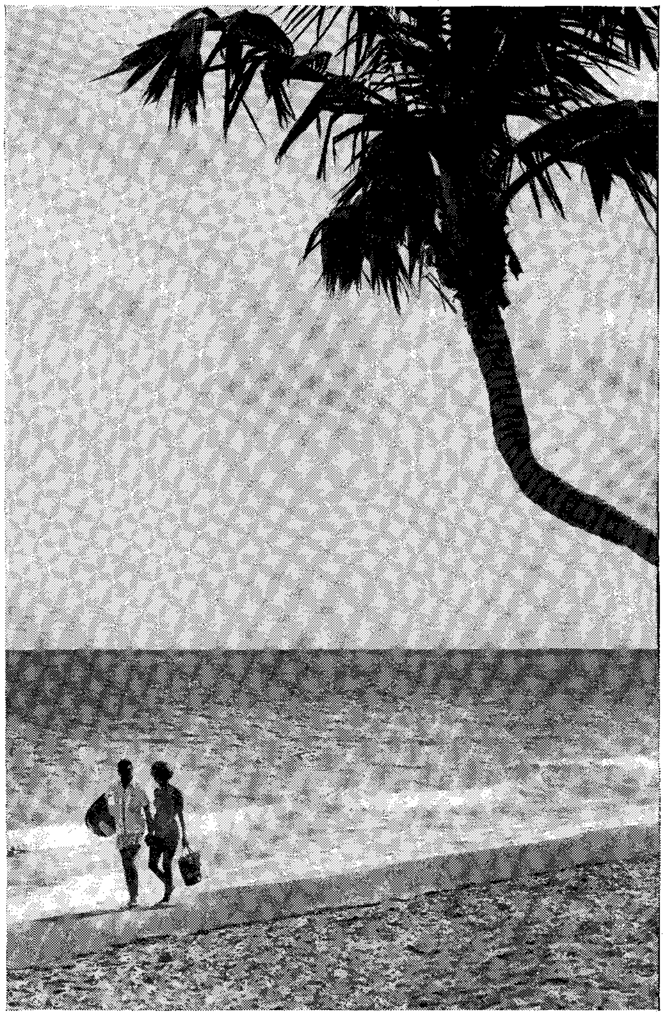
**Thalia,** B'way at 95th. (AC 2-3370)
Oct. 4: **WE ARE ALL MURDERERS** and "The Damned" (both in French and both revivals).
Oct. 5: **SATURDAY NIGHT AND SUNDAY MORNING,** revival; and **PURPLE NOON** (in French), revival.
Oct. 6: **WILD STRAWBERRIES** and "Three Strange Loves" (both in Swedish and both revivals).
Oct. 7: "Pagliacci" (in Italian), revival, Beniamino Gigli, Gina Lollobrigida; and "La Forza del Destino" (in Italian), revival, Tito Gobbi, Nelli Corradi.
Oct. 8: "A Tale of Two Cities," revival, Dirk Bogarde, Dorothy Tutin; and "A Kid for Two Farthings," revival, Celia Johnson, Diana Dors.
Oct. 9: "Make Mine Mink," revival, Terry-Thomas, Athene Seyler; and "Call Me Genius," revival, Tony Hancock, George Sanders.
Oct. 10: **DIARY OF A COUNTRY PRIEST** (in French), revival; and "The Path of Hope" (in Italian), revival, Raf Vallone, Elena Varzi.

**Riverside,** B'way at 96th. (MO 3-4530)
Through Oct. 9: **THAT TOUCH OF MINK.**
From Oct. 10: **THE NOTORIOUS LANDLADY;** and "The Wild Westerners," Nancy Kovack, James Philbrook.

**Midtown,** B'way at 100th. (AC 2-1200)
Through Oct. 9 (tentative): "Farewell Dove" (in Russian); and "Queen of Spades" (in Russian), revival.
From Oct. 10 (tentative): **HAROLD LLOYD'S WORLD OF COMEDY;** and **BEHIND THE GREAT WALL,** revival.

**Olympia,** B'way at 107th. (UN 5-8128)
Through Oct. 9: **BATTLEGROUND,** revival; and **GO FOR BROKE!,** revival.
From Oct. 10: "The Pigeon That Took Rome," Charlton Heston, Elsa Martinelli; and "Where the Truth Lies," Juliette Greco, Lilo Pulver.

**Nemo,** B'way at 110th. (MO 6-8210)
Through Oct. 9: **THAT TOUCH OF MINK.**
From Oct. 10: **THE NOTORIOUS LANDLADY;** and "The Wild Westerners," Nancy Kovack, James Philbrook.



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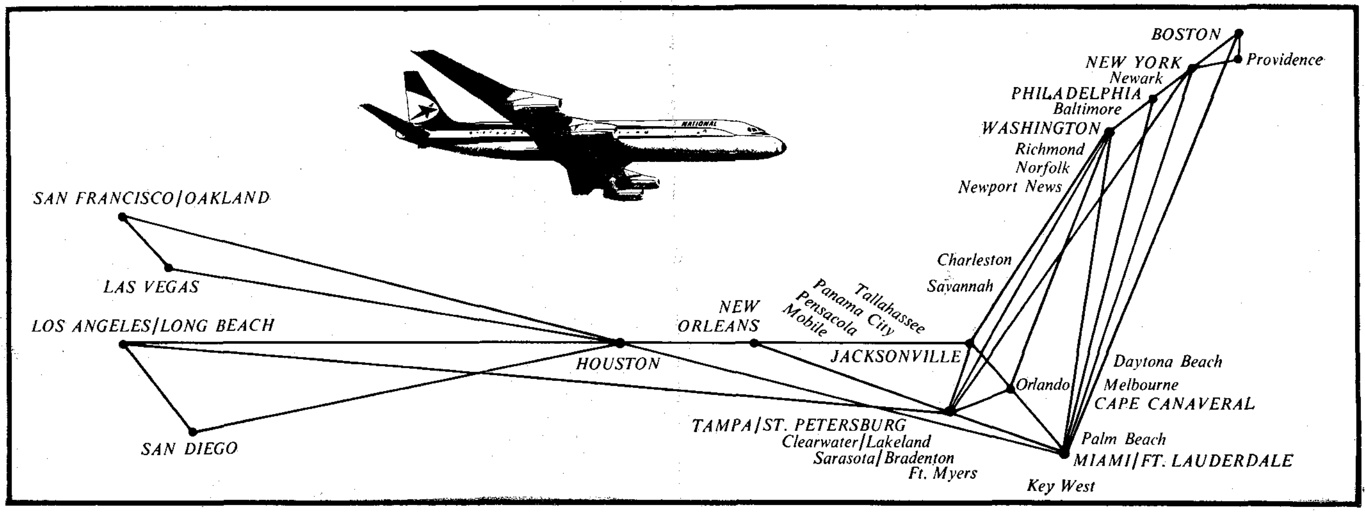
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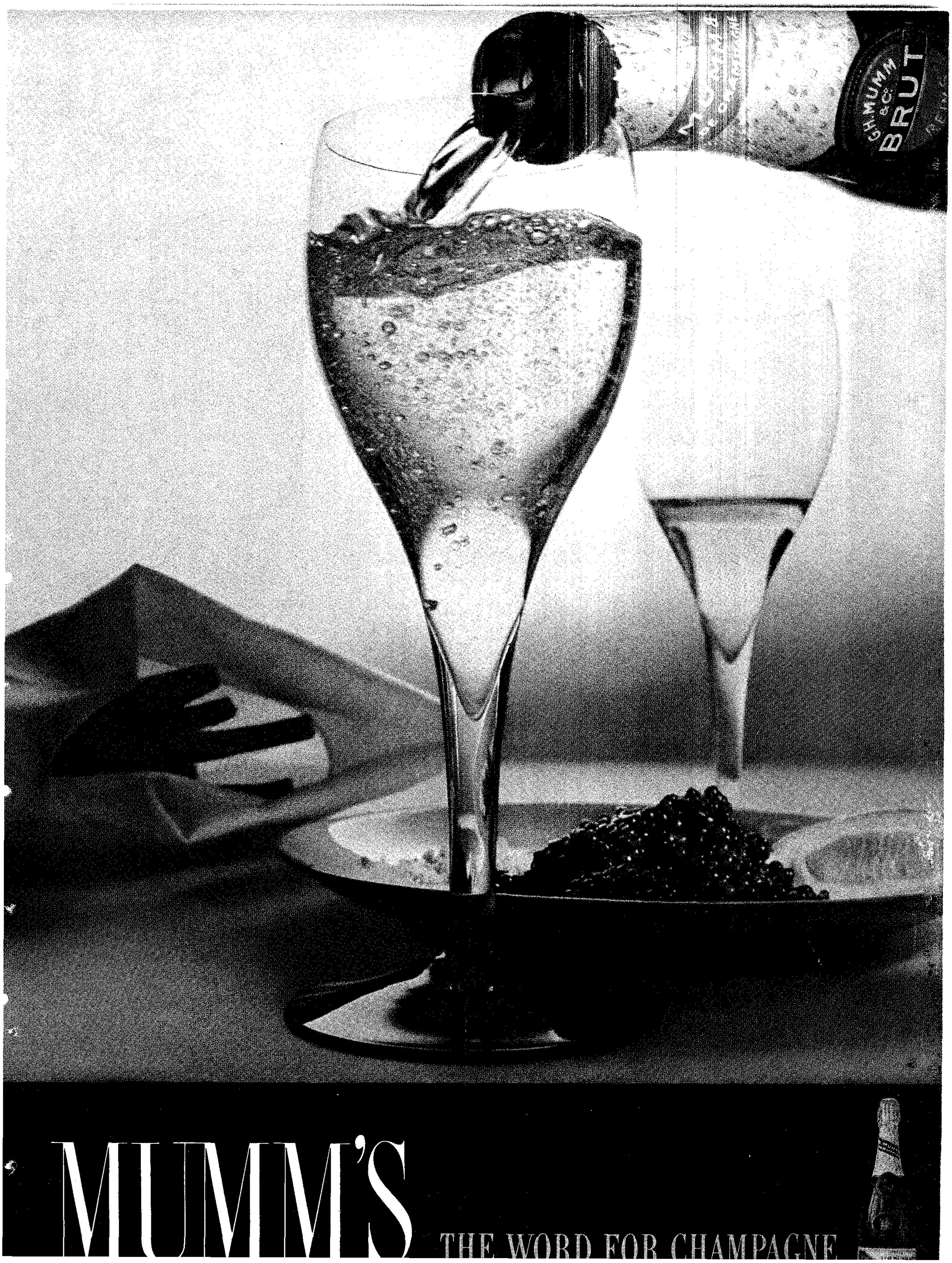
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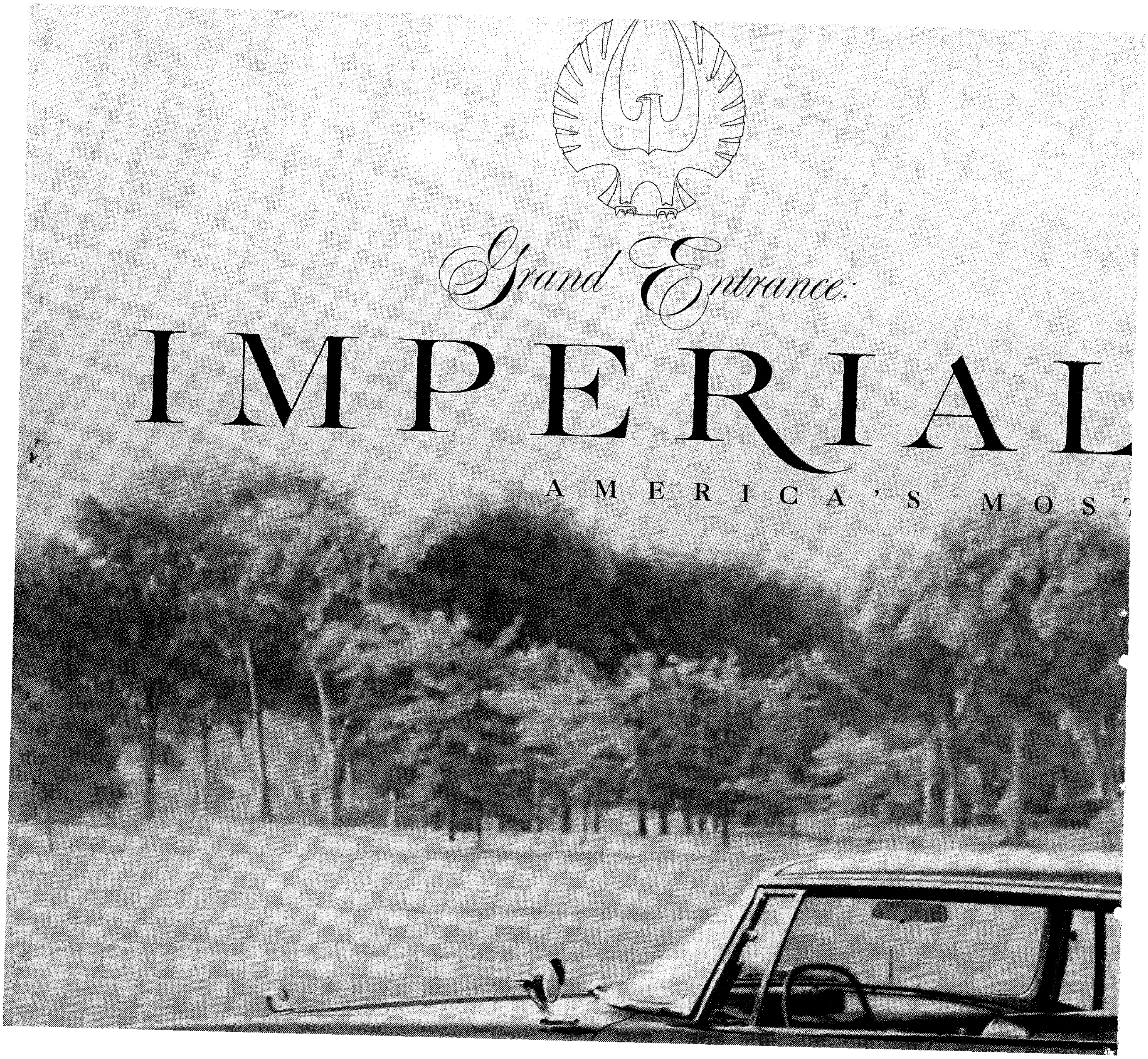
*written by*
**MADAME ALEXANDER**
*CREATOR OF MADAME ALEXANDER DOLLS*



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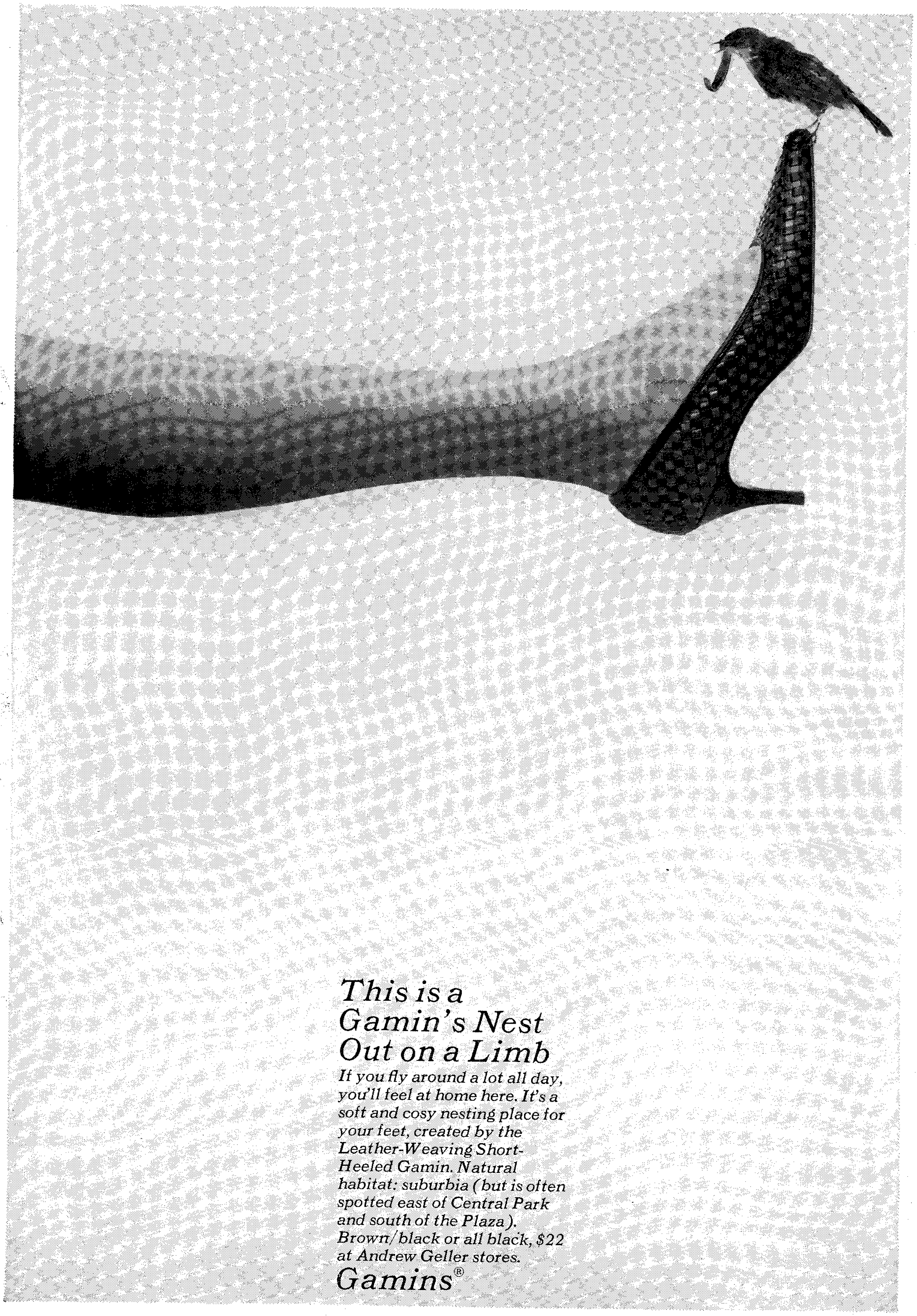

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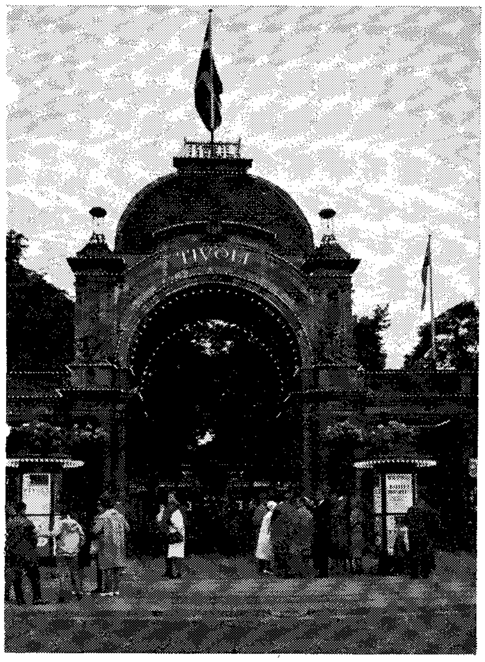
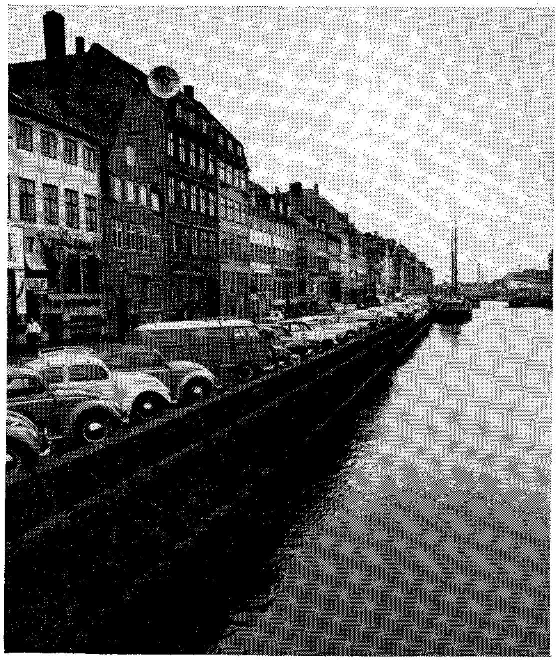
# 6 things to do in Copenhagen.

PACC

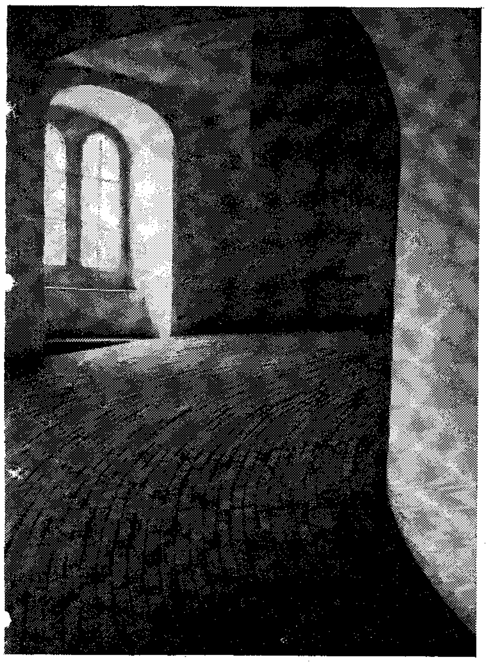


1. Tivoli Gardens are music and amusements, gourmet food and fireworks, pantomime theatre and vaudeville, the sublime and the ridiculous. Visit Tivoli at night as well as daytime but don't go here first. You may not want to leave.



2. Wander along the Nyhavn canal. Listen to jazz that comes through the doors of waterfront cafes and dance-halls. Watch the boats. Smell the water. Sit on the wharf and dangle your feet. If you get completely carried away, visit one of the tattoo parlours.

3. At Amalienborg square you may see changing-of-the-Guard. There are four pala one of which is the royal residence. As you wa the men march, you can practice countin Danish...en, to, tre, fire, fem, seks, syv, otte, ı

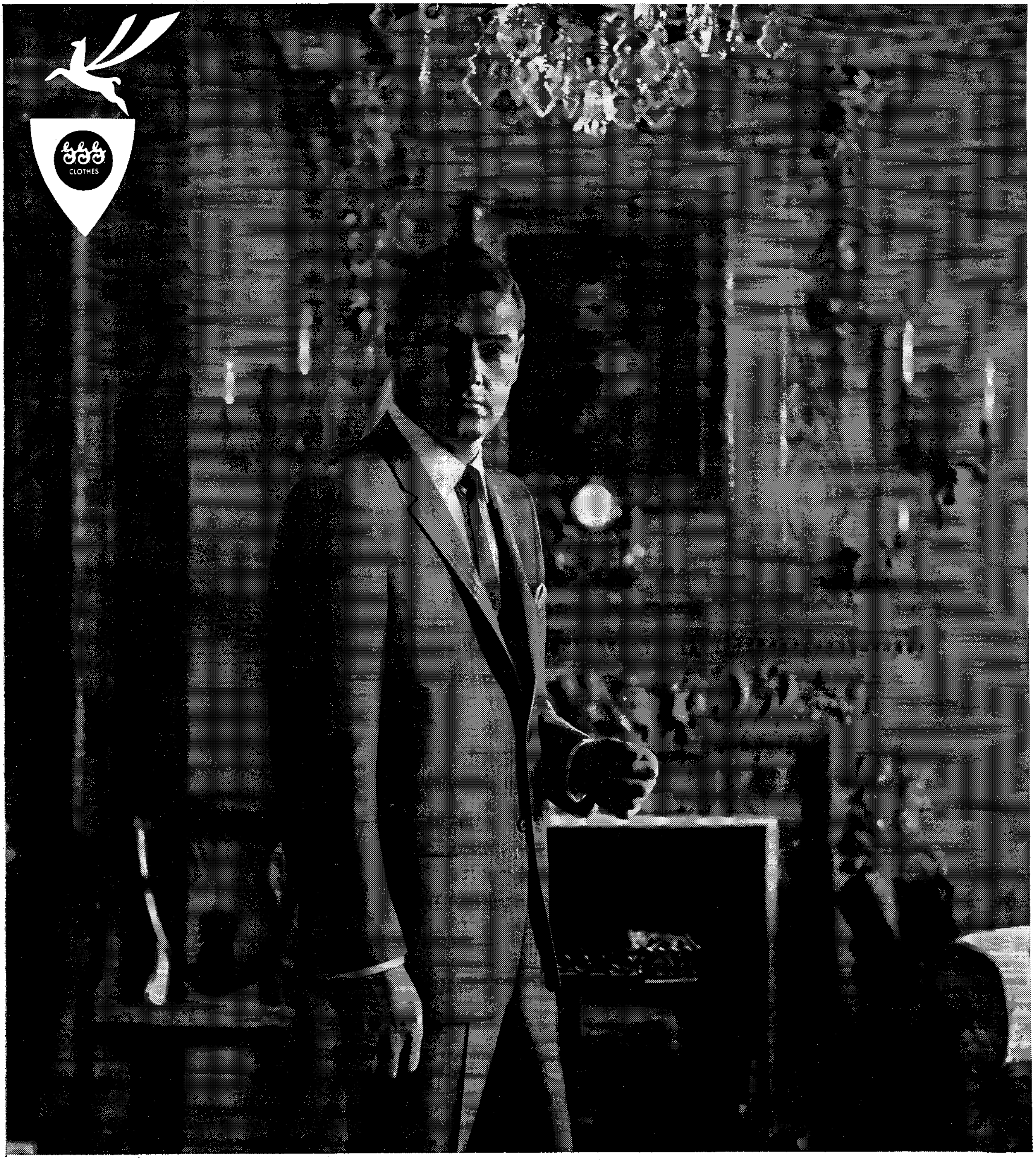


4. New Yorkers think of Guggenheim Museum when they visit the Round Tower. For you ascend from the bottom to the top on a spiral causeway. It was built in 1642. Part of Copenhagen's charm is that it is so old and so new.

5. This is the Langelinie Pavillonen, one of the restaurants you'll want to visit. The Danes like to make sandwiches on one piece of bread so that there's nothing to hide the colours of the meat, fish and vegetables. Don't bring a calorie-counter to Copenhagen!

6. Another of Copenhagen's delightful p doxes is a fur house that does a sizeable busi with Americans. Birger Christensen is also rier to the Royal Danish Court. In front of t shop at 38 Ostergade you see Veronica C bell of Croton, New York, in a magnifi stole fashioned from Empress Chinchilla, precious fur for a precious few. You, too, i decide to buy Empress Chinchilla or ano exciting fur at Birger Christensen. You'll b the loveliest possible reminder of Copenha and yourself living life to the fullest. Live! I

**BIRGER CHRISTENSE**



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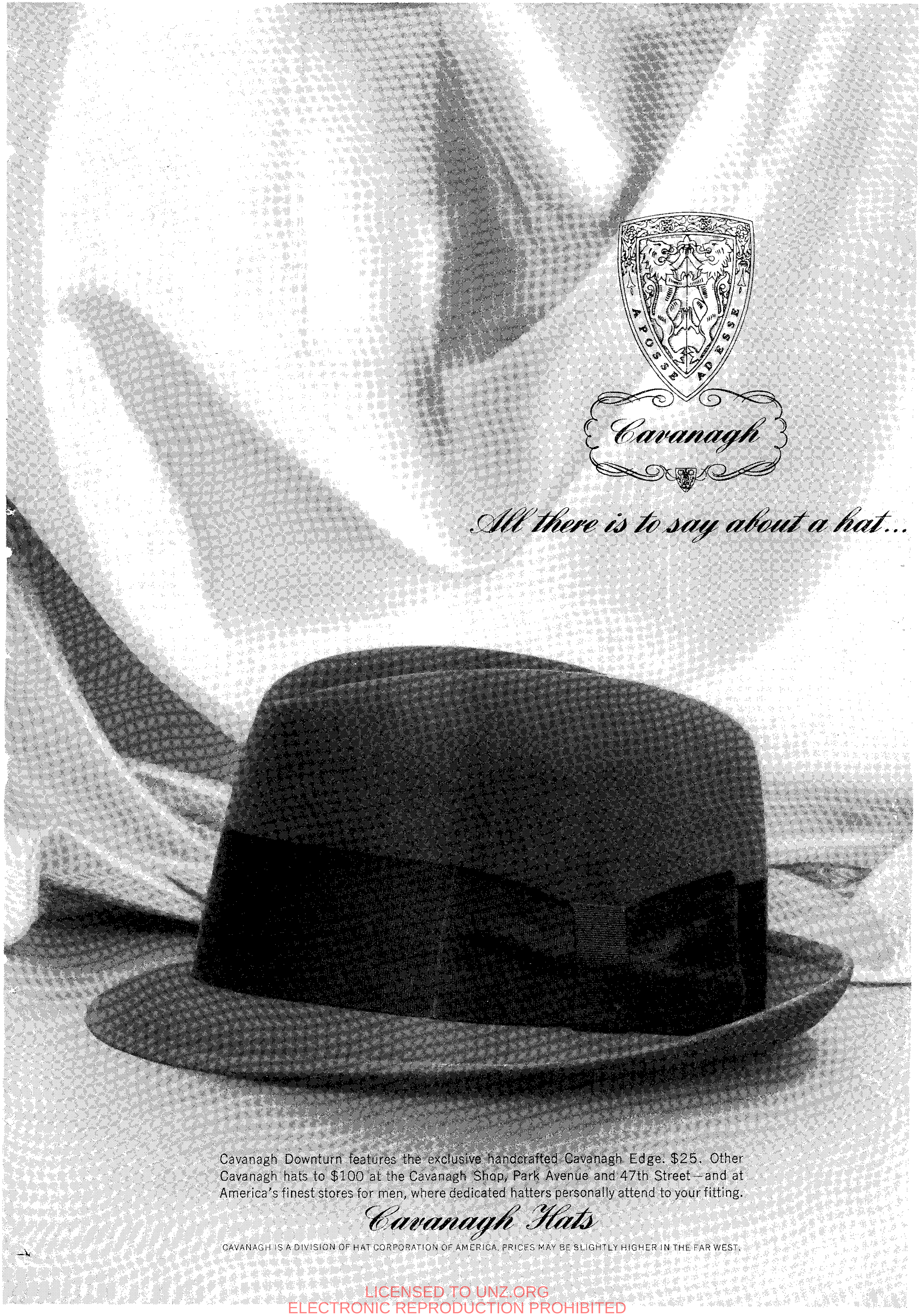
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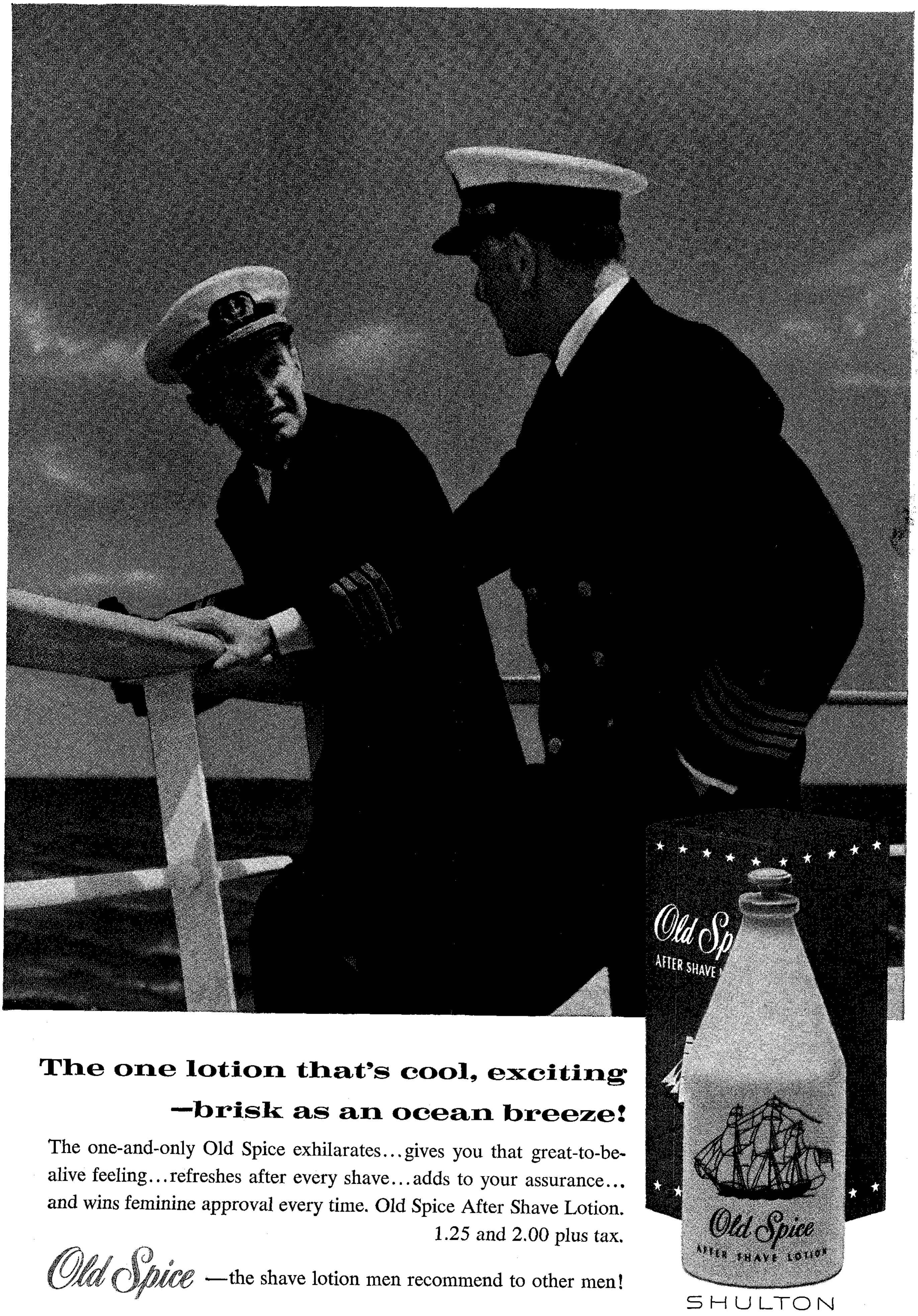
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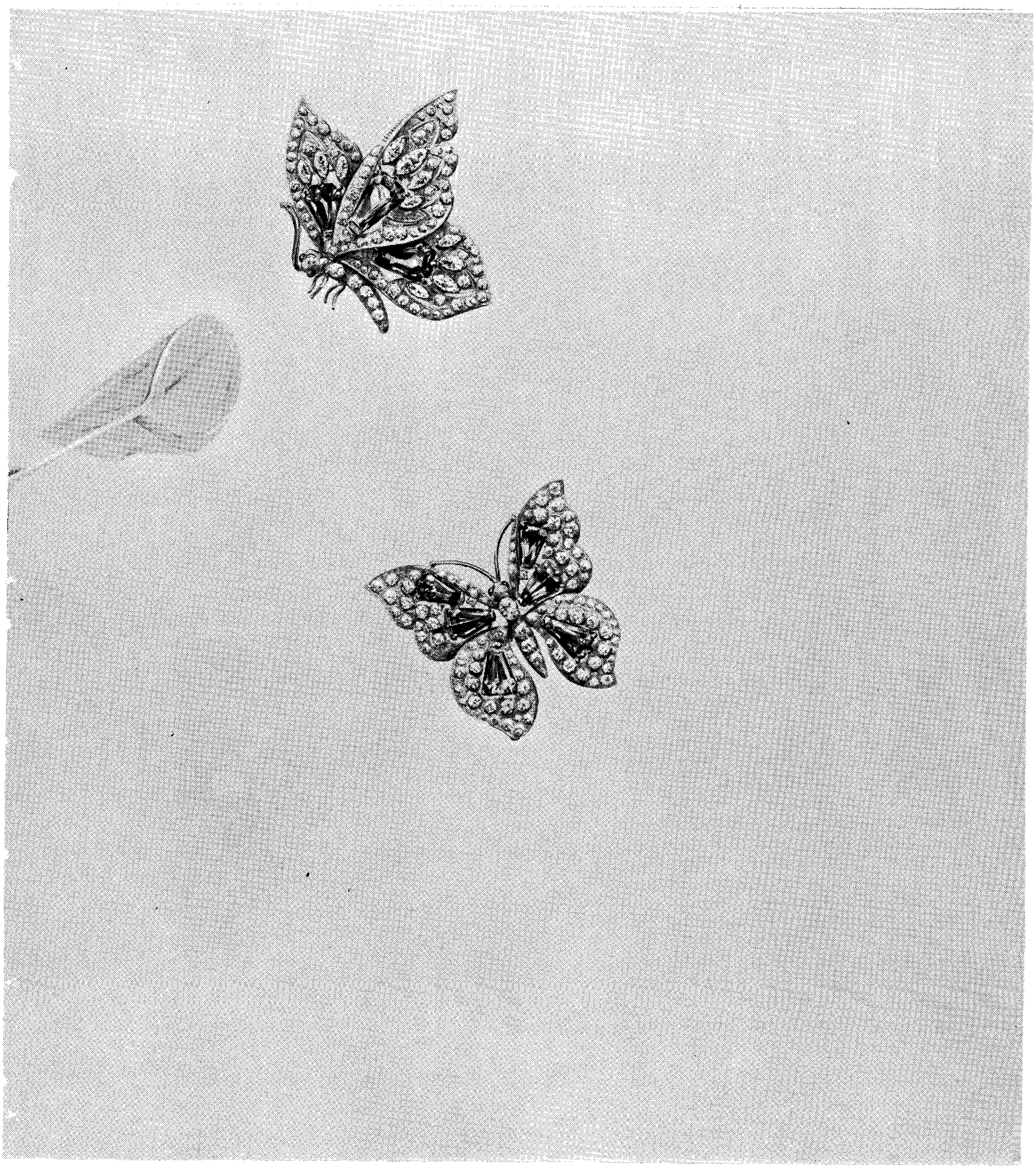

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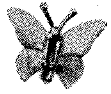

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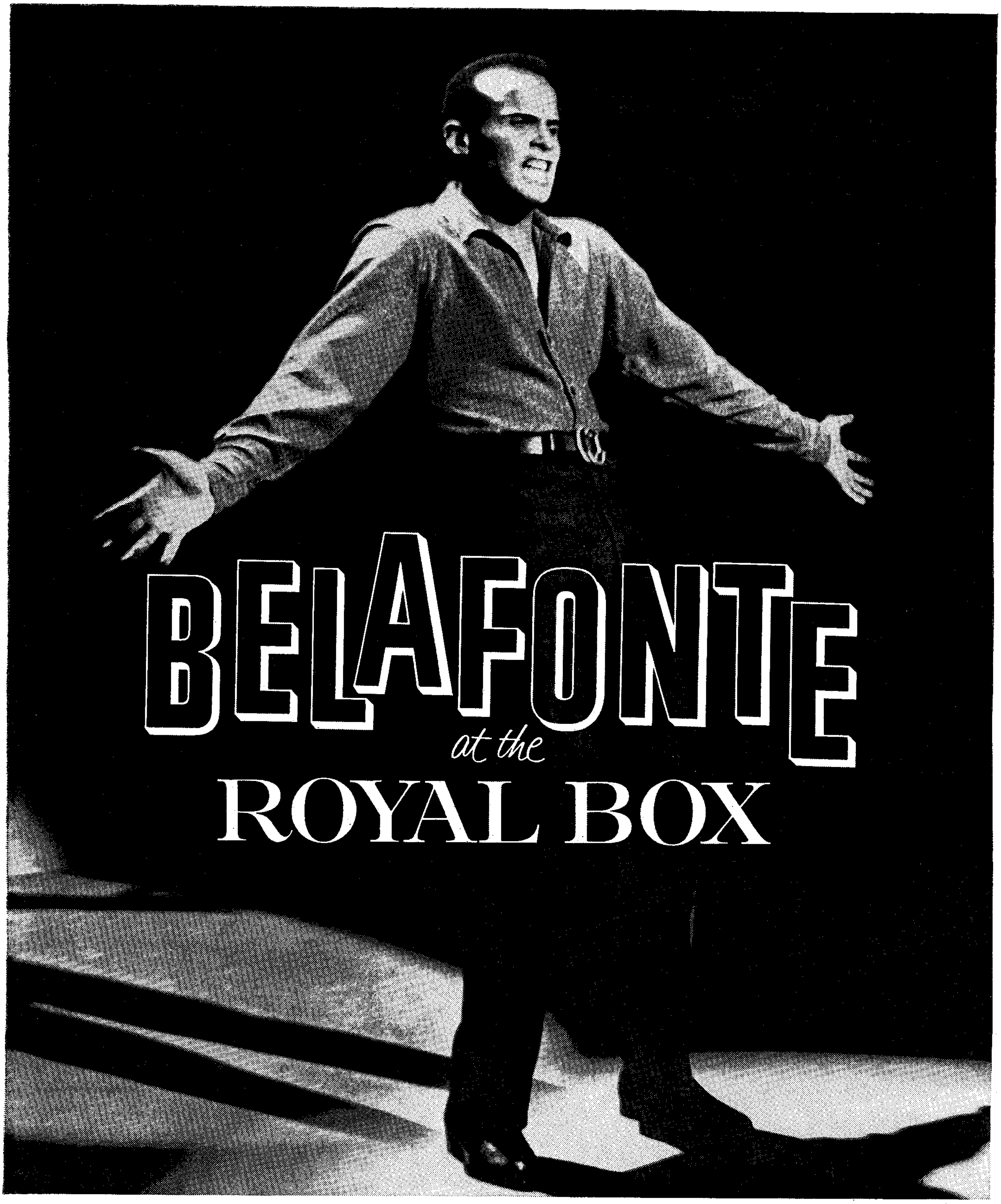

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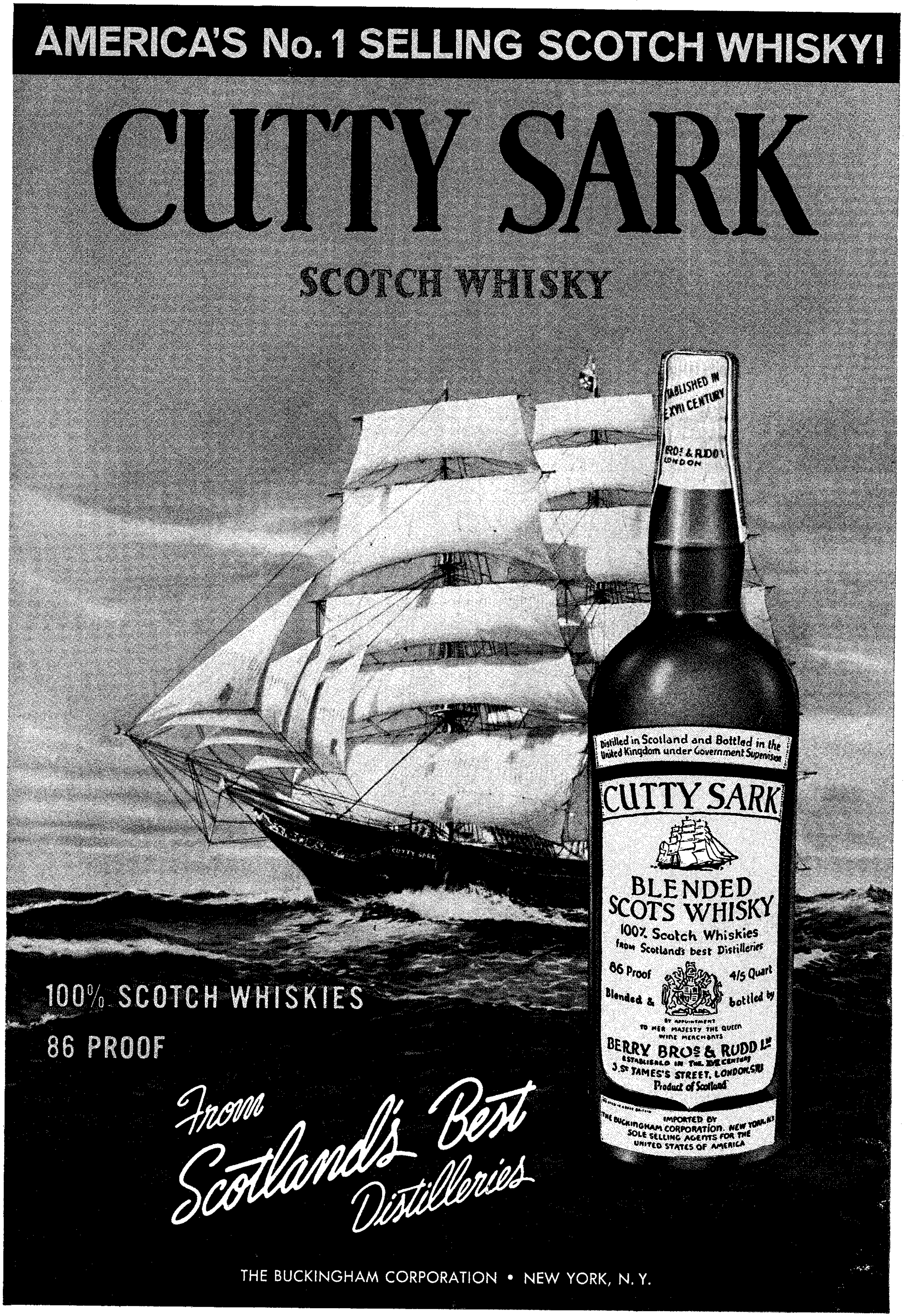
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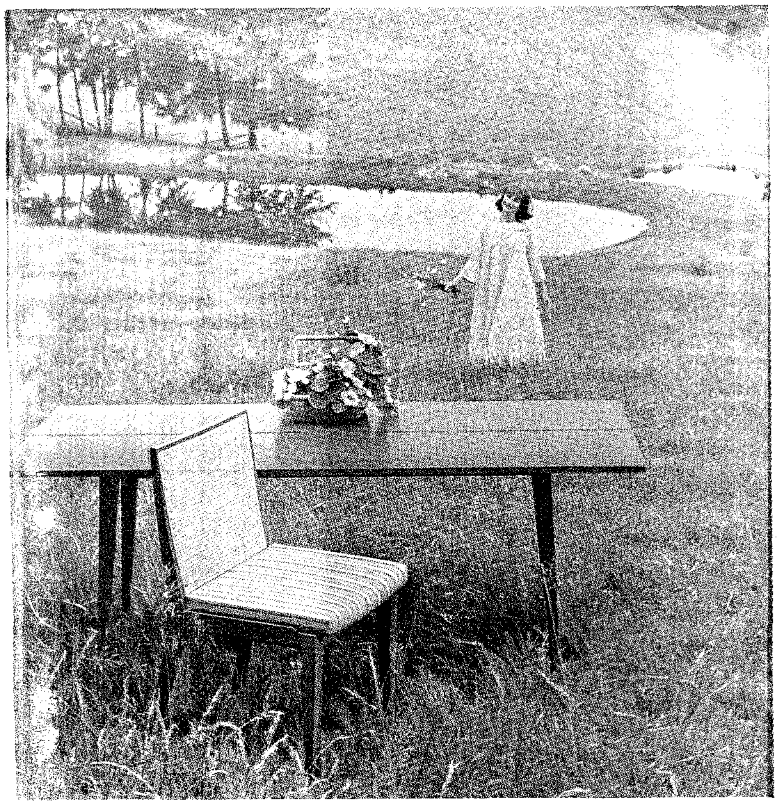

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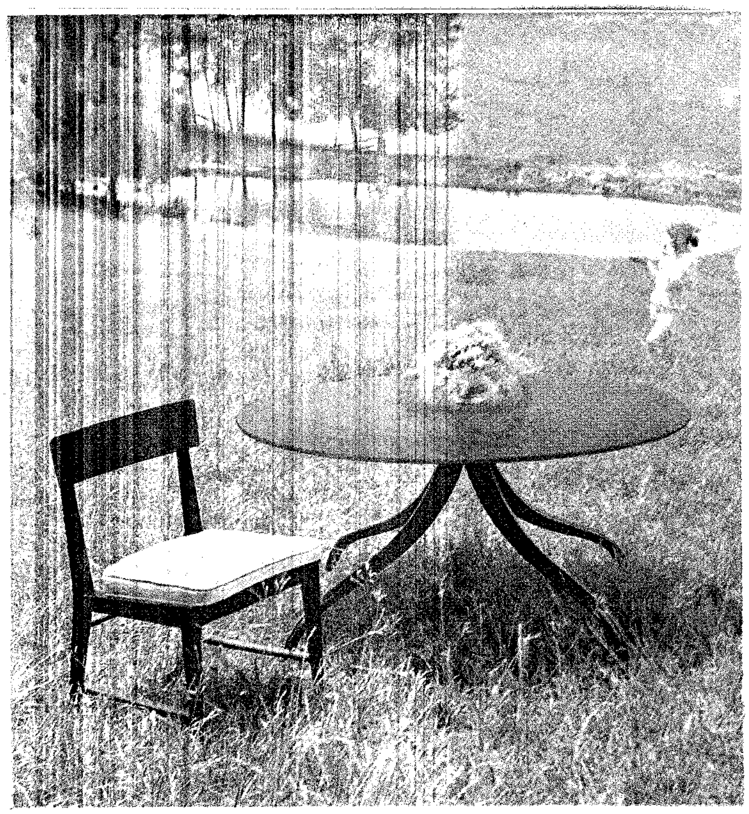

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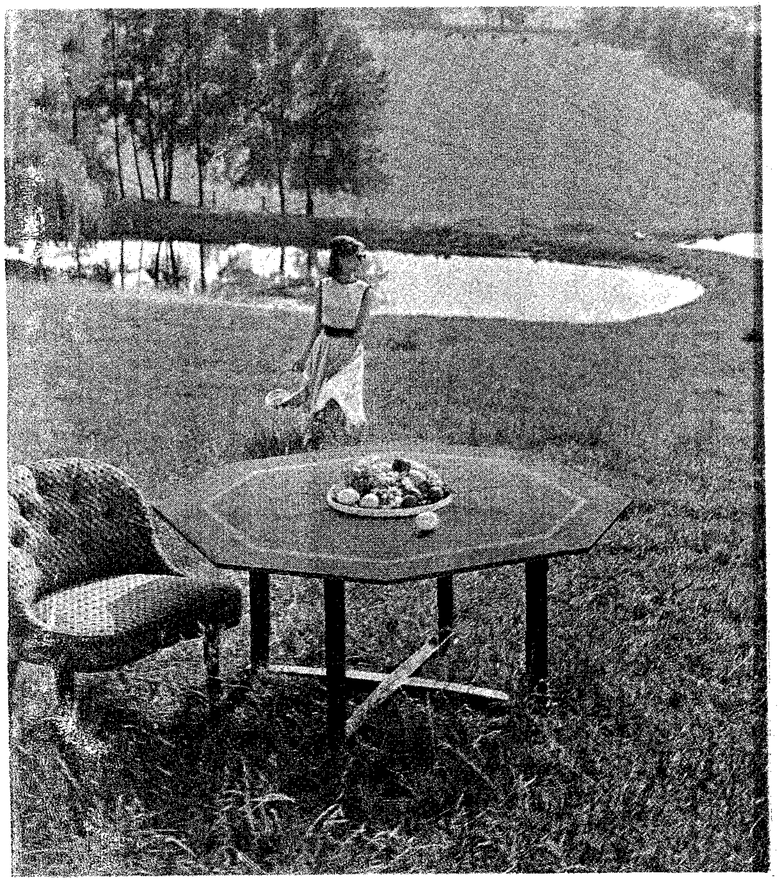

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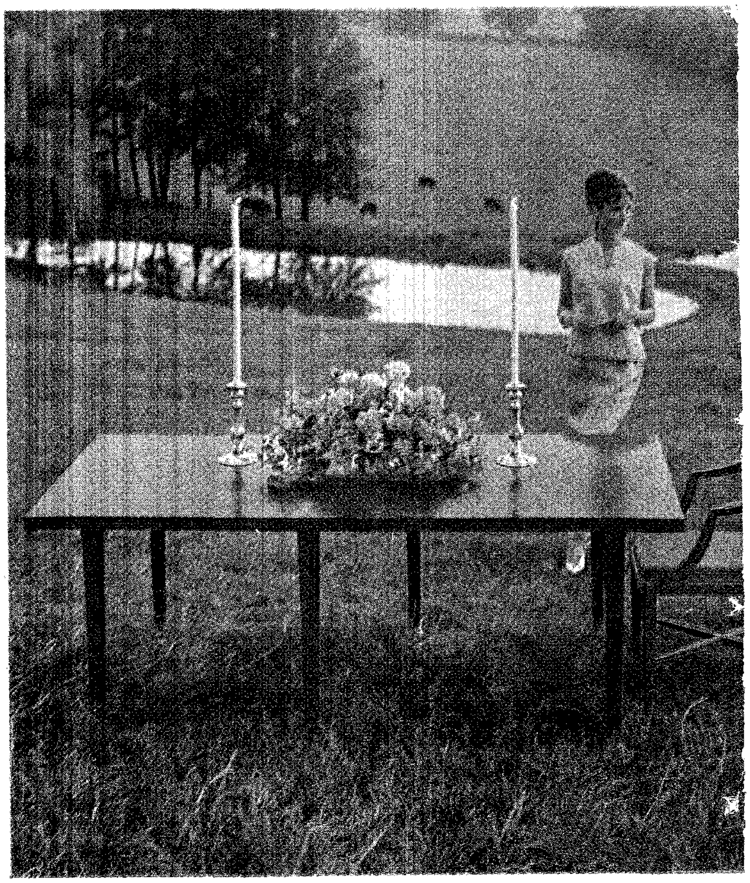

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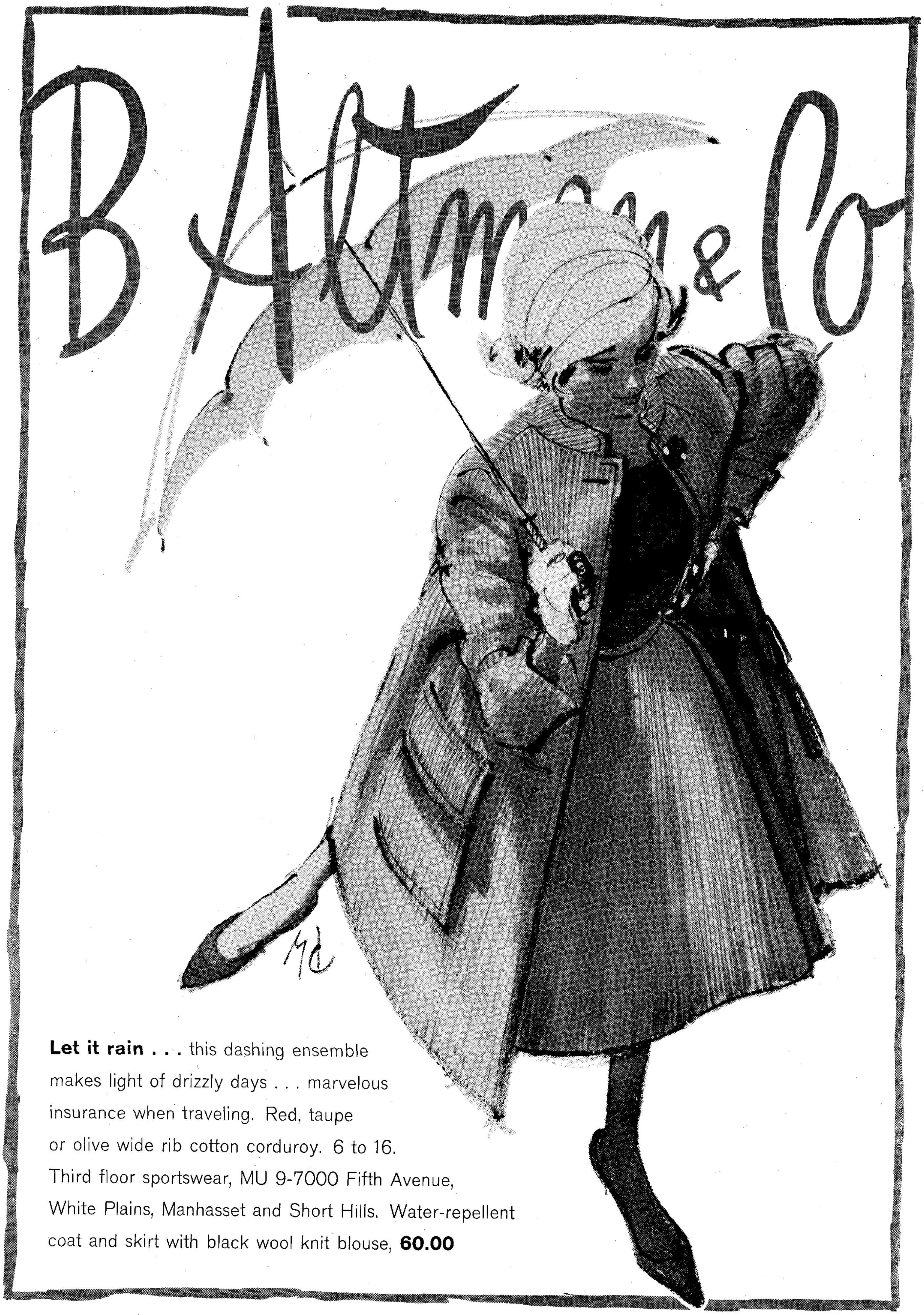

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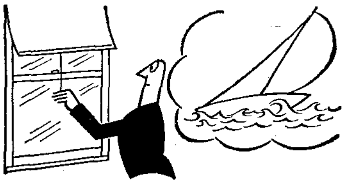
THE NEW YORKER

# THE TALK OF THE TOWN

## *Notes and Comment*

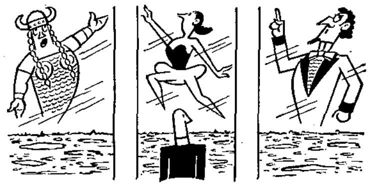
WE felt a strong interior cross-chop of satisfaction and sadness over the conclusion of the America's Cup races in Newport last week—our gratification over Weatherly's victory encountering a tide of regret that such a stirring, airy, comical, expert, polite, and expensive sporting event had to come to an end at last. All season long, from spring fitting and early shakedowns through the long trials and down to the final moment of the great races themselves, we were sailing the twelve-metre yachts *in absentia*, some part of our attention constantly in the company of Bus Mosbacher and Jock Sturrock and Buddy Bombard and Henry D. Mercer and Sir Frank Packer, and busying itself handily with backstays, cringles, jib sheets, and topping lifts. By mid-September, our first thought each morning on raising our window shade by its tiny halyard was of the possible wind conditions nine miles south-southeast of the Brenton Reef Light Ship, and we are diminished now by our enforced return to a single, lubberly glance aloft that will tell us only whether or not to carry our umbrella. For a time, we found it impossible to decide whether we wanted the defender to retain the cup or whether our underdoggish heart really favored Gretel. To hold a trophy without defeat, as the New York Yacht Club has held the America's Cup, is admirable, but to hold it for a hundred and eleven years begins to smack of miserliness. Still, by the time the races began, we were pulling for Weatherly, partly out of simple Western Atlantic jingoism, partly out of neighborhood pride (the America's Cup lives just across West Forty-fourth Street from us, and we often throw it a small salute on our way to lunch), but mostly out of our conviction that the Australians, a nation permanently in sneakers, would be back and would very likely take the cup home with them next time and keep it for a hundred and eleven years themselves. In truth, however, we didn't care deeply about who won the series, and neither did anyone we talked with while it was in progress—an attitude we interpret as a compliment to a sport so demanding of skill and strength and knowledge that the event, the struggle itself, is of far greater significance and excitement than its outcome.



We detected a half-concealed irritation in the newspaper accounts of the races off Newport—a persistent exasperation among reporters accustomed to neater sports and more stable working conditions. Their uneasiness, it seems to us, was attributable not to choppy seas but to the fact that they were witnessing that rarest of sights, a truly amateur sport, conducted entirely for the pleasure of the participants. Admission was by yacht rather than by ticket, there were no races on Sundays, postponements were granted on request, the races were hard to see, and the tactics, to judge by many of the accounts, were almost impossible to understand. Only the sportsmen—the crews and the skippers—had any real fun or knew exactly what they were about, which is, to our way of thinking, just the way a sport should be and almost never is. This amateurism was made possible, of course, by money—hundreds of thousands of Australian pounds and American dollars spent on plans, hulls, spars, sails, tenders, and trial horses—and by the presence of scores of sailors and officials wealthy enough to devote an entire summer to their pastime. Well, for the perhaps tiny remaining time in which some wealth remains private, we think it permissible, and possibly even admirable, to have it lavished on a private pleasure that totally engages the passions and skill and courage of the very few who can afford it. This year, their pleasure became ours, and we shall not quickly forget our mental picture of the great sloops, their lovely spinnakers set and drawing, running downwind and pulling the late-summer horizon over their heads.

## *Beginning*

WE went over to Philharmonic Hall, in Lincoln Center, early on opening night—at six o'clock, to be exact. There was still a good deal of shaded sun in the west, and it cast rich, deep brown tones upon the strong, slender travertine outer columns of the great hall, and made them glow with promise. Within, there was silence. For a while, we had the broad foyers and wide promenades to ourself, and we walked slowly around, savoring the silence and the promise. The stairways were empty; the escalators glided noiselessly from the plaza floor to the orchestra level, bearing no passengers. Through the huge, crystal-clear windows to the south and west we could see the muddy holes and rude gashes where other buildings would soon rise and be dedicated—to opera, dance, and theatre. To the east, across Dante Park, hundreds of people had already pressed themselves against police barriers (silently, since we could hear nothing), waiting for the hall to come alive. High above the main foyer, Richard Lippold's space sculpture dangled, unfinished, a cluster of golden metal strips catching and reflecting the light from everywhere. Beneath us, and below a canopy, was a royal-red carpet that had been



stretched from the street to the main entrance. More people were pressed against barriers placed along its length.

We walked backstage. Silence, and an astonishing lack of clutter. We passed through the Green Room—empty except for a television camera, a grand piano, and some chairs, sofas, and coffee tables. Out in a corridor, a platoon of ushers was receiving final instructions from a blue-uniformed young man. "You know what doors you are assigned to," he was saying, "and I suggest that you now run through the routine." The ushers dispersed. We slipped into the deep-blue-and-burnished-gold world of the empty auditorium—hugely silent—and looked out across the gently sloping rows of empty golden seats to the empty blue chairs of the musicians and the empty tiers of bleachers at the rear of the stage, where the choruses were to sit. For a moment, we sank into one of the seats and admired the hall, but only for a moment. Duty nagged, and we headed back to the foyers. The sun was gone, the gaping holes to the west had disappeared. Giant spotlights had been turned on at street level, focussing on the area under the canopy, and people were beginning to flow into the hall—the men in tails or dinner jackets, the women in reds, greens, yellows, blues, white. The foyers were breathing now, the escalators filled, the stairs crowded.

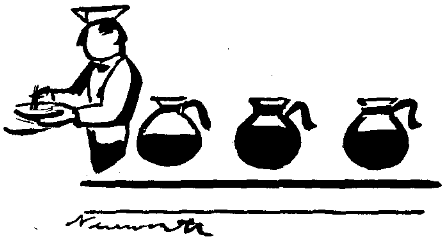
A minute or two before the concert was scheduled to begin, we took our seat, in the top row of the top terrace. Visibility: perfect. The auditorium had become a living thing; the musicians were in their places, the choristers in straight rows above. The First Lady entered quietly and gracefully, and sat down in the first seat of the first row of the first terrace, almost directly over the left side of the stage. The audience rose, applauded, and sat down again. Across from her, in the first seat of the first row of the first terrace, almost directly over the right side of the stage, the Governor of New York waved a greeting. Mr. Leonard Bernstein entered, and the First Lady rose to her feet, applauding. Mr. Bernstein sat down beside the podium. Mr. John D. Rockefeller III, chairman of the board of Lincoln Center, briefly welcomed all present. Mr. Bernstein rose, lifted his baton, and music filled the hall.

At intermission, we walked briskly around to the Green Room. It was now crowded with what we took to be Secret Service men fraternizing with what we knew to be television technicians. "When the First Lady enters the Green Room, you are not allowed to ask her any questions," an authoritative-looking man whispered to us. Max Abramovitz, the architect of the hall, brushed alongside us and opened one hand. It contained a coil of brown beads. "Henry Dreyfuss has lent me his worry beads for the evening," he said, disappearing through a rear door. A hush fell upon the Green Room, and a moment later, accompanied by Mrs. Bernstein and Mr. and Mrs. Abramovitz, the First Lady appeared. She walked somewhat hesitantly to a place in front of the television camera. She smiled. She was being televised, but there was some doubt in our mind whether she was aware of the fact. Suddenly, Mr. Bernstein appeared, a black opera cloak thrown dramatically over his shoulders. He kissed his wife and, while still asking permission, kissed the First Lady. Communication between them seemed to run into some sort of snag. Mr. Bernstein was determined to elicit an opinion of the hall from the First Lady, but her replies were inaudible to us, and, we suspect, to Mr. Bernstein. She smiled shyly and moved her lips. "I have arranged a gala program for tonight," said Mr. Bernstein, ducking and weaving around her. "Wait until you hear the Mahler!" Mrs. Kennedy blinked her eyes—as always, larger than life—at Mr. Bernstein and at the camera.

After the intermission, the First Lady did not reappear, and thus missed the Mahler. Mr. Bernstein played the two post-intermission numbers—the Vaughan Williams "Serenade to Music," marred only by an inexplicable conversation conducted by television personnel, who chatted back and forth in a language entirely their own behind a scrim at the sides of the stage, and a Mahler symphonic excerpt that seemed designed to test the acoustics not only of the hall but of the entire metropolitan area, with organ, choruses, soloists, orchestra, and a wandering troupe of brass players who had taken up posts on the top terrace.

The first concert was over. We wandered through the foyers. The Governor vigorously shook our hand. "A most significant evening," he said. William Schuman came by. "I am delighted," he said to us. Free champagne was served at tables that had been set up in the corridors, and in the Green Room, too. We spotted Mr. Bernstein. He was seated on a small couch in the Green Room. He had discarded his cloak and was wearing a flowing black silk dressing gown. What appeared to be a yellow towel was wrapped around his neck. He showed signs of tremendous elation, and great weariness. "So good of you to come, so good of you to come," he said to everyone who passed by, including us.

We walked out into the night. When we looked back, Philharmonic Hall was still ablaze, its promise fulfilled.



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A Cadillac that an affluent elderly couple of our acquaintance had hired for the opening of Philharmonic Hall was barely able to inch its way through the crush of other Cadillacs on West Forty-ninth Street heading for the same place. Realizing that they weren't going to make it on time, the husband instructed the chauffeur to stop at the nearest I.R.T. station. A few minutes later, the couple emerged from an otherwise neglected subway exit at Sixty-fifth Street and Broadway, their evening clothes unruffled and their composure complete.

## *Indefatigable*

THERE may be something to be said for procrastination. When Barbara W. Tuchman's "The Guns of August"—one of the few books ever heralded by three consecutive full-page advertisements in the same issue of the Sunday *Times Book Review*—came out, last January 29th, and began going great guns, we resolved to call on the lady, but so disorganized is the pattern of our life that we got around to doing so only last Saturday, thus improving our frame of reference with thirty-three weeks of Tuchman best-sellerdom. Mrs. T. was born and is based in Manhattan, but she spends her weekends in Cos Cob, and it was there, by appointment, that we met her, in an informal white house containing some camplike furniture and a young lady who was sitting at a table laden with a pile of books that had evidently been extracted from a Brearley School bag. Mrs. Tuchman, a silvery-haired, willowy woman, introduced the student as her daughter Alma, fourteen, and we learned that Alma has two sisters: Jessica, sixteen and a schoolmate; and Lucy, twenty-one and a Radcliffe graduate now studying at Somerville College, Oxford. It was a mild fall morning, and we followed Mrs. Tuchman to a terrace overlooking a swimming pool, an extensive, well-kept

*"Goodness! My fire has gone out!"*

• •

lawn, a paddock, and, just beyond, an agreeably wild countryside.

"This place used to belong to my father, Maurice Wertheim," Mrs. T. said, referring to the noted banker and collector of French Impressionists who was one of the founders of the Theatre Guild and briefly owned the *Nation.* "My husband, Dr. Lester Tuchman—he's chief of medicine at City Hospital and an attending physician at Mt. Sinai—and I use this house weekends and summers. Part of it once was the chicken house. The family bedrooms are in the chicken house. I do some writing out here, in the old stable, but I did most of the research for 'The Guns of August' in the main reading room of the Public Library and in the stacks and members' room of the New York Society Library. I wrote the first draft of it, in longhand, in that room—a wonderful haven."

She paused, and we urged her to continue.

"I had to read hundreds of books and documents, naturally," she said. "I arranged my research notes on four-by-six cards, which I filed by chapters, once I'd worked out the scheme for the chapters. I'd take a packet of cards in my pocketbook to the Society Library and work from about nine-thirty to five, five days a week. I think it's a great mistake to have a lot of books around you when you write, and, besides, cards force you to distill the meaning and rethink the subject in your own way. I did the second draft at home—my New York apartment, on East Seventy-eighth Street—on a typewriter. This got reworked with scissors and Scotch Tape, and then sent to a typist for a third draft, which I edited and corrected and sent, chapter by chapter, to Cecil Scott, the senior editor of Macmillan's, my publishers. He'd go over each chapter and make suggestions, and in the case of some chapters there was a fourth draft."

We asked what she did about lunch.

"Run out and have a sandwich," she said. "Some days, when I was going to the Public Library, and was in the middle of several days' concentrated research, I'd take along a box of raisins and peanuts in my pocket. But you generally need a break after three and a half hours of reading. I'm a compulsive worker, though I can't do a great many things at once. Cooking and gardening and riding, which I used to enjoy, have almost vanished from my life."

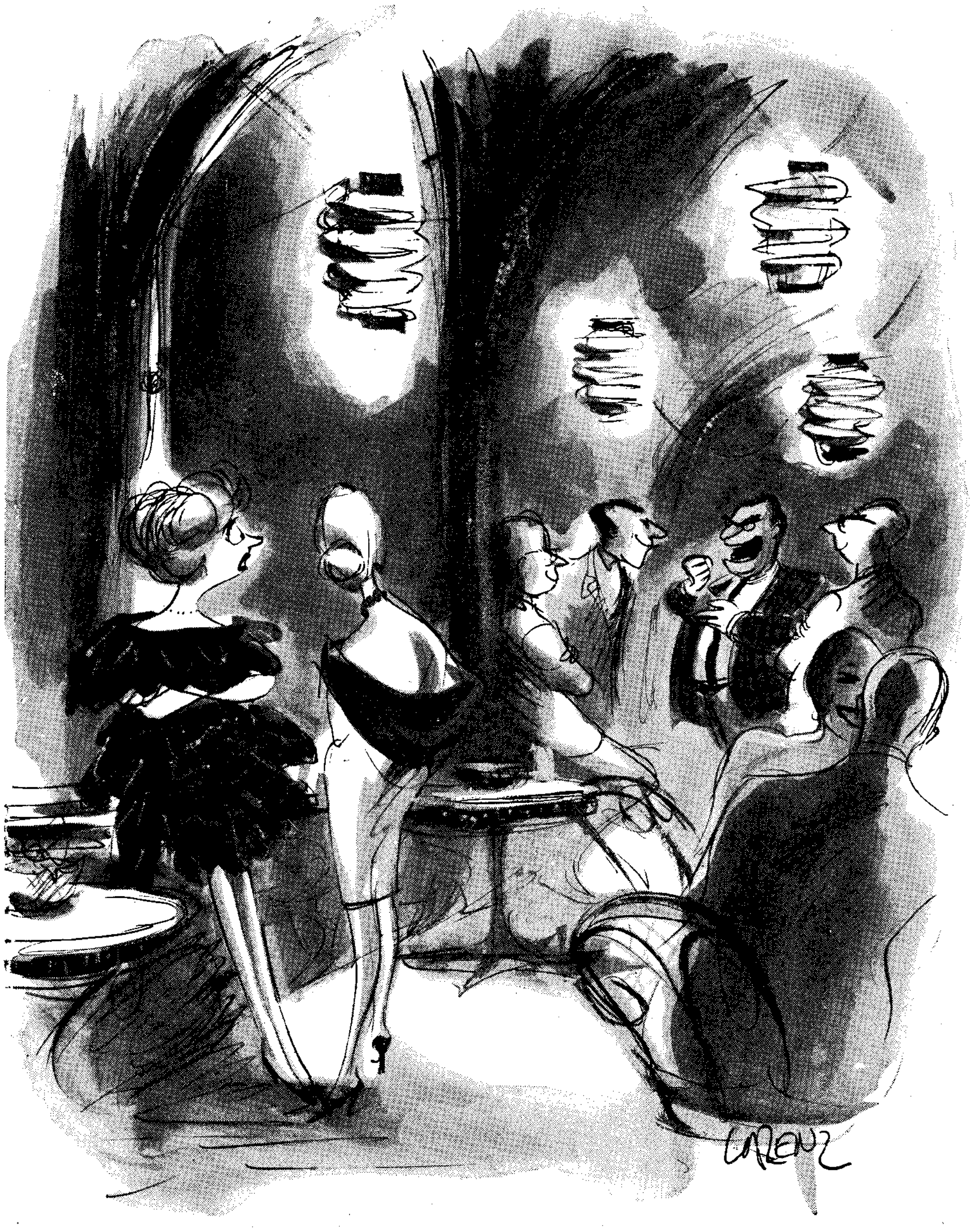
We asked what had got her so interested in history.

"Grandpa, I guess," she said, and explained that she was referring to her mother's father, the late Henry Morgenthau, Sr., who was once Ambassador to Turkey. "I don't remember it, because I was only two, but I was on an Italian ship on August 10, 1914, with my parents and my two sisters, on the way to visit him in Constantinople, when the German warships Goeben and Breslau, which were being chased by the British, exchanged a few shots with the Gloucester. They escaped, entered the Dardanelles, and were recommissioned under the Turkish flag. My mother, who had seen the action at a distance, described it to her father, who told diplomatic circles in Constantinople and was soon visited by the German Ambassador to Turkey for a first-hand report. He had my mother redescribe it, in detail, to him. One of the British cruisers that had been chasing the Goeben was the Indefatigable. This episode is a key chapter in my book. I recently had a very nice letter about it from a man who was a young officer on the Indefatigable at the time. 'You have done a wonderful thing,' he wrote. 'You have made immortal the ship that I loved.' You felt his passion for the ship, after nearly fifty years. I've had some *very* wonderful letters. A colonel congratulated me on having made no military mistakes, 'not even the usual one made by laymen of confusing a wing with a flank.' I'm still not sure I know the difference."

Jumping ahead a bit from her early exposure to the Sick Man of Europe, Mrs. Tuchman revealed herself as a Radcliffe graduate and, as of 1960, trustee; as a staff writer on the *Nation* for a few years in the thirties, during which she reported the Spanish Civil War from Madrid; as a worker for the Office of War Information during the Second World War; and as the author of three pre-"Guns" books—the first about British policy in Spain, the second about British policy in Palestine, and the third, called "The Zimmermann Telegram," about the Z.T. "Dell is bringing it out as a paperback in March," she said of the last. "Guns" has sold seventy thousand copies in the ordinary way and almost two hundred thousand through the Book-of-the-Month Club, and is a critical success to boot. It has been serialized in the Liverpool *Daily Post* and in *L'Aurore*, the Paris daily that published Zola's "J'Accuse;" it has been published in England, under the understated title of "August 1914;" and it is on its way to publication in France, Spain, Italy, Holland, and Switzerland. "The London *Times* compared it to Tacitus, and Clifton Fadiman compared it to Thucydides," its author said, "so I feel pretty good. I owe a great debt of gratitude to Cecil Scott and to Denning Miller, a friend who read the manuscript as it went along, and helped with severe and valuable criticism. Cecil Scott had read 'The Zimmermann Telegram,' which was published by Viking, and on December 31, 1958, after approaching my agent, Henry Volkening, he took me to lunch and suggested a book on the opening month of the 1914-18 war."

Mrs. Tuchman is now busy with an even mightier project than "Guns"—a book about the twenty-year period before 1914. "*La Belle Epoque*—the world that had so much of all we have lost," she said, and our conversation, which had taken place outdoors, now moved indoors, where she served Alma and us an excellent lunch, cooked, in however vanishing a manifestation, by herself.

"How do you feel about your gubernatorially minded cousin?" we asked, over the broiled chicken, and she said, "Bob is a rather quiet, serious fellow. He's enormously admired by everyone who has worked with him."



*"He's taking it out on Castro, but it's me he's really mad at."*

•

OVERHEARD at the London Airport: "Passengers will be able to board Pan American's Flight 123 in ten minutes, and we hope for departure of the entire aircraft at twelve noon."

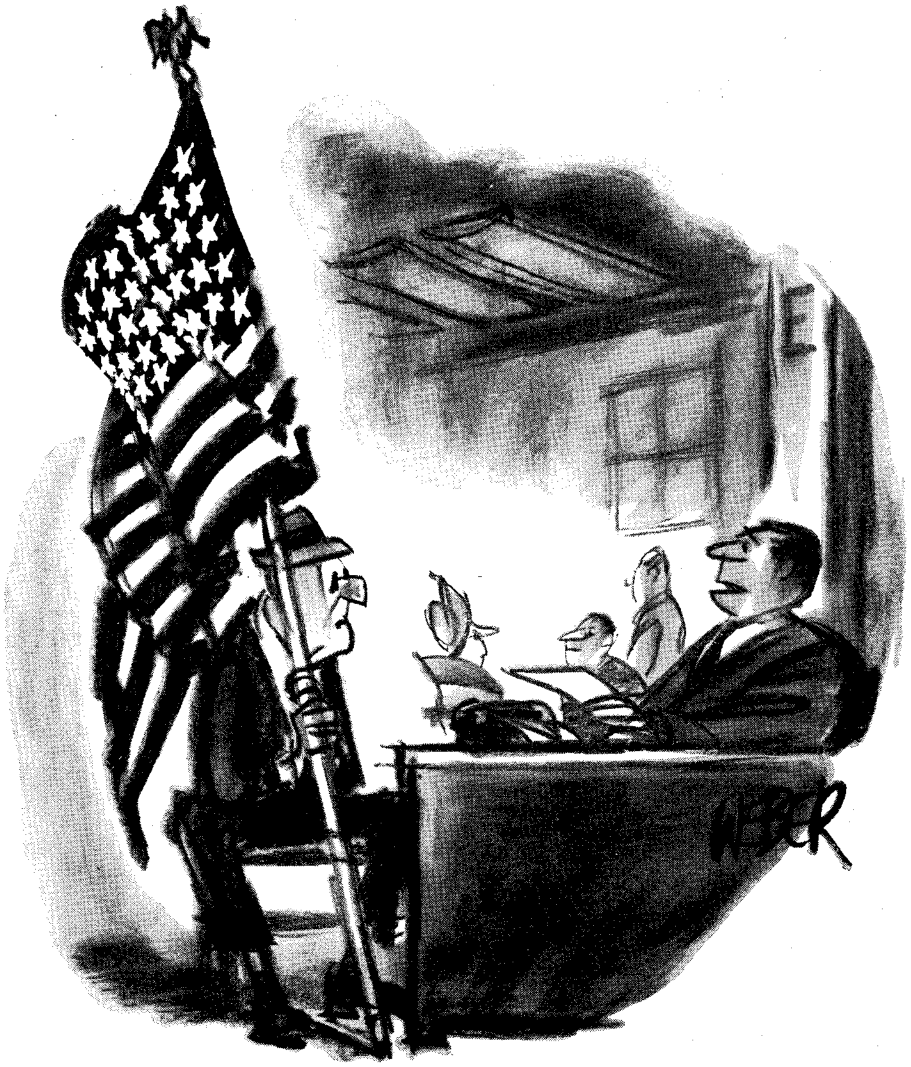
## *Miss Wiley Reaccompanied*

ONE of the few attractions around town that haven't raised their price in the last decade is the series of ornithological morning walks in Central Park conducted by Miss Farida A. Wiley, of the Museum of Natural History. This salubrious and educational fixture, held during the spring and fall migration seasons, was fifty cents a head when we first sampled it, in the fall of 1953, and the fee hadn't shot up a mill the other Thursday, when, at the reasonable hour of nine-thirty, we joined a congenial group on Central Park West near the Seventy-seventh Street entrance to the Park. We took a rapid count and came up with thirty-five adult females, four males, and two young females—daughters of one of the males. Among the ladies, cries of recognition burst from friends reunited; embraces abounded. "Familiar faces!" said Miss Wiley, whom we had not included in our count.

Smart as a junco, in brown suit and head veil, Miss Wiley approached the youngest female, a blue-jeaned subteenager, and said, "Now, what do you know about birds?"

"Nothing," replied the child.

"That's what I call honest. This



*"This is merely a routine audit, Mr. Gillis. No one is questioning your loyalty."*

• •

is the way to learn," Miss Wiley said, and, with a crisp "O.K. Let's go," she led her pupils into the Park.

Proceeding at a brisk pace, Miss Wiley pointedly ignored a friendly pedestrian pigeon near the lake and turned north. At a bridge, she paused, bringing the company to a halt. Several latecomers, evidently old-timers privy to the Wiley route, caught up with us.

"What's up in that tree? I hear a raucous note," our leader said.

"Grackle," a lady said.

"They nest in the Park," Miss Wiley said. "Very few birds nest in the Park. But they'll leave soon. Oh, here we go!" She trained her binoculars on a cherry tree across the water and said, "It's a warbler. It's one of those confusing fall warblers. It's either a blackpoll warbler or a bay-breasted warbler. No! It's a chestnut-sided warbler. We're getting into a slight wave of birds that are moving south—some to Central America. I hear a chickadee to our left, in that bitternut hickory. There it is! You all got it?"

A moment later, everyone turned to the other side of the bridge and took in a brace of floating mallards.

"Oh, these are big enough for me to see," said a young woman who was, atypically, unbinoculared.

"Japanese knotweed," Miss Wiley said, of a plant, as we set off on an easterly course. "Don't plant it unless you want a *lot* of it. The more you cut it, the more it comes up. Here's your giant ragweed—the bad actor that gives so many people hay fever. Goldenrod does *not* give you hay fever."

Farther along the path, several flickers were sighted across a field.

"One of the woodpeckers," Miss Wiley said. "Note the big white rump. They're yellow-shafted flickers. They feed commonly on ants. They're probably feeding on ants right now."

Fifty-one strong by this time, our ranks having been swelled by more latecomers, we pushed on to the terrace of the Belvedere, where a number of ladies gave voice.

"A female redstart," Miss Wiley said, snubbing a second strolling pigeon. "Another of the warblers. It *could* be an immature male. If it sings, you know it's a male not more than a year old, but in the fall of the year birds don't sing. They just chirp."

All waited for a chirp, but no bird chirped.

The party pressed on toward the southern point of the lake.

"There's a great crested flycatcher at eleven o'clock on that sycamore tree," Miss W. said. "The flycatcher catches *insects*. I don't think he waits to find out if they're flies. There's a red-eyed vireo. Look for the white line over the eye, outlined by two black ones. Vireos look like warblers but have a heavier bill and are somewhat more sluggish. They build semi-pensile nests in the crotches of trees."

Presently, we paused in an open grassy space near a big tree with reddish leaves.

"Sour gum, or tupelo," Miss Wiley said. "Its fruit is favored by birds, but I don't see any birds." She examined the tree carefully through her glasses. "I don't see any *fruit*," she said. "That probably explains the absence of birds. There goes a starling. What's that movement in there?"

"Not pigeons, I hope," someone said.

"Oh, I think it's a house sparrow," Miss Wiley said, sounding pejorative.

We passed a flock of robins and gained the point near the Loeb Boathouse.

"Up there, right in front of you! Quick!" said Miss Wiley, and a Blackburnian warbler darted out of a tree. The next few minutes rewarded us with a Wilson's warbler, a black-throated green warbler, a parula warbler, and several palm warblers.

"I drove in from Scarsdale after dropping my two children off at school," a young woman at our side said as everybody started back. "I took up bird-watching a year ago. My eyes have improved enormously, and my oculist says that bird-watching may account for it."

## *To the Point, More or Less*

THE "Listen and Learn Modern Greek" course put out, on phonograph records, by Dover Publications includes the following sequence:

"Hello."

"How are you?"

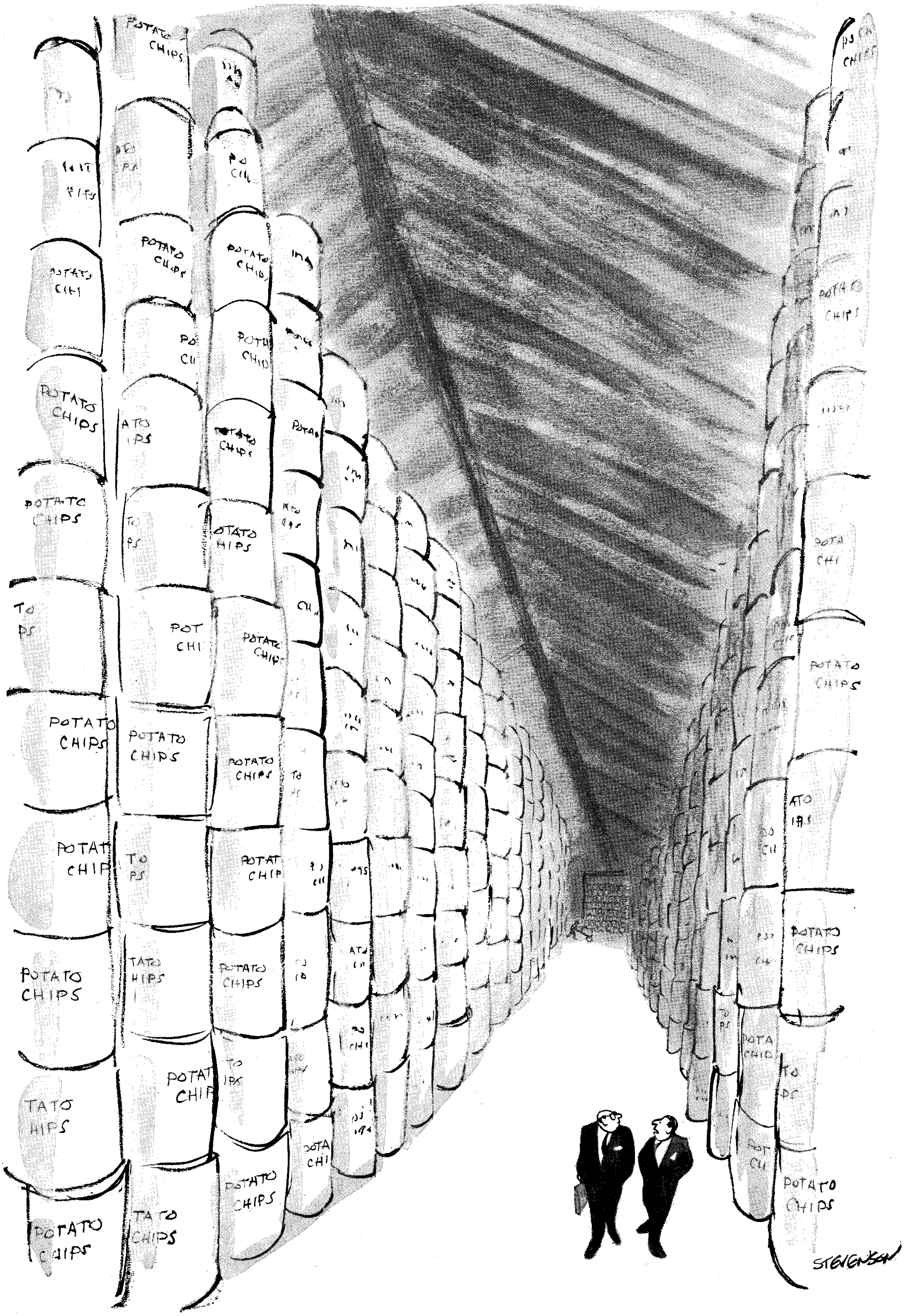
"Please sit down."

"What are you doing tonight?"

"I like you very much."

"I love you."

"What is your name?"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STEVENSON

"*I suppose it's just a question of time before Senator Symington gets wind of this.*"

# COME INTO THE DRAWING ROOM, DORIS

Mary hoped that the rotted front tire of her bicycle would not burst. As it was, the tube had a slow puncture, and twice she had to stop and use the pump—a tiring business, because the pump had no connection and had to be jammed on over the corner of a handkerchief. For as long as she could remember, she had been pumping bicycles, carting peat for the fire, cleaning outhouses—doing a man's job. Her father and her two older brothers worked for the forestry, so she and her mother had to do all the odd jobs; there were young children to care for, and fowl and pigs and churning. Theirs was a mountainy farm in Ireland, and life was hard.

But this cold evening in early autumn she was free. She rode along the mountain road, between the bare thorn hedges, thinking pleasantly about the party. Although she was seventeen, this was her first party. The invitation had come only that morning from Mrs. Rodgers, of the Commercial Hotel. The postman brought word that Mrs. Rodgers wanted her down that evening, without fail. She was to stay overnight. At first, her mother did not wish Mary to go; there was too much to be done—gruel to be made, and one of the twins had earache and was likely to cry in the night. (Mary slept with the year-old twins, and sometimes she was afraid that she might lie on them or smother them, the bed was so small.) She begged her mother to be let go. "What use would it be?" her mother said. To her mother, all outings were useless, unsettling; they gave you a taste of something you couldn't *have*. But finally her mother gave in, mainly because Mrs. Rodgers, as owner of the Commercial Hotel, was an important woman, and also she had a brother who was a bishop in Australia. "You can go so long as you're back in time for the milking in the morning. And mind you don't lose your head and do anything flighty," her mother warned. Then Mary plaited her dark hair, and later, when she combed it, it fell in crinkly waves over her shoulders. She was allowed to wear the black lace dress that had come from America years ago and belonged to no one in particular. Her mother gave her a bottle of cream to take to Mrs. Rodgers, sprinkled her with holy water, conveyed her to the top of the lane, and warned her again never to touch alcohol.

Mary felt happy as she rode along slowly, avoiding the loose stones and potholes, which were thinly iced over. The frosted fields glistened white in the weak sunshine. If it went on like this for days, the cattle would have to be brought into the shed and given hay. The road turned and curled and rose; she turned and curled with it, climbing little hills and descending again toward the next hill. At the descent of the Big Hill, she got off the bicycle—the brakes were unreliable—and looked back, out of habit, at her own house. It was the only house there on the side of the mountain—small and whitewashed, with a few scraggy trees around it, and a patch at the back that you could hardly call a garden; there was a rhubarb bed, and shrubs over which they emptied tea leaves, and a stretch of grass where they kept a chicken run in the summer, moving it from one patch to the next every other day.

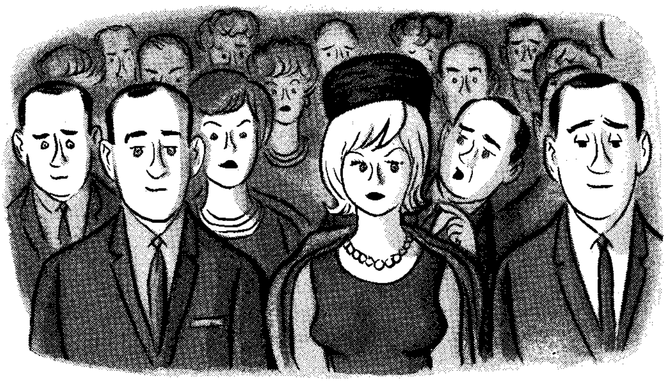
She looked away, walked on, and settled down to think of John Roland. Two years before, he had come to their district, riding a motorcycle, scattering dust on her hair and the milk cloths she had put out to dry, and stopped to ask the way. He was staying in the Commercial Hotel down in the village and had come up to see the mountain lake, which was famous for its colors. It changed color with the changing sky—it would be blue and ice green and vicious black, all within an hour. At sunset, it was often a strange burgundy—not like a lake at all but like wine. " 'Tis down there," she said to the stranger, pointing to the lake below with a small island in the middle of it. He had taken a wrong turning. "What a remarkable landscape," he said, looking round. Hills and narrow cornfields descended steeply toward the water. The color of the hills was sharpened by the fine, hard blue of limestone boulders, and the small cornfields were bleaching already, in midsummer; the ditches were ragged, the garden overgrown with foxglove and smells and thistles, the milk sour five hours after it had been put in the tanker. She had no interest in views herself, so she just looked up at the high blue sky and saw that a hawk had halted in the air above them. It was like a pause in her life—the hawk above them, perfectly still. But just then her mother came out to see who the stranger was. He took off his helmet and said hello to her mother very courteously. He introduced himself as John Roland, an English painter who lived in Italy. Mary did not remember exactly how it happened, but after a while he walked into their kitchen with them and sat down to tea.

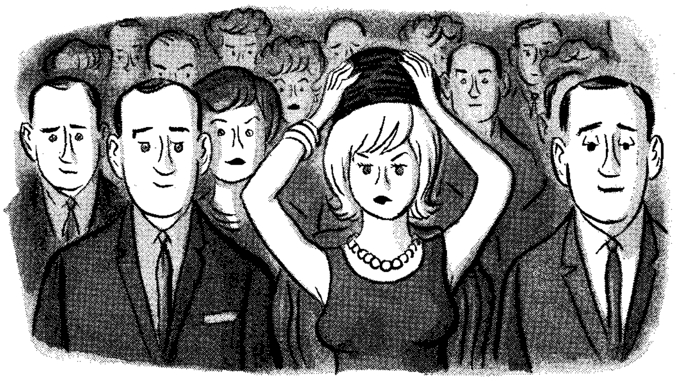
Two years since, but she had never given up hoping that she would see him again—perhaps this evening. The postman had said that someone special in the Commercial Hotel expected her. She felt happiness such as she had not known for years, so that she spoke to her bicycle, and it seemed to her that her happiness somehow glowed in the pearliness of the cold evening sky, in the white fields turning blue in the dusk, in the cottage windows she passed. Her father and mother were rich and happy; the twin had no earache, and the kitchen fire did not smoke. Now and then, she smiled at the thought of how she would appear to him—taller and with breasts now, and a black lace dress, the sleeves of which ruffed out into wide frills as they fell over her wrists. She forgot about the rotted tire, mounted, and cycled quickly down the hill.

The five street lights were on when she pedalled into the village. There had been a cattle fair that day, and the main street was covered with dung. The townspeople had their windows protected against the animals with wooden half shutters and makeshift arrangements of planks and barrels. Some were out scrubbing their own pieces of footpath with bucket and brush. There were cattle wandering around mooing, the way cattle do when they're in a strange street, and drunken farmers with sticks trying to identify their own.

When she came to the shopwindow of the Commercial Hotel, Mary heard loud conversation, and men singing. The window was frosted glass, so she could not identify any of them; she could just see their heads moving about inside. It was a shabby hotel. The yellow-washed walls needed a coat of paint—they hadn't been done since the time de Valera came to the village during the election campaign five years before. De Valera had gone upstairs, and sat in the parlor, and written his name with a penny pen in an autograph book, and sympathized with Mrs. Rodgers on the recent death of her husband.

Mary thought of resting her bicycle against the porter barrels under the shopwindow and then climbing the three stone steps that led to the hall door, but suddenly the latch of the shop door clicked, and in terror she ran up the alley by the side of the shop, afraid it might be someone who knew her father and would say he had seen her going in through the public bar. She wheeled





her bicycle into a shed and approached the back door. It was open, but, being a mountainy girl, she did not enter without knocking.

Two town girls rushed to answer her knock. One was Doris O'Beirne, the daughter of the harness maker. She was the only Doris in the whole village, and she was distinguished for that, as well as for the fact that one of her eyes was blue and the other a dark brown. She was learning shorthand and typing at the local technical school, and she meant to be a secretary to some famous man or other in the government up in Dublin. "God, I thought it was someone important," she said when she saw Mary standing there, blushing, pretty, and with a bottle of cream in her hand. Another girl! Girls were two a penny in that neighborhood. People said that it had something to do with the lime water that so many girls were born—girls like Mary, with pink skins, long, wavy hair, and neat figures.

"Come in or stay out," said Eithne Duggan, the second girl. It was supposed to be a joke, but neither of them liked the look of Mary. They hated sly ones from the mountain.

Mary came in. She put the cream on the dresser and took off her coat. The girls nudged each other when they saw her dress. In the kitchen was a distinct smell of cow dung and fried onions. "Where's Mrs. Rodgers?" Mary asked.

"Serving," Doris said, in a saucy voice, as if any fool ought to know.

Two old men sat at the table, eating. "I can't chew; I have no teeth," one of the men said to Doris. "'Tis like leather," he said, holding the plate of burned steak toward her. He had pale-blue eyes and he blinked childishly.

Was it true, Mary wondered, that eyes got paler with age, like bluebells in a jar?

"'Tis good for you, chewing is," Eithne Duggan said, teasing him. She and Doris began to giggle. Eithne Duggan laughed so much that she had to put a dishcloth over her mouth.

Mary went through to the shop.

Mrs. Rodgers came from the counter for a moment to speak to her. "Mary, I'm glad you came. That pair in there are no use at all—always giggling. Now, first thing we have to do is to get the parlor upstairs straightened out. Everything has to come out of it except the piano. We're going to have dancing and everything tonight."

Mary realized that she was being given work to do, and she blushed with shock and disappointment.

"Pitch everything into the back bedroom, the whole shootin' lot," Mrs. Rodgers was saying as Mary thought of her good lace dress, and of how her mother wouldn't even let her wear it to Mass on Sundays. "And we have to stuff a goose, too, and get it started," Mrs. Rodgers said, and went on to explain that the party was in honor of Mr. Brogan, the local Customs and Excise Officer, who was retiring because his wife had won some money in the Sweep. Two thousand pounds. His wife lived thirty miles away, at the far side of Limerick, and he lodged in the Commercial Hotel from Monday to Friday, going home for the weekends.

"There's someone here expecting me," Mary said, trembling with the pleasure of being about to hear his name pronounced. She wondered which room was his, and if he was likely to be in at that moment. Already, in imagination, she had climbed the rickety stairs, and knocked on the door, and heard him move around inside.

"Expecting you!" Mrs. Rodgers said, and looked puzzled. "Oh, that lad from the slate quarry was inquiring about you—he said he saw you at a dance once. He's as odd as two left shoes."

"What lad?" Mary said, and she felt the joy leaking out of her heart.

"Oh, what's his name?" Mrs. Rodgers said, and then to the men with empty glasses who were shouting for her, "Oh, all right, I'm coming."

Upstairs, Doris and Eithne helped Mary move the heavy pieces of furniture. They dragged the sideboard across the landing, and one of the casters tore the linoleum. She was expiring, because she had the heaviest end, the other two being at the same side. She felt that it was on purpose; they ate sweets without offering her one, and she caught them making faces at her dress. The dress worried her, too, in case anything should happen to it; if one of the lace threads caught in a splinter of wood or on a porter barrel, she would have no business going home in the morning. They carried out a varnished bamboo whatnot, a small table, knickknacks, and a chamber pot with no handle, which held some withered hydrangeas. They looked like rusted dish mops and smelled awful.

"'How much is that doggie in the window, the one with the waggely tail?'" Doris O'Beirne sang to a white china dog, and swore that there wasn't ten pounds' worth of furniture in the whole shebeen.

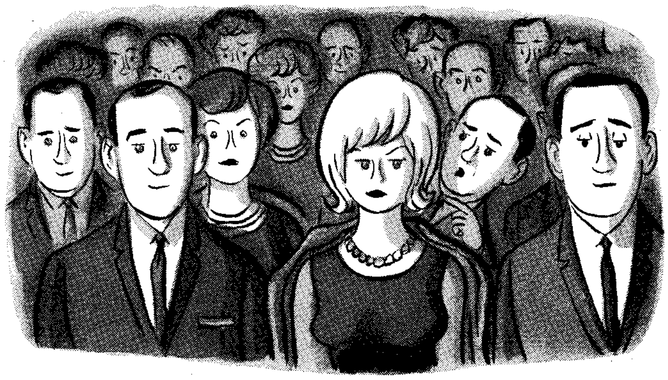
"Are you leaving your curlers in, Dot, till it starts?" Eithne Duggan asked.

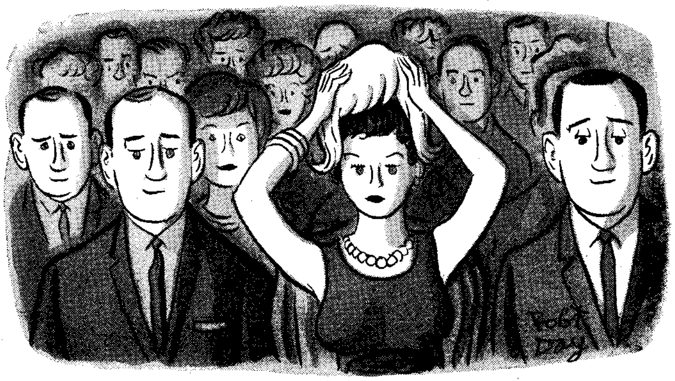
"Oh, def," Doris O'Beirne said. She wore an assortment of curlers—white pipe cleaners, metal clips, and pink plastic rollers.

Eithne had just taken hers out, and her hair, dyed blond, stood out, all frizzed and alarmed. She reminded Mary of a molting hen about to attempt flight. She was, God bless her, an unfortunate girl with a squint, jumbled teeth, and crooked lips—like something put together hurriedly. And her skin was bad. How surprising with all that rain and fresh air that she hadn't a nicer complexion, but that was the luck of the draw.

"Take these," Doris O'Beirne said, handing Mary bunches of yellowed bills stuck on skewers.

Do this! Do that! They ordered her around like a maid. She dusted the piano, top and sides, and the yellow and black keys; then the baseboards and the





wainscoting. The dust, thick on everything, had settled into a hard film because of the damp in the room. A party! She'd have been as well off at home. At least it was clean dirt, attending to calves and pigs and the like.

Doris and Eithne amused themselves, hitting notes on the piano at random and wandering from one mirror to the next. There were two mirrors in the parlor, and one side of the folding fire screen was a blotchy mirror, too. The other two sides were of water lilies painted on black cloth, but, like everything else in the room, the screen was old and dismal.

"What's that?" Doris and Eithne asked each other as they heard a hullabaloo downstairs. They rushed out, and Mary followed. Over the banisters they saw that a young bullock had got in the hall door and was slithering over the tiled floor, trying to find his way out again.

"Don't excite him, don't excite him, I tell ye," the toothless old man was saying to the young boys trying to drive the black bullock out, when Mrs. Rodgers came into the hall and dropped a glass of porter. The beast backed out the way he'd come, shaking his head from side to side.

Eithne and Doris clasped each other in laughter, and then Doris drew back so that none of the boys would see her in her curling pins and call her names.

Mary had gone back to the room, downcast. Wearily, she pushed the chairs against the wall and swept the linoleum floor where they were to dance.

"SHE'S bawling in there," Eithne Duggan told her friend Doris. They had locked themselves into the bathroom with a bottle of cider.

"God, she's a right-looking eejit in the dress," Doris said. "And the length of it!"

"It's her mother's," Eithne said. She had admired the dress before that, when Doris was out of the room, and had asked Mary where she bought it.

"What's she crying about?" Doris wondered aloud.

"She thought some lad would be here. Do you remember that lad stayed here the summer before last and had a motorcycle?"

"He was a Jew," Doris said, as if that explained everything. "God, she'd shake him in that dress—he'd think she was a scarecrow." She tightened a curling pin that had come loose and said, "Her hair isn't natural, either; you can see it's curled."

"I hate that kind of black hair. It's like a gypsy's," Eithne said, drinking the last of the cider. They hid the bottle under the scarred bath.

"Have a cachou," Doris said. "Take the smell off your breath." She hawed on the bathroom mirror and wondered if she would get off with that fellow O'Toole, from the slate quarry, who was coming to the party.

In the front room, Mary polished glasses. Once more the tears ran down her cheeks, so she did not put on the light. She foresaw how the party would be; they would all stand around and consume the goose, which was now simmering in the turf range. The men would be drunk, the girls silly. Having eaten, they would dance, and sing, and tell ghost stories, and in the morning she would have to get up early and be home in time to milk. She moved toward the dark pane of window with a glass in her hand and looked out at the dirtied streets, remembering how once she had danced with John on the upper road to no music at all—just their hearts beating, and the sound of happiness.

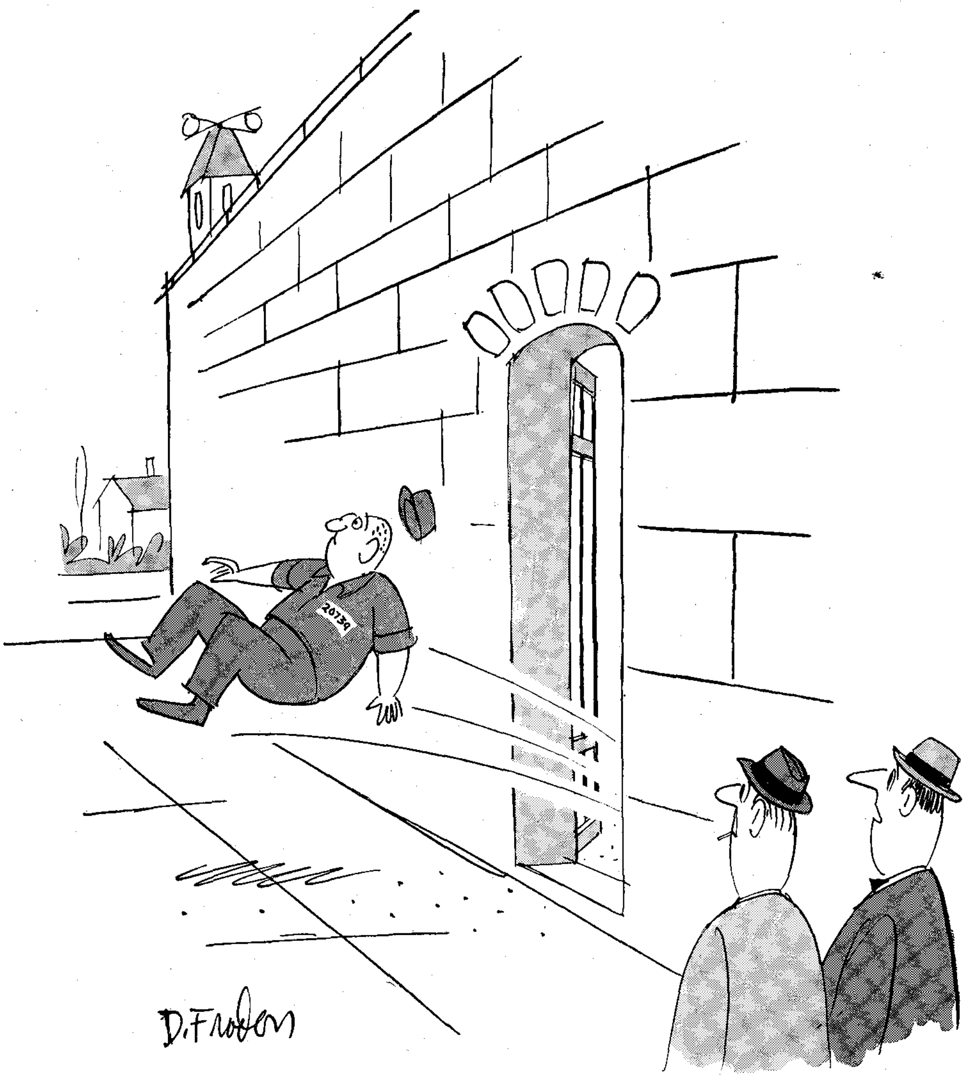
He had come into their house for tea that summer's day, and on her father's suggestion he lodged with them for four days, helping with the hay and oiling farm machinery. Mary made his bed in the daytime and carried up a ewer of water from the rain barrel every evening, so that he could wash himself. She washed the checked shirt he wore, and that day his bare back got red from too much sun. She put milk on it to soothe it. It was his last day with them. After supper, he proposed giving each of the grown-up children a ride on the motorcycle. Her turn came last; she felt that he had planned it that way, but it may have been that her brothers were more persistent about being first. She would never forget that ride. She had warmed from head to foot in wonder and joy. He praised her as a good balancer, and at odd moments he took one hand off the handlebar and gave her clasped hands a comforting pat. The sun went down, and the gorse flowers blazed yellow. They did not talk for miles; she had his stomach enfolded in the delicate and frantic grasp of a girl in love, and no matter how far they rode they seemed always to be riding into a golden haze. He saw the lake at its most glorious. They got off at the bridge five miles away and sat on the limestone wall, which was cushioned by moss and lichen. She took a tick out of his neck and kissed the spot where the tick had drawn one pinprick of blood; it was then they had danced to the sound of larks and running water. The hay cut in the fields was lying green and ungathered, and the air was pure with the smell of it. They danced.

"Sweet Mary," he said, looking earnestly into her eyes. Her eyes were a greenish brown. He confessed that he could not love her, because he already loved his wife and children. "And anyhow," he said, "you are too young and innocent."

Next day, as he was leaving, he asked if he might send her something in the post, and it came eleven days later: a black-and-white drawing of her—very like her, except that the girl in the drawing was prettier.

"A fat lot of good that is," her mother, who had been expecting a gold bracelet or a brooch, said. "That wouldn't take you far."

They hung it on a nail in the kitchen for a while, and then one day it fell



*“That guy must be really incorrigible.”*

down and someone (probably her mother) used it to sweep dust onto. Ever since, it was used for that purpose. Mary had wanted to treasure it, to put it away in a trunk forever, but she was ashamed to. They were hard people, and it was only when someone died that they could give in to sentiment or crying.

“Sweet Mary,” he had said. He never wrote. Two summers passed, devil’s-pokers flowered for two seasons, thistle seed blew white in the harsh mountain wind, and the trees in the forestry plantation were a foot higher. She had a feeling that he would come back sometime, and a gnawing fear that he might not.

“‘OH, it ain’t goin’ to rain no more, no more, it ain’t goin’ to rain no more. How in hell can the old folks tell it ain’t goin’ to rain no more.’ ” So sang Brogan, whose party it was, in the upstairs room of the Commercial Hotel. Unbuttoning his brown waistcoat, he sat back and said what a fine spread it was.

They had carried the goose up on a platter, and it lay in the center of the mahogany table with potato stuffing swelling out of it. There were sausages also, and polished glasses standing rim downward, and plates and forks for everyone. “A fork supper” was how Mrs. Rodgers described it. She had read about it in the paper. It was all the rage now in posh houses in Dublin, this fork supper where you stood up for your food and ate with a fork only. Mary had brought knives in case anyone got into difficulties.

“ ’Tis America at home,” Hickey said, putting turf on the smoking fire.

The pub door was bolted downstairs, the shutters across, as the eight guests upstairs watched Mrs. Rodgers carve the goose and then tear the loose pieces away with her fingers. Every so often, she wiped her fingers on a tea towel. “Here you are, Mary; give this to Mr. Brogan, as he’s the guest of honor.” Mr. Brogan got a lot of breast and some crispy skin as well. “Don’t forget the sausages, Mary,” Mrs. Rodgers said.

Mary had to do everything—pass the food around, serve the stuffing, ask people whether they wanted paper plates or china ones. Mrs. Rodgers had bought paper plates, thinking they were very sophisticated.

“I could eat a young child,” Hickey said.

Mary was surprised that people in towns were so coarse and outspoken, and when he squeezed her finger she did not smile at all. She wished that she were at home now. She knew what they were doing at home—the school-going boys at their lessons, her mother baking a cake of whole-meal bread because there was never enough time during the day to bake, her father rolling cigarettes and talking to himself. John had taught him how to roll cigarettes, and every night since, he rolled four and smoked four. He was a good man, her father, but dour and thrifty. In another hour, they’d be saying the Rosary in her house and going up to bed—the rhythm of their lives never changed; the fresh bread was always cool by morning.

“Ten o’clock,” Doris said, listening to the chimes of the landing clock.

The party had begun late—the men were late getting back from the dogs in Limerick. They had killed a pig on the way, in their anxiety to get back quickly. The pig had been wandering on the road, and the car coming round the corner ran over it instantly.

“Never heard such roarin’ in all me born days,” Hickey said, reaching for a wing of goose, the choicest bit.

“We should have brought it with us,” Michael O’Toole said. O’Toole worked in the slate quarry and knew nothing about pigs or farming; he was tall and thin and bony. He had bright-blue eyes and a face like a greyhound’s; his hair was so blond that it looked dyed, but in fact it was bleached by the weather. No one had offered him any food. “A nice way to treat a man,” he said.

“God bless us, Mary, didn’t you give Mr. O’Toole anything to eat yet?” Mrs. Rodgers said as she thumped Mary on the back to hurry her up.

Mary brought him a large helping on a paper plate, and he thanked her and said that they would dance later. To him she looked far prettier than those good-for-nothing townsgirls; she was tall and thin like himself, and she had long black hair that some people might think streelish, but not him—he liked long hair and decent, simple-minded girls. Maybe later on he’d get her to go into one of the other rooms and they could cuddle down, nice and snug. She had funny eyes, too—green at first sight, but brown when you looked into them, like a bloody boghole. “Have a “wish,” he said to her as he held the wishbone up.

She wished that she would go to America on an airplane, and on second thought she wished that she would win a lot of money and could buy her mother and father a big house down near the main road.

“Is that your brother the bishop?” Eithne Duggan, who knew well that it was, asked Mrs. Rodgers concerning the potato-faced cleric over the fireplace.

Unknown to herself, Mary had traced the letter “J” on the dust of the picture glass earlier on, and now they all seemed to be looking at it, knowing how it came to be there.

“That’s him, poor Charlie,” Mrs. Rodgers said proudly, and was about to elaborate, but Brogan began to sing.

“Let the man sing, can’t you?” O’Toole said, hushing two of the girls, who were having a joke about the armchair they shared; the springs were hanging down underneath, and the girls said that at any minute the whole thing would collapse.

Mary shivered in her lace dress—and, another thing, the sleeves were dipping into everything. The room smelled cold and damp, even though Hickey had got up a good fire. There hadn’t been a fire in that room since the day de Valera signed the autograph book.

When Brogan finished, O’Toole asked if any of the ladies would care to sing.

There were five ladies in all—Mrs. Rodgers, Mary, Doris, Eithne, and Crystal O’Meara, the local hairdresser, who had a new red rinse in her hair and who insisted that the food was a little heavy for her. The goose was greasy and undercooked; she did not like its raw, pink color. She liked dainty things—little bits of cold chicken, with beetroot and sweet pickles. Her real name was Carmel, but when she started up as a hairdresser she changed to Crystal and dyed her brown hair red.

“I bet you can sing,” O’Toole said to Mary.

“Where she comes from they can hardly talk,” Doris said.

Mary felt the blood rushing to her cheeks. She would not tell them, but her father’s name had been in the paper once, because he had seen a pine marten in the forestry plantation; and they ate with a knife and fork at home, and had a plastic cloth on the kitchen table, and a tin of coffee in case strangers called. She would not tell them anything. She just hung her head and said that she couldn’t sing.

O’Toole put “Far Away in Australia” on the horn gramophone, in honor of the bishop over the fireplace, who presided in Sydney. The sound issued forth with rasps and scratchings, and Brogan said he could do better than that himself.

“Christ, lads, we forgot the soup!” Mrs. Rodgers said suddenly, as she threw down her fork and went toward the door. There had been soup scheduled to begin with.

“I’ll help you,” Doris O’Beirne said, stirring herself for the first time that night, and they both went down to get the pot of giblet soup that had been simmering all day.

*“You forgot your props!”*

“Now we need two pounds from each of the gents,” said O’Toole, taking the opportunity while Mrs. Rodgers was away to mention the delicate matter of money. The men had agreed to pay two pounds each to cover the cost of the drink; the ladies did not have to pay anything, but were invited to lend a pleasant and decorative atmosphere to the party, and, of course, to help with the food.

O’Toole went round with his cap held out, and Brogan said that as it was *his* party he ought to give a fiver. “But I suppose ye wouldn’t hear of that,” Brogan said, and handed up two pound notes.

Hickey paid up, too, and O’Toole himself, and Long John Salmon, who was the most silent guest of all. O’Toole gave the money to Mrs. Rodgers when she returned and told her to clock it up against the damages.

“Sure, that’s too kind altogether,” she said as she put it behind the stuffed owl on the mantelpiece, under the bishop’s watchful eye. She served the soup in cups, and Mary was asked to pass them around. The grease floated like specks of molten gold on the surface of each cup.

“See you later, alligator,” Hickey said as she gave him his. Then he asked her for a piece of bread, because he wasn’t used to soup without bread. “Tell us, Brogan,” said Hickey. “What’ll you do, now that you’re a rich man?”

“Oh, go on, tell us,” said Doris O’Beirne.

“Well,” Brogan said, thinking for a minute, “we’re going to make some changes at home.” None of them had ever visited Brogan’s home, because it was situated in Adare, thirty miles away. None of them had ever seen his wife, either, who, it seems, lived there and kept bees.

“What sort of changes?” someone said.

“We’re going to do up the drawing room, and we’re going to have some flower beds,” Brogan told them.

“And what else?” Crystal asked, thinking of all the lovely clothes she could buy with that money—lovely clothes and jewelry.

"Well," said Brogan, thinking again, "we might even go to Lourdes. I'm not sure yet; it all depends."

"I'd give my two eyes to go to Lourdes," Mrs. Rodgers said.

"And you'd get 'em back when you arrived there," Hickey said, but no one paid any attention to him.

O'Toole poured out four half tumblers of whiskey and then stood back to examine the glasses to see that each one had the same amount. There was always great anxiety among the men about being fair with drink. Then O'Toole stood bottles of stout in little groups of six and told each man which group was his. The ladies had gin and orange.

"Orange for me," Mary said, but O'Toole told her not to be such a fool, and when her back was turned he put some gin in her orange.

They drank a toast to Brogan.

"To Lourdes," Mrs. Rodgers said.

"To Brogan," O'Toole said.

"To myself," Hickey said.

"Mud in your eye," said Doris O'Beirne, who was already unsteady from tippling cider.

"Well, we're not sure about Lourdes," Brogan said, "but we'll get the drawing room done up anyhow, and the flower beds put in."

"We've a drawing room here," Mrs. Rodgers said, "and no one ever sets foot in it."

"Come into the drawing room, Doris," said O'Toole to Mary, who was serving jelly from a big enamel basin. They'd had no nice bowl to put it in. It was red jelly with whipped egg white in it, but it hadn't set properly. She served it in saucers and thought what a rough-and-ready party it was. There wasn't a proper cloth on the table, either, just a plastic one, and no napkins, and that big basin with the jelly in it. Maybe people washed in that basin, downstairs.

"Well, someone tell us a bloomin' joke," said Hickey, who was getting fed up with talk about drawing rooms and flower beds.

"I'll tell you a joke," said Long John Salmon, who had been silent up till then.

"Good," said Brogan, as he sipped from his whiskey glass and his stout glass alternately.

"Is it a funny joke?" Hickey asked of Long John Salmon.

"It's about my brother," said Long John Salmon. "My brother Patrick."

"Oh, no, don't tell us that old rambling thing again," Hickey said at once, and O'Toole nodded his own protest.

"Oh, let him tell it," said Mrs. Rodgers, who'd never heard the story anyhow.

Long John Salmon began, "I had this brother Patrick and he died; the heart wasn't too good."

"Holy Christ, not this again," said Brogan, recollecting which story it was.

But Long John Salmon went on, undeterred by the sighs from the three men. "One day I was standing in the shed, about a month after he was buried, and I saw him coming out of the wall, walking across the yard."

"Oh, what would you do if you saw a thing like that," Doris said to Eithne.

"Let him tell it," Mrs. Rodgers said. "Go on, Long John."

"Well, it was walking toward me, and I said to myself, 'What do I do now?' 'Twas raining heavy, so I said to my brother Patrick, 'Stand in out of the wet or you'll get drenched.' "

"And then?" said one of the girls anxiously.

"He vanished," said Long John Salmon.

"Ah, God, let us have a bit of music," said Hickey, who had heard that story nine or ten times. They put a record on, and O'Toole asked Mary to dance. He did a lot of fancy steps and capering, and now and then he let out a mad "Yippee!" Brogan and Mrs. Rodgers were dancing, too, and Crystal said that she'd dance if anyone asked her.

"Come on, knees up, Mother Brown," O'Toole said to Mary as he jumped around the room, kicking the legs of chairs as he moved. She felt funny; her head was swaying round and round, and in the pit of her stomach there was a nice ticklish feeling that made her want to lie back and stretch

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## CRANE

One day, when childhood tumbled the spongy tufts
Banking the naked edge of our bottom lands,
A shadowy sand-hill crane
Arose from Rocky Spring with a flipping fish,
A speckled rainbow,
Speared in her slim black bill.
She offered her wings in sluggish waves,
Wading impossibly up the slapping waters,
And ascended the crystal floods.

Under that dark ark,
Two grappling anchors of dangling legs
Rolled away so smoothly the eye forgot them
Until that tall, ungainly crane
Lay in the sky like a dream.
Her snaking head
Pivoted vaguely over our deep, green valley
And straightened to kiss the horizon.
Fish and crane
Swam through the white bowl of blue air,
Spinning outward upon
Mountainous heights and their soft, mysterious pulleys.

My naked shoulders ached for the tumbling clouds,
And my shivering legs
Thrashed through those mossy fishing meadows,
Over the rose-pebbled bottoms,
And churned in the chilled and iridescent spawn
Of the crane's pool.
Clamped and flexed in the vise of her beating wings
Now flaring astride the brassy eye of the sun,
I gasped like a fish
Hung out in the harsh and sudden air,
And flipped, past sparkling regions, underground.

—JOSEPH LANGLAND

• •

*“Well, either he’s a giant or we’re awfully tiny.”*

her legs—a new feeling that frightened her. Perhaps he had put gin in her orange when she wasn’t looking.

“Come into the drawing room, Doris,” he said, dancing her right out of the room and into the cold passage, where he kissed her clumsily.

Inside, Crystal O’Meara had begun to cry. That was how drink affected her; either she cried or talked in a foreign accent and said, “Why am I talking in a foreign accent?” This time she cried. “Hickey, there is no joy in life,” she said as she sat at the table with her head laid in her arms and her blouse slipping up out of her skirt band. She had taken off her left shoe because it pinched.

“What joy?” said Hickey, who had all the drink he needed, and a pound note he had slipped from behind the owl when no one was looking.

Doris and Eithne sat on either side of Long John Salmon, asking if they could go out to his place next year when the sugarplums were ripe. Long John Salmon lived by himself, way up the country, and he had a big orchard. He was odd and silent; he took a swim every day, winter and summer, in the river, at the back of his stone house.

“Two old married people,” Brogan said as he put his arm round Mrs. Rodgers and urged her to sit down because he was out of breath from dancing. He said he’d go away with happy memories of them all, and, sitting down, he drew her onto his lap. She was a heavy woman, with straggledy brown hair that had once been a bright nut color.

“There is no joy in life,” Crystal sobbed as the gramophone made crackling noises and Mary ran in from the landing, away from O’Toole.

“I mean business,” O’Toole said, and winked.

O’Toole was the first to get quarrelsome. “Now ladies, now gentlemen, a little laughing sketch—are we ready?” he asked.

“Fire ahead,” Hickey told him.

“Well, there was these three lads, Paddy th’ Irishman, Paddy th’ Englishman, and Paddy the Scotsman, and they were badly in need of—”

“Now, no smut,” Mrs. Rodgers snapped, before he had uttered a wrong word at all.

“What smut?” said O’Toole, getting offended. “Smut!”

“Think of the girls,” Mrs. Rodgers said.

“Girls!” O’Toole sneered as he picked up the bottle of cream, which they’d forgotten to use with the jelly, and poured it into the carcass of the goose.

“Christ sake, man,” Hickey said, taking the bottle of cream out of O’Toole’s hand.

Mrs. Rodgers said that it was high time everyone went to bed, as the party seemed to be over.

The guests would spend the night in the Commercial. It was too late for them to go home, and also Mrs. Rodgers did not want them to be observed staggering out of the house at that hour. The police watched her like hawks, she said, and she didn’t want any trouble—until Christmas was over, at least. The sleeping arrangements had been decided earlier on. There were three bedrooms. Brogan would have the room he always slept in, the other three men were to pitch in together in the second big bedroom, and the girls were to share the back room with Mrs. Rodgers herself.

“Come on, everyone—blanket street,” Mrs. Rodgers said, as she put a guard in front of the dying fire and took the money from behind the owl.

“Sugar you,” O’Toole said, pouring

stout now into the carcass of the goose.

Long John Salmon wished that he had never come. He thought of daylight and of his swim in the mountain river at the back of his gray stone house. "Ablution," he said aloud, taking pleasure in the word and in the thought of cold water touching him. He could do without people; people were dirty. He remembered catkins on a tree outside his window, catkins in February, as white as snow.

"Crystal, stir yourself," Hickey said, as he put on her shoe and patted the calves of her legs.

Brogan kissed the four girls and saw them across the landing to the bedroom. Mary was glad to escape without O'Toole noticing; he was very obstreperous, and Hickey was trying to control him.

In the bedroom, she sighed—she had forgotten all about the furniture being pitched in there. Wearily, they began to unload the things. The room was so crammed that they could hardly move in it. Mary suddenly felt alert and frightened, because O'Toole could be heard yelling and singing out on the landing. There had been gin in her orangeade, she knew now, because she breathed closely onto the palm of her hand and smelled her own breath. She had broken her confirmation pledge, broken her promise; it would bring her bad luck always.

Mrs. Rodgers came in and said that five of them would be too crushed in the bed, so that she herself would sleep on the sofa in the parlor for one night. "Two of you at the top and two at the bottom," she said, and she warned them not to break any of the ornaments, and not to stay talking all night. " 'Night and God bless," she said as she shut the door behind her.

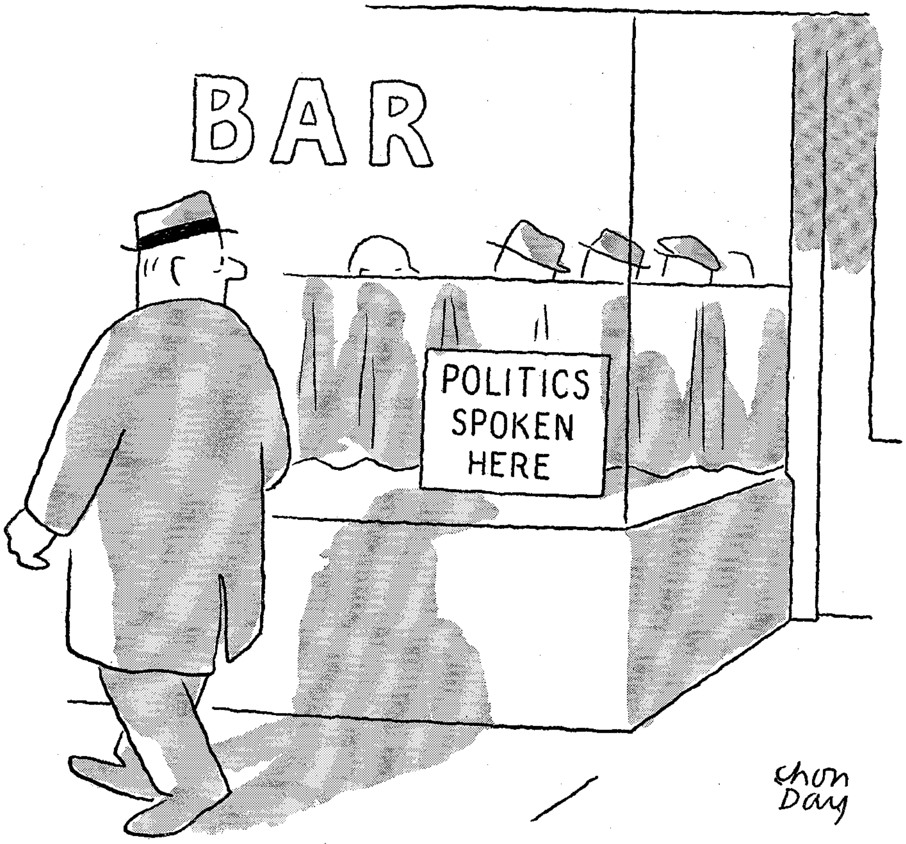
"Nice thing," said Doris O'Beirne, "bunging us all in here. I wonder where she's off to."

"Will you loan me curlers?" Crystal asked. To Crystal, hair was the most important thing on earth. She would never get married, because you couldn't wear curlers in bed. Eithne Duggan said she wouldn't put curlers in now if she got five million for doing it; she was jaded. She threw herself down on the quilt and spread her arms out. She was a noisy, sweaty girl, but Mary liked her better than the other two.

"Ah, me old honeybunch," O'Toole said, pushing their door in. The girls exclaimed and asked him to go out at once, as they were preparing for bed.

"Come into the drawing room, Doris," he said to Mary, and curled his forefinger at her. He was drunk and couldn't focus her properly, but he knew that she was standing there somewhere.

"Go to bed; you're drunk," Doris O'Beirne said, and he stood very upright for an instant and asked her to speak for herself.



"Go to bed, Michael; you're tired," Mary said to him. She tried to sound calm, because he looked so wild.

"Come into the drawing room, I tell you," he said as he caught her wrist and dragged her toward the door.

She let out a cry, and Eithne Duggan said she'd brain him if he didn't leave the girl alone. "Give me that flowerpot, Doris," Eithne Duggan called, and then Mary began to cry for fear there might be a scene. She hated scenes. Once, she had heard her father and a neighbor having a row about boundary rights and she'd never forgotten it; they had been both a bit drunk, after a fair.

"Are you cracked, or are you mad?" O'Toole said when he perceived that she was crying.

"I'll give you two seconds," Eithne warned, as she held the flowerpot high, ready to throw it at O'Toole's greyhound face.

"You're a nice bunch of hard-faced aul crows," he said. "Wouldn't give a man a squeeze," and he went out cursing each one of them.

They shut the door very quickly and dragged the sideboard in front of the door, so that he could not break in when they were asleep. They got into bed in their underwear, Mary and Eithne at one end, with Crystal's feet between their faces. "You have lovely hair," Eithne whispered to Mary. It was the nicest thing she could think of to say. They each said their prayers, and shook hands under the covers, and settled down to sleep.

"Hey," Doris O'Beirne said a few seconds later, "I never went to the lav."

"You can't go now," Eithne said. "The sideboard's in front of the door."

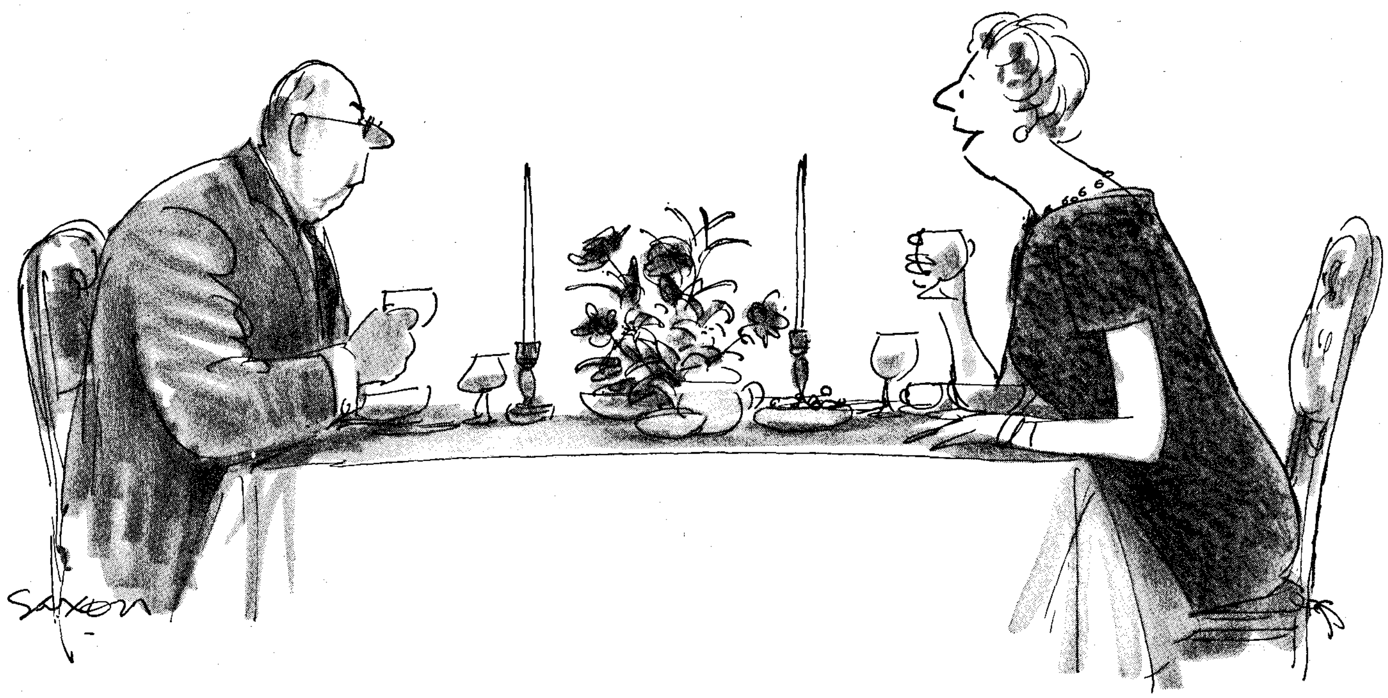
"I'll die if I don't go," Doris O'Beirne said.

"And me, too, after all that orange we drank," Crystal said.

Mary was shocked. At home, you never spoke of such a thing.

They heard feet on the landing, and then the sound of choking and coughing, and later O'Toole cursing and swearing and hitting the wall with his fist. Mary curled down under the clothes, thankful for the company of the girls.

"I was at a party. Now I know what parties are like," Mary said to herself as she tried to force herself asleep. She heard a sound as of water running, but it did not seem to be raining outside. Later, she dozed, but at daybreak she heard the hall door bang, and she sat up in bed abruptly. She had to be home early to milk, so she got up, took her shoes and her lace dress, and let herself



*"The children and I are going in to see 'How to Succeed in Business Without Really Trying'—that is, if it's all right with you."*

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out by dragging the sideboard forward and opening the door slightly.

There were newspapers spread on the landing floor and in the lavatory, and a heavy smell pervaded. Downstairs, porter had flowed out of the bar into the hall. Someone—probably O'Toole—had turned on the taps of the five porter barrels, and the stone-floored bar and sunken passage outside were a lake of black porter. Mrs. Rodgers would kill somebody. Mary put on her high-heeled shoes and picked her steps carefully across the room to the door. She left without even making a cup of tea.

SHE wheeled her bicycle down the alley and into the street. The front tire was dead flat. She pumped for ten minutes, but it remained flat.

The frost lay like a spell upon the street, upon the sleeping windows and the slate roofs of the crumbling houses. It had magically made the dunged street white and clean. She did not feel tired but was relieved to be out and stunned by lack of sleep and the beauty of the morning. She walked briskly, sometimes looking back to see the track that her bicycle and her feet made on the white road.

Mrs. Rodgers wakened at eight and stumbled out in her big nightgown from Brogan's warm bed. She smelled disaster instantly and hurried downstairs to find the lake of porter in the bar and the ground hall. Then she ran to call the others. "Porter all over the place, every drop of drink in the house is on the floor—Mary Mother of God, help me in my tribulation! Get up, get up!" She rapped on their door and called the girls by name. The girls rubbed their sleepy eyes, yawned, and sat up.

"She's gone," Eithne said, looking at the place on the pillow where Mary's head had been.

"Oh, a sneaky country one," Doris said, as she got into her taffeta dress and went down to see the flood. "If I have to clean that in my good clothes, I'll die," she said. But Mrs. Rodgers had already brought brushes and pails and got to work. They opened the bar door and began to bail the porter into the street. Dogs came to lap it up, and Hickey, who had come down, stood and said what a crying shame it was to waste all that drink. Outside, it washed away an area of frost and revealed the dung of yesterday's fair day. O'Toole, the culprit, had fled; Long John Salmon was gone for his swim; and upstairs, in bed, Brogan snuggled down for a last-minute heat and deliberated on the joys that he would miss when he left the Commercial for good.

"And where's my lady with the lace dress?" Hickey asked, recalling very little of Mary's face but distinctly remembering the sleeves of her black dress, which dipped into every damn thing.

"Sneaked off, before we were up," Doris said.

They all agreed that Mary was no bloody use and should never have been asked.

"And 'twas she set O'Toole mad, egging him on and then disappointing him," Doris said, and Mrs. Rodgers swore that O'Toole, or Mary's father, or someone, would pay dear for the wasted drink.

"I suppose she's home by now," Hickey said as he rooted in his pocket for a butt. He had a new packet, but if he produced that they'd all be puffing at his expense.

Mary was half a mile from home, sitting on a ditch. If only I had a sweetheart, something to hold on to, she thought as she cracked some ice with her high heel and pitied the poor birds who could get no food, as the ground was frozen hard.

Walking again, she wondered if she would ever go to another party and what she would tell her mother and her brothers about it, and if all parties were as bad. She came over the top of the hill and suddenly saw her own house, like a little white box at the end of the world, waiting to receive her.

—EDNA O'BRIEN

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WANTED: To rent garage for car for the winter. Would like as soon as possible. Phone FT 6-8563 if no answer leave message and I will call back.—*Canton (N.Y.) St. Lawrence Plaindealer.*

Do you operate this car yourself?

# THE DESERT IN THE OASIS

WHEN the desert is born in the oasis, it is time to take leave, because silence is back and love is finished. When the lies that were used to keep solitude out of the bedrooms have been stuck into window frames and soaked with dampness, it is time to go home—because this is the end. But when the time comes to go home, there is no home, there is no time, there is nothing but a great desert everywhere.

The lovers know this very well, but neither dares be the first to say it. They wait, believing this is not happening to both at the same moment. They send out feelers. ("Do you love me?" "More than ever before.") And it is true. The heart of their love is still intact. And when disease creeps in, the heart will pump more strenuously to bring fresh blood and heat to organs that don't live any more, and be the last one to give up. The throbbing at the collar which enlivens the shirts of the dying is a symptom of this. Dying loves become feverish. They flare higher, people who watch them think they have just only begun, and this is what the lovers themselves want the whole world to believe, but they know very well it is not so, and they throw everything into it, still refusing to share this supreme secret with their partner; thus the first patches of desert become visible. Chairs and tables and beds, books and clothing, all go, one after the other, to feed that awful fire, and every time it ebbs, under mountains of smoke, there is less furniture, less clothing, and less friendliness; life becomes more and more impossible, until even the roof is gone. It rains inside the house. The neighbors know it. Beggars have more to give than these two millionaires, but they go on, they destroy one another and themselves, and even now the supreme secret is not told, until the whole oasis turns to cinders and stone. They have behaved like governments.

On a Saturday morning he set out for the oasis—Jacques's apartment, where they were in the habit of meeting. Jacques was such a good friend, he was always away, mostly in Paris, and before coming to New York he called, and when he came he often stayed at a hotel, so as not to desecrate someone else's oasis. Now all these precautions would be useless; to tell Jacques was almost like the official announcement of her death. He would write to Jacques tomorrow. Today he was going to the apartment only to remove his belongings and to burn all her letters, without touching the telephone. It would not take more than ten minutes to do this. He did not have to watch the letters burn. The fireplace was huge, the letters on thin paper. He would pour all the liquor he still had on the heap and let the orgy have itself; her written self and his lost self could burn together without witnesses. The apartment had, in recent weeks, become a tomb and a place of self-torture, where he spent a few hours or a few minutes every day, to hear the telephone not ring and to remember everything about her, and to imagine her elsewhere, in somebody else's arms.

But the moment he entered the door he heard the telephone. He had heard it from the end of the hall, and even from inside the elevator, without thinking for a moment that it might come from that place.

"Who is that?" he asked, angrily, into the mouthpiece.

"Darling . . . darling . . . How are you?"

"Very well, thank you."

"Are you angry?"

"Angry? How could I be?"

"Oh, thank God. Tell me you are not! But are you well?"

"Yes, very well. Why, what happened?"

"I thought you had been murdered. I thought something awful had happened. Oh, thank God you are safe! Thank God, thank God a thousand times! Thank God . . ." She began to cry.

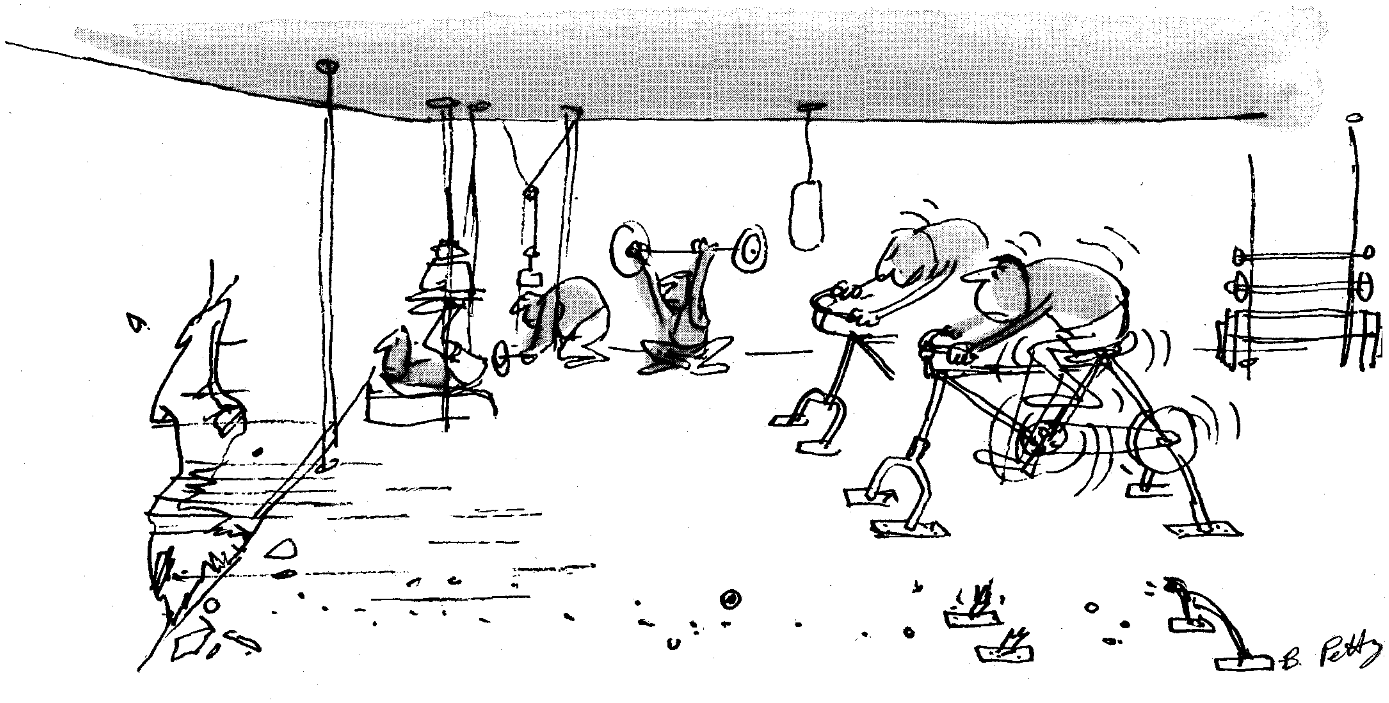
"*Chérie*, what is it? Tell me."

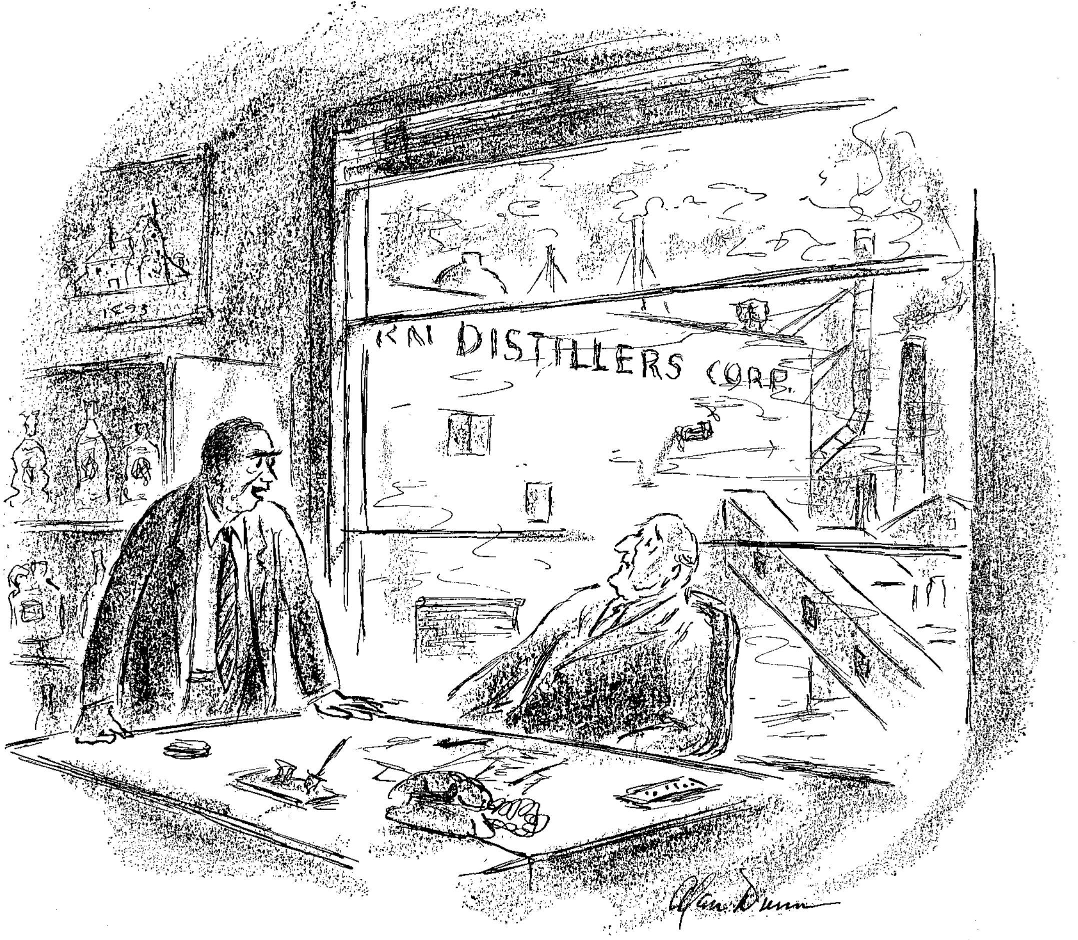
"May I come?"

"Yes, of course you may come. What a silly question. Come at once."

It was exactly as in the old days; they had to do away in the first seconds of their meeting with the void of their arms, the blindness of their eyes, and they sniffed at each other for that good perfume of cleanliness and health in which they each recognized a discreet touch of the other's identity, almost a guarantee of faithfulness: *You are all here and nowhere else.*

But these very good signs did not yield the expected results. There was impatience in him, and she noticed it. She said, "*Chéri*, please, let us talk. I had such a terrible night. Give me a sip




DISTILLERS CORP.

*"Think it over. They have pipelines for gas, for oil, for coal slurry . . ."*

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of whatever that is. I see you, too, needed a drink today, my poor *chéri* . . . it was all my fault."

"Tell me what happened."

"Let me look at you first." She looked at *him* severely, drawing two or three steps away from him and then studying him with her head sidewise, as if he were a fur coat in a shop. "Do you realize that if you were to die I would never be able to do *anything* for the rest of my life?"

"That's very kind of you—or is it kind of me to stay alive? Anyway, here I am, so come, lie down, put your head in my lap and talk. What happened?"

"Yesterday afternoon he came to me and said, 'I don't want to know anything about the distant past. I know enough. But you told me, weeks ago, in the course of your many confessions, that there was nothing now, and I want you to swear it.' I did. . . . Why do you look at me like that?"

"No, go ahead."

"I did, and he said, 'Thank you for your truthfulness. But now he must be punished, because he slandered you. If he had told the truth, it would be different.' 'What do you mean?' I asked, and he said, 'You will learn it early enough—if not from me, from the newspapers.' . . . I did not think he would do anything silly, because I knew he had several appointments that were urgent. But then he didn't show up at the office, and his secretary called several times. That was what frightened me. I thought what if he really was out looking for you with a gun. I began calling you. I called here forty-nine times in succession. Then my maid, who had seen and heard everything, and who in the past had never dared speak a word about you, said, 'Madame, I cannot bear to see you in such a state. What about calling that other number? I shall call it for you.' I would have wanted to say no, or to put her in her place, but I confess that I no longer cared who was involved or disturbed at that point. I let her call and listened in from the extension. And this anguish of women, which had started with the voice of his secretary, working me up to a state of vague fear, then my maid worked up by *my* voice as I answered his secretary, and finally your wife alerted by the voice of my maid, who stood there like an arbiter, working on both of us who were so close to each other through this stranger—oh, I can't tell you what I suffered, and how tempted I was to break through this thin veil of absurd secrecy, plead with her to help me, and offer her my help. . . . If I did not, it was through sheer self-control, and also partly out of superstition. Breaking that veil, it seemed to me, might mean the two of us mourning together over your corpse. So now you understand why at a certain point I told my maid to stop calling. The temptation was too great. Later on in the evening, my maid pleaded with me to let her try once more. I forbade her to touch the telephone."

"Well, that was very silly. If you had let her, *you* would have spared yourself a frightful night."

"Easily said. When a number has been so consistently inhuman with you, it should be changed. It has become the very essence of bad luck. I tried this number; I called here again. At least it still conveyed my question to this room, as a good number. And I called exactly one hundred and seventeen times, letting a few moments pass to allow my husband to call me or to allow you to get here. And this morning I finally got you here, thank God. Yes . . . this is you . . . safe, in good health. . . . Thank God! Thank God! Thank God . . ."

Her trembling hands touched the contours of his face. Her wrists and then her thumbs came very near his lips several times. He could have kissed them by just turning his face one inch to the right or the left, but he preferred to wait, trusting time and indifference for results, and, to keep his rising hopes from upsetting this cold calculation, he counted by fours until he reached seventy-two, but still there was no change in her face or in her movements. The same tenseness in her hands—they seemed, if anything, more stiff, barely touching his skin and repeating that gesture of worship. The same fixity in her eyes, the lips parted, and voiceless, still set in the groove of the same words: "Safe, in good health. Thank God! Thank God! Thank God!"—all of this, so much like himself in the last months, so much like her in previous years, and so true, so beautiful, and all brought about by the stupidity of that man, the same stupidity that had given him everything. What spontaneity, what guarantee was that? Could he thank *her*? Then why not him?

Oh, how he wished he could break loose from his inner counting self and let his worship melt with hers. The meeting of two worships would have melted the world. But no, he thought. When I was calling her two hundred times a night and she was nowhere to be found and then I told her the next day, where was her understanding then? And had that fool not tried his silly blackmail yesterday, where would she be today? Not in my arms, not worshipping my face like the image of Christ, but in some restaurant, or shopping, or just home, still refusing to see me. Oh, no. This time I shall be a spectator.

She went on worshipping his face and did not even ask to be admitted to the mysteries behind it. This infinite respect, which could pass for indifference, reminded him of home. It was irksome and wonderful. It made him grateful and suspicious. He understood the meaning of her old accusation: *There is no room for me in your love of me.* So, gently, imitating her voice, he said, "There is no room for me here," and she sprang to her feet.

"I am sorry, *chéri.* You were uncomfortable."

"Not at all. Come back here, you fool. I meant it differently. Or have you forgotten?"

"Oh . . . Oh . . . Oh-h-h, how stupid of me. But it is so long since I spoke those silly words."

"They were not silly at all."

"Yes, they were. I should have been contented with whatever I got."

"Which happened to be everything."

"But as you rightly said, speaking of other people's possessive generosity: 'Anything is better than Everything.' "

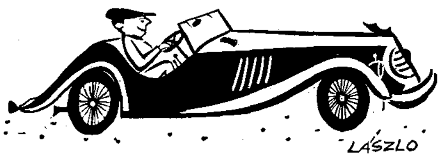
He laughed.

She pulled him by the hair and said, "I like you when you laugh. I don't like your tragic moods. They somewhat don't seem serious, but your laughter *is* serious—too much so for my own good. If I spent two more days with you in a cheerful mood, I would find myself in exactly the same spot where I was eight years ago, when it all began."

"And why not?"

"Are you insane?"

"What's wrong with that?" he said. But his cheerfulness was gone. He was now in the same pit of despair from which he had just rescued her. Now she could feel excused and watch him suffer. This was going to destroy all his good resolutions, and he saw that the only way out was to destroy every bit of desirability still lingering about her person. All of it must be burned in one great fire, not a speck must be left on which to build a future capital of love. In my wife's interest, he thought, but he knew this was a lie, because he already wanted much more than the destruction of the past; he wanted the whole future. He had been much too decent in the past, always yielding to sound arguments such as "You cannot do this to your wife, I cannot do it to my husband." But he now realized that he must bring about a new situation with entirely new reasons for her to trust him and to lie in his lap. The old reasons were out.



He sprang up from the couch and asked her, with an air of professional interest, "Tell me now, clearly and

## AUNTS AND UNCLES

### I

Where is Aunt Alice, Paderewski's pupil,
who smelled of mint, who winked across the keys
rings of seed pearl, turquoise, rings of opal,
whose smiles were music to my childish eyes,
who loosed, through the stuffiness where I was young,
silence at her marrow, beetles for a brain,
who bent to better me with Bach among
surroundings inharmonious otherwise?
Deaf in a narrow parlor under grass,
silence at her marrow, beetles for a brain,
dead Aunt Alice lies pianoless,
safe from Mozart's joy and Chopin's pain,
and yet her smiles reverberate again,
her flesh-warm rings flash in my listening.

### II

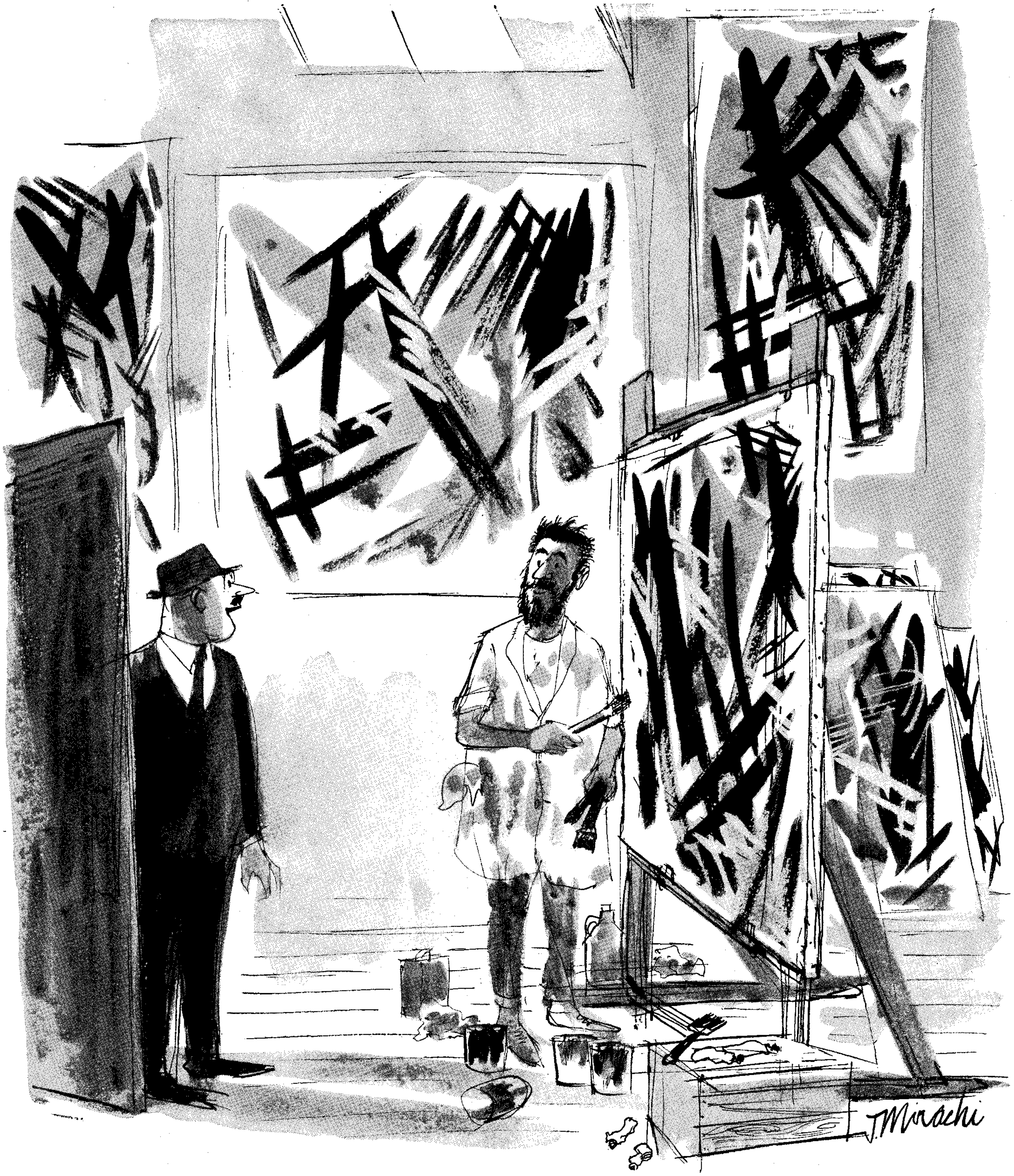
Summer and winter, my Aunt Lilly sat
chilled in her sunroom, reading books of love,
her flesh bright-clothed, her bones too deep for heat,
her odd, small body too entranced to move.
Vicarious heroine, dancing tall and tense
through ballrooms of intrigue, the nymph of many beds,
she fled across romantic continents
while Uncle Peter multiplied like seeds
her planted cash, the money money breeds;
and she was richer than some princesses
but begged from fiction all her warmer needs
for real desire, for daring instances—
lips at her icy ear, and hands to speed
her heart, not paper, while it still could beat.

### III

Now I am uncle, like homunculi,
puny nephews, dwarfish nieces sport
comic around me; now, instead of me,
a later generation, just as short,
notes my mustachioed eccentricity
as once I stared at Uncle Peter's wart,
as, from the vantage of a lower eye,
normal faces frequently distort.
I view them not as children but as some
funny show of quick and charming freaks,
knowing my own enlargement looks to them
one of those natural, disturbing quirks—
humorous animal, or man from space—
and neither dreams the other in his place.

—Harold Witt

• •



*"You've done it again, Ronald."*

• •

coldly—what do you intend to do when your husband comes home?"

This was an excellent move. It surprised her, and she seemed disappointed. To conceal it, she kissed him.

"This is what you are going to do to him?" he said mockingly. "I don't think he deserves it."

"No, but *you* do. Because you are my greatest friend. I had never expected you to be so understanding. I was quite resigned to a long scene, with tragic explanations that men are not made of wood, etc. You are the only clean person I know, and he is a mean, dishonest, sneaky, miserable little idiot. Now listen to me and tell me what you think." (As if the week before, in the same posture, in the same tone of voice, she had not said, "My husband is the only clean man I know . . .") "In my opinion, his saying this was pure blackmail. Don't you think so?"

He did. Pure blackmail of the type

he himself could have tried. But he said nothing.

"Why don't you answer me? Or don't you agree?"

"Yes, I agree. I excuse him. He and I are alike."

"Nonsense. You were never so mean."

"Would you have said so a week ago?"

"Of course I would. Your scenes were never in bad taste. And besides, you had a right to make scenes and even to be mean, because I loved you."

"Love-*dddd*?"

"I still do. I always will. But what right does he have?"

"Besides, he has nothing to go on. Unless you told him something."

"I never told him anything about us."

"Not even weeks and weeks ago, when you decided to be frank with him?"

"Yes, I was frank with him, and I regret it. He certainly did not deserve it. Few men do. You are one of them."

She kissed him again, but a bit hurriedly. He noticed this, and managed to keep up the pretense of detachment.

"Try to remember exactly what you told him about us."

"I said we were very great friends. I admitted that I could have fallen in love with you, had it not been for the salutary memory of a frightening experience which took place years and years ago and which cured me forever of any such temptations."

"I see. Something of which not even I had been informed."

"Oh, it would not have been worth the effort. Ancient history, anyway."

"I see."

"Don't tell me this upsets you now, or I won't really know where to go for advice. *Chéri*, this happened long before I met my husband. Don't slip into your tragic mood again, please."

"No, no, I am not. I was just concentrating on your husband. Don't forget that this man still loves you and he is about to lose you. He is very unhappy."

"Come, don't try to defend him now. He is incapable of loving and of suffering. With him it is only hurt pride."

"This may well be the case, but hurt pride hurts. Come, let me ask you another question. Did he cry when you said, 'This is all ancient history'?"

"How do you know I said this? And how do you know he cried?"

"Intuition."

"You are a genius."

"No, I just observe things."

He began to count again. The temptation to take her in his arms was strong, but so was the memory of his recent errors of judgment, and he watched her shoulders and her neck for any signs of breaking down. She was

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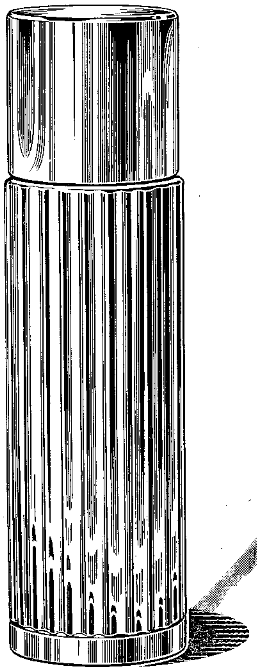

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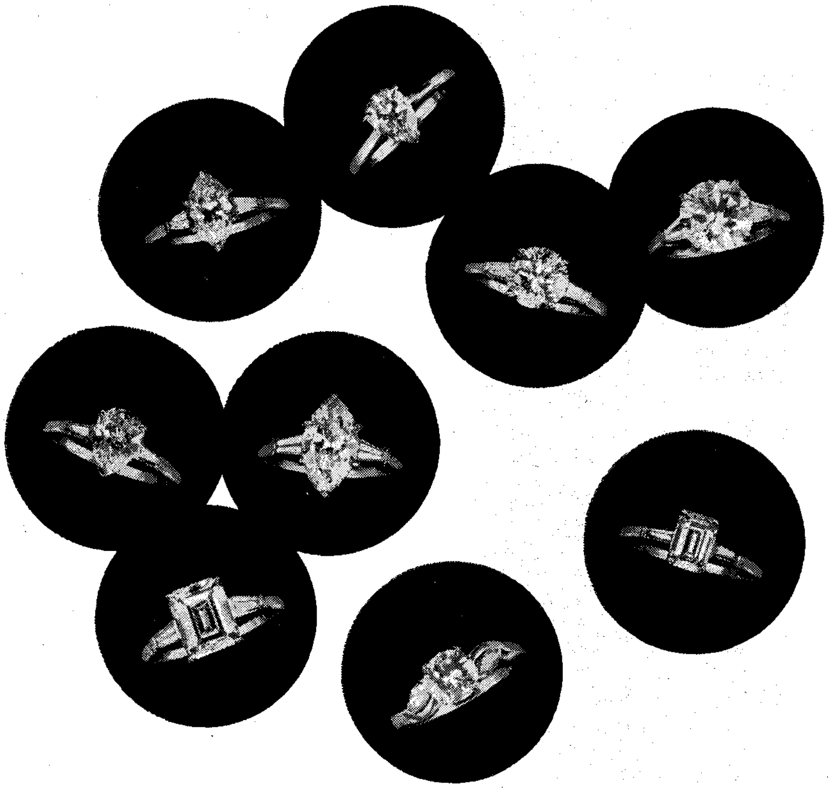

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struggling with her tears, and she must lose that struggle first. Her face was almost ugly from the effort.

"Tell me," she asked, in a faint and discouraged voice. "Why is it that I always hurt the people I love?"

The kindest thing he found to say was "You only hurt the people you don't love."

"Oh, but I do love him . . . in a way. Or I would never have married him."

"You are a bit confused, but so is everybody else."

"Am I not worse than the others?"

"N-n-n-no . . ."

"You must despise me very much."

"Not at all."

"The way you say that. Yes, you do. I am only good for pleasure." And she looked deep into his eyes from a great distance, and yet reading his thoughts as if she were inside him. A great pity for her, and with it the whole love of the world, upset and drowned his shameful calculations. He moved closer, with the courage of honesty. All he wanted to do was to pat her on the back and perhaps touch her cheek very lightly and paternally. She took his hand and kissed it, sitting down on the couch.

"Put your other hand here, behind my neck. Protect me against myself."

He did, and the telephone rang close to his hand, on the edge of the table behind her.

"Don't answer it," she said. "Who could that be?"

"My wife, perhaps. But I don't have to answer it."

"Your wife knows you come here?"

"I told her recently, in an impulse of . . . frankness, when it was no longer dangerous. I told her I came here sometimes alone, to work. I wanted to be able to tell some sort of truth, after so many lies."

The telephone kept ringing.

"But I don't think she ever would call. This might be Jacques, from Paris. Let me try. If it is from out of town, I shall answer it." He picked up the telephone.

The operator said, "Greenwich, Connecticut, calling Mr. Jacques d'Untel."

"He is not here."

"Operator," said a shaky voice. "Let me talk to the person who is answering the telephone." It was her husband.

Their faces touched again, only to share reception of that voice.

"I'm so glad I found you," the voice said. "I called Jacques because I know you are great friends. But I was really looking for you. I tried your home first, and your wife didn't know where or

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when I could reach you. I hope I didn't do anything wrong?"

"Of course not."

"That's very kind of you. I'm sorry to disturb you. May I speak?"

"Why, of course you may speak. I am all alone here."

"Oh, I see. And may I ask you a favor, even though I don't, ah, know you very well? If you . . . speak to my wife, would you . . . *not* tell her I called you?"

"Why, certainly I won't tell her. If I call her. I had no intention of doing so."

"You have not spoken to her yet?"

"No . . . not for the last . . . three days."

"So I may count on this? I have your promise?"

"Yes, you do."

"Thank you. And may I . . . see you for a moment?"

"Do you want to come here? Jacques is due back any moment. But we can go into another room."

"Oh. No . . . I'd rather . . . see you somewhere else. And don't tell him anything, either, if I may ask you again. I would prefer to have this remain something between you and me alone."

"Of course. I am sorry I mentioned it at all."

"No, you were very kind to invite me there. But I would rather meet you . . . let's say at the men's bar in the Waldorf? Or the Biltmore?"

"Wherever you say."

"I'm out of town. I don't know anything about trains. I came here yesterday. Let me find out. Would you . . . mind very much waiting for me to call you back in, let's say . . . five or . . . ten minutes?"

"Not at all. I can wait. Wouldn't you rather we met tomorrow?"

"No, *no*, it must be tonight, if you don't mind. I will call in a few minutes."

"Very well."

As he put down the receiver, she withdrew to the very end of the couch, as if to establish a clear space between them. "Poor boy . . . What horror. How I hate myself. And it was all my fault. You should never have let me come in here, never have put your arms around me. . . . Do you think he heard me breathing? Was I careful enough?"

"I don't know, and I don't care. The problem is, what shall I tell him?"

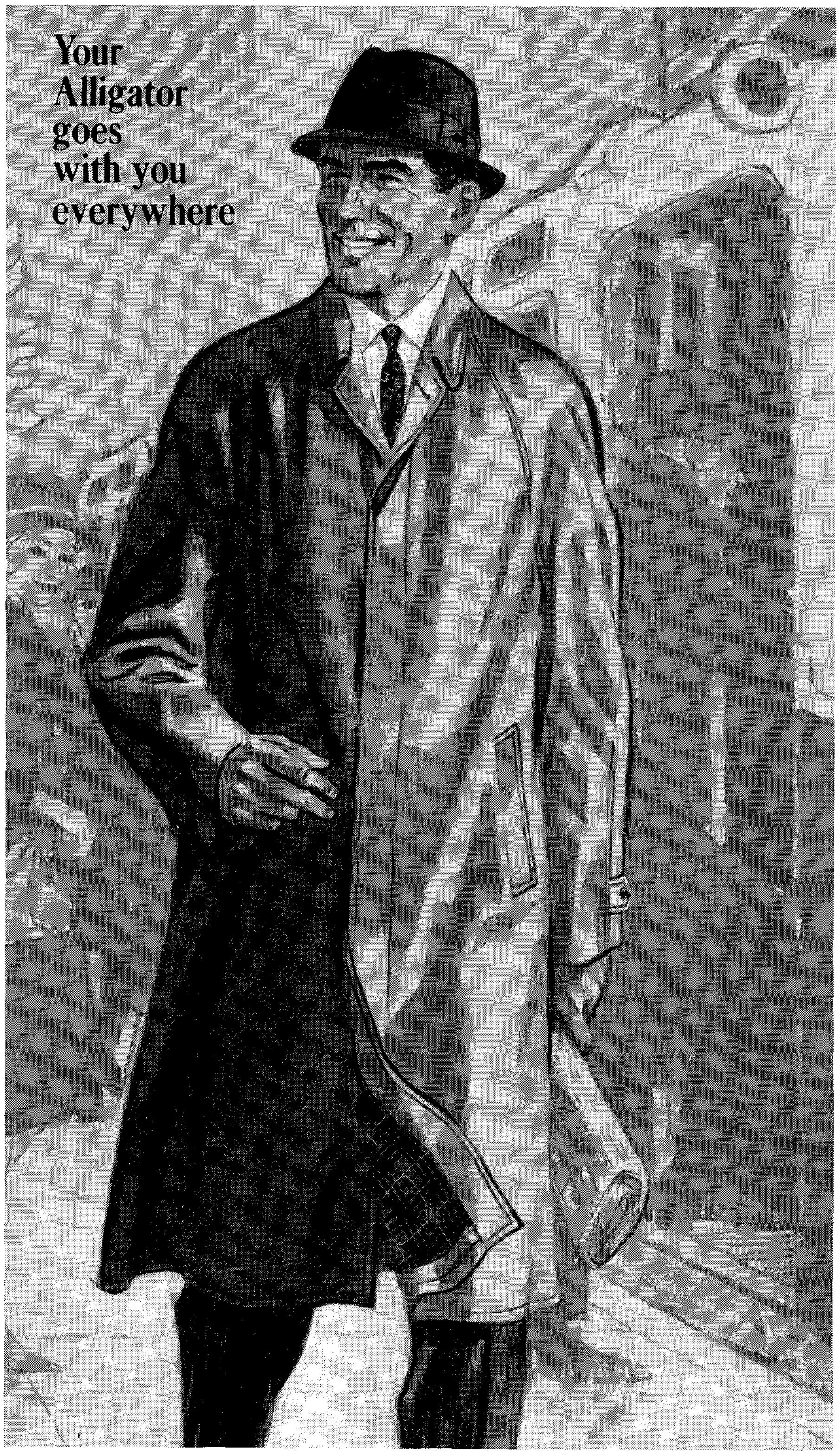
"Deny everything!"

"Even if he heard you breathe?"

"Even if he had seen me here, you should!"

"How can I?"

"One always can. Just think of *him*



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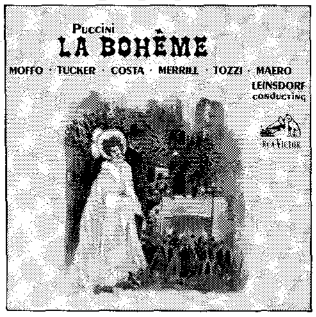
# EVEN PUCCINI WOULD ADORE MOFFO AS MIMI



Young, beautiful, shy, tender and yet a bit of a coquette that's how Puccini portrayed Mimi in La Bohème. The charming young woman on the stage of the Rome Opera House, her lilting soprano lifted in the lovely aria Mi chiamano Mimi (I'm known as Mimi), seemed to embody perfectly Puccini's vision of the adorable Mimi. She's known as Anna. Anna Moffo, and she is, as one of her colleagues at the Metropolitan Opera says, "the most exquisite Mimi in memory."

Completely staged for realistic sound, a bed was even brought on stage to record Mimi's delicately tragic death scene. The producer couldn't see the stage from the control room, but at one point said over the intercom, "Anna, you're not lying down." And indeed, she had been sitting on the bed. You will sense she was reclining for the final recording when you listen to this tender, poignant scene at home.

Recorded exactly as Puccini wrote it, Conductor Erich Leinsdorf keeps the whole production lively, young, quickly-paced. Richard Tucker and Robert Merrill as Rodolfo and Marcello are wonderfully spirited opposite Miss Moffo's Mimi and the Musetta of Mary Costa, whose voice suits the role of the volatile vixen to perfection. Together, they all breathe the wonderful spirit of youth into this delightful new La Bohème—its smiles are youthful; so are its tears—and that's how Puccini wrote it 66 years ago.

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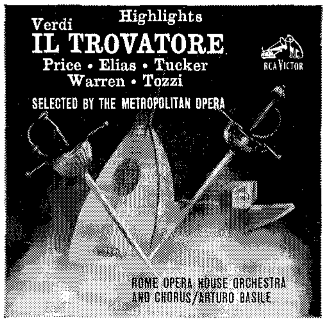

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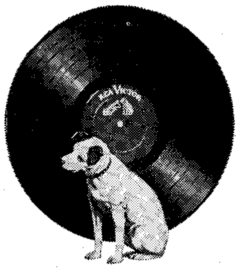

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for a moment, and not only of yourself. I can just see you with your best Dostoevski-like attitude, itching to tell. But I won't let you. You have no right to completely destroy another man for the egotistic pleasure of unburdening your conscience. Do you realize that, after what I have sworn to him, and after all the suffering I have already inflicted on him, he would lose the last bit of faith in humanity he may still have? You yourself were reproaching me *only* a minute ago, *and now you* want to do worse than I did."

"But look, I mean—"

"Look, nothing. Rather, do *not* look for an easy way out. Have the courage to stay what you are, and don't pamper yourself with undeserved forgiveness."

"But what if he has evidence?"

"There is no evidence that a denial cannot shake in the mind of a person in love. He will try to make you speak, because he wants to suffer now, that being the only thing he still can do in connection with me. It is his way of asserting his rights. But even if he should beg you on his knees to let him suffer, you will not give him the poison. Understand?"

"If you insist, all right."

"Insist? I *order* you to do as I tell you. And if you don't show real strength on this occasion, I shall hate you to the last breath of my life, and nothing in the world will make me forgive you."

"All right, all right. I still contend that he would suffer less if—"

"Whose husband is he—yours or mine?"

When the telephone rang again, she crouched, with her knees pressing on her eyes and both hands held tightly over her nose and mouth. The one ear that emerged from under a thick cloud of hair, to be close to the phone, was red with shame; she was a little girl, not a grown woman. And the two men were little boys; they spoke at such a high pitch of sincerity that they did not just make an appointment but they *pledged* one another to meet at seven-thirty, at the Ritz-Carlton bar on Forty-sixth and Madison and nowhere else, at seven-thirty sharp—as if that were high strategy in the noblest endeavor ever engaged in by two heroes.

"And remember—not a word to my wife."

"Count on me. Not a word."

"Seven-thirty."

"Seven-thirty, at the Ritz."

"Right. The Ritz."

When he hung up, her eyes emerged from behind those pale knees. "Why

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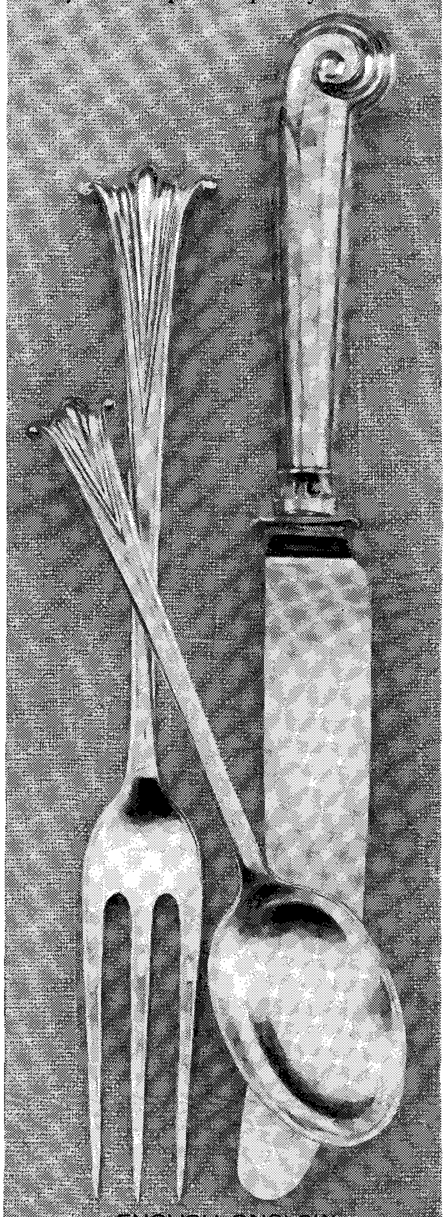

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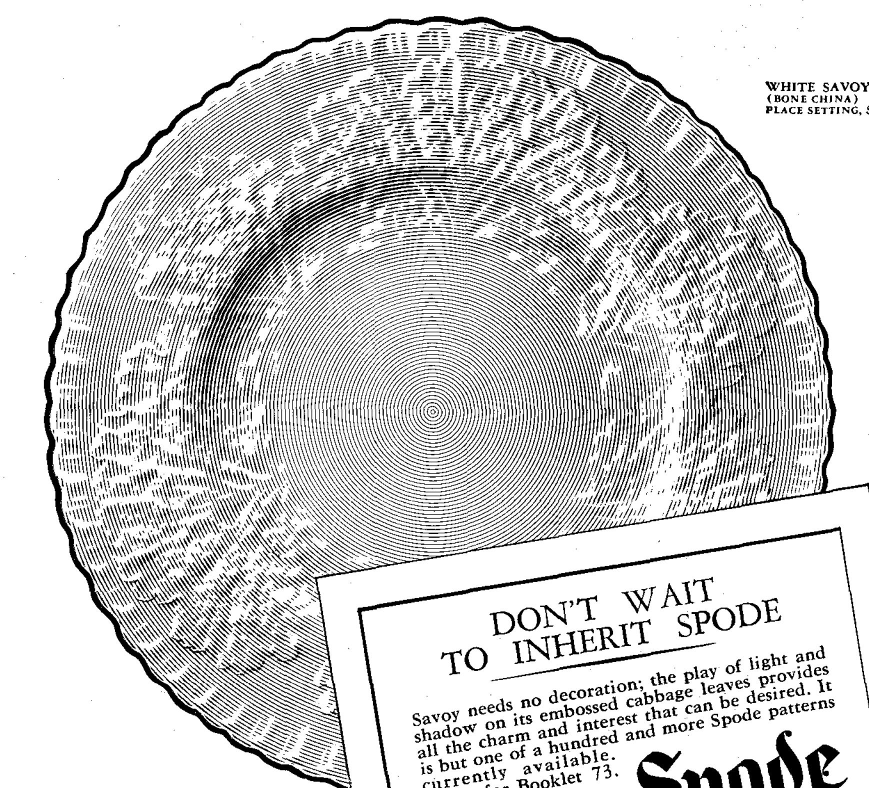

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do you always have to exaggerate?" she asked. "Can't you be natural? This is exactly what I mean when I say that you cannot be trusted. If that is to be the tone of your meeting, it will take you exactly five minutes to spill everything! You can't be truthful when you tell a lie!"

"You said be natural . . ."

"Men are so stupid—all of them. A woman is always alone."

He apologized and wanted to console her, but she petrified him with a terrible look so charged with virtue that he apologized again and felt like a criminal.

AND this time the door closed like the back cover of a book on his last hope to become truthful to himself, to save his work, and to get rid of her. As the noise of her steps receded in the corridor he turned and saw that it was not even noontime. Could he go back to his family now, for a walk with the children? They would enjoy it so. What a surprise to see him suddenly in a state of vacation, all theirs to play with or to work with, and his wife, grateful for this personal Saturday, would only accept it after trying to transform her peaceful working day and the children's playday into that ghastly jail of every moment, every movement, every noise, "to protect Father in his work." That was what made him decide not to go home. He had a clear image of her ready to receive him at the door with a huge bath towel in her arms, as she received the children from his hands after he gave them their evening bath. He could already hear her voice: "But are you sure you want to spend the day with us? Won't the children upset you? And if you suddenly should feel inclined to exchange a few words with other scholars, would it not be quite unrewarding to find only me here, busy as I am, ignorant as I am, utterly inadequate to give you what you need?"

As for spending the day where he was, that seemed the worst of all. There were books he could read, in fact—some of the same books he had at home, and at the library, reserved for him day after day. But what usually happened was that instead of availing himself of this excess of comfort—three sets of the same books waiting for him in his three whereabouts—he had three places in which to be ashamed that he wasted his talent like a fool. Why did she have to leave, now that she needed his last lie? He also needed hers, and for a better purpose than to prevent her husband from losing his last faith in humanity. She could have stayed and calmed him

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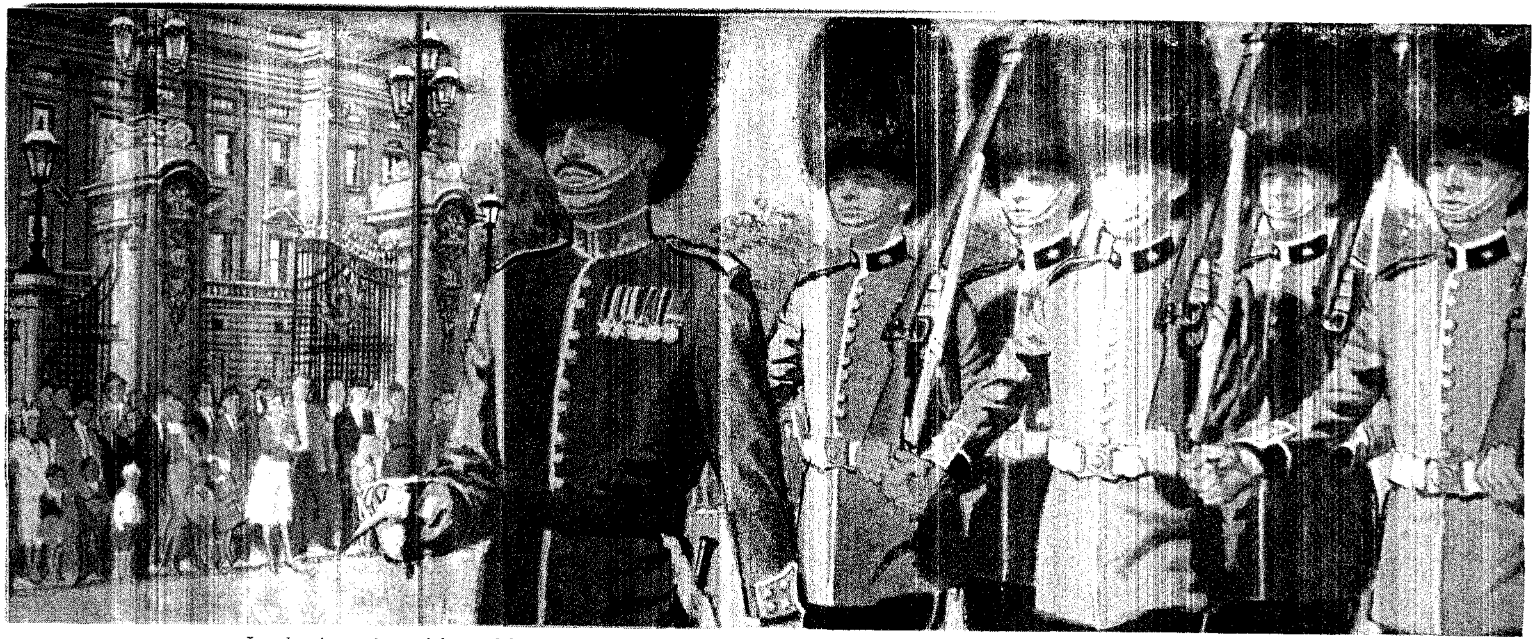

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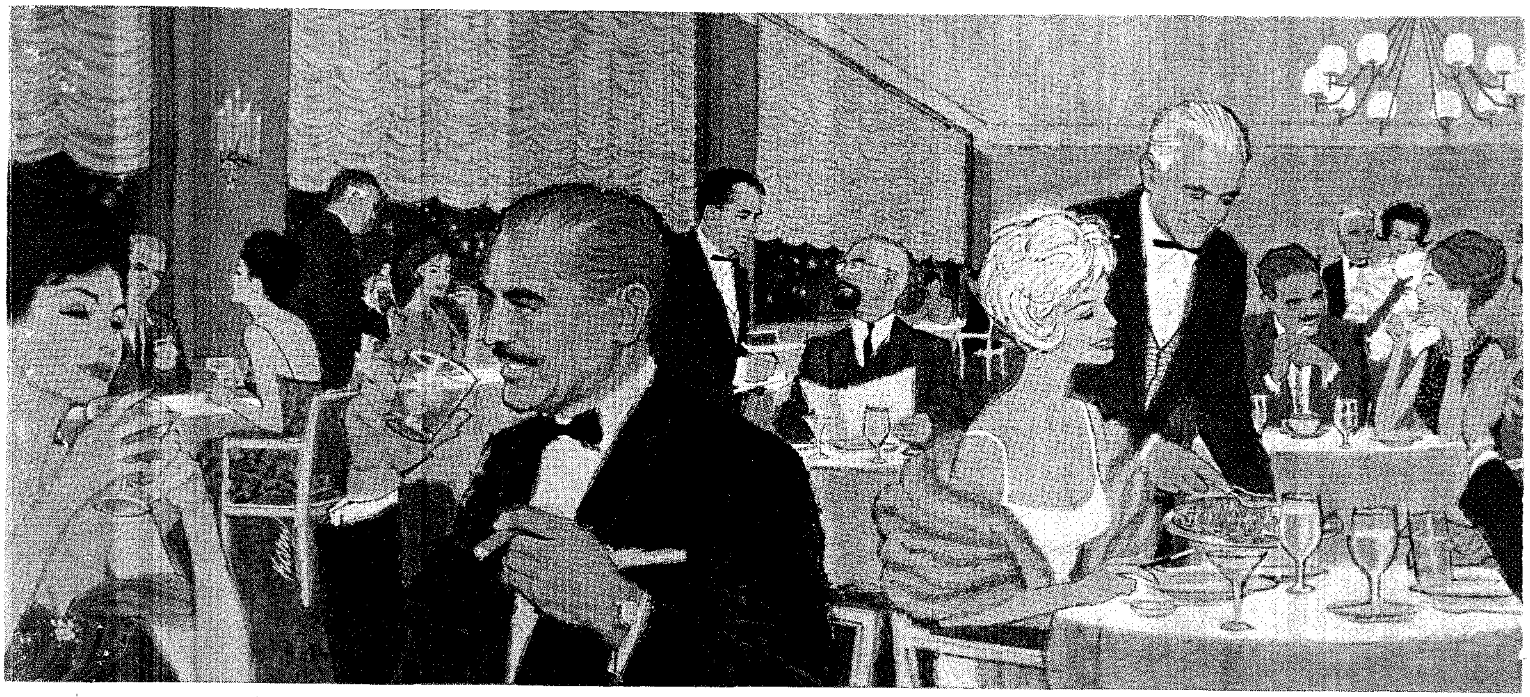

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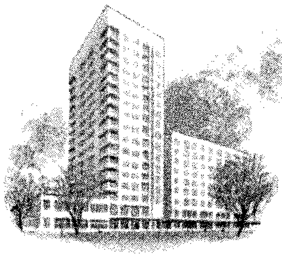

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down, not by giving in to him—oh, no; on the contrary, by hooking their relationship on to some higher, if impossible, flagpole, like a tent that is lifted again on a new pole after the old one has been cut down. This alone could have lifted their passion from the flat goal of a bed and the blindest of senses. They could have made a deal; he could have said to her, "I'll protect you tonight by protecting your husband from despair, and you protect me now by protecting my wife from despair. If she understands that I am still unhappy, and torn by doubts, she, too, may lose all her faith in humanity. While if she sees me smiling and contented, this will be good for her, no matter what may have produced this state in me. She will never be curious. So now sit here in this corner and read while I sit there and read in that corner; then we can eat something together, and then perhaps go out and laugh—yes, laugh. That is my greatest need today. We may go to the movies, for example, even without holding hands, and rehearse my next lie, prepare for it as for a test in school, so that tonight I may remember: yes, today we were friends, excellent friends and nothing else. And extend this good truth to have it cover the whole past. That is the way to serve your lies—a seven-layer cake of lies and truth, with a frosting of truth, and 'Happy Birthday' across it, written in more truth."

He called her up and told her. She was furious. "Is this all you could think of as an excuse not to do as I told you?"

"Not at all. I just meant it as a plan to bridge over these hours between now and seven-thirty."

"Oh, I see, *you need company*. But do you think that other people have nothing else to do than to keep you company?"

"I never said that. I only thought that it would make things easier. We don't have to meet here at all. I would much prefer that we go to the movies together."

"And if I had just made another engagement for the afternoon?"

"With whom?"

"What right have you to know?"

"Only an hour ago I had every right on earth."

"That was an hour ago."

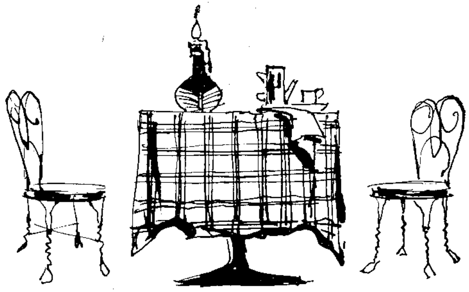
"And two hours ago you were the most desperate woman in the world. Had you not found me here, where would you be now?"

"I am sorry, *chéri*. But I am apt to lose my temper these days."

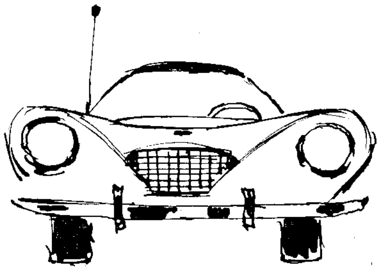
"So am I, and forgive me."

"To tell you the truth, I feel ex-

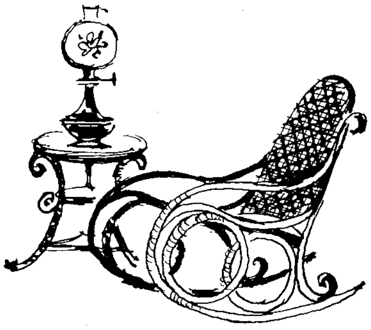
**Are you a status seeker?**



1. Do you like Italian restaurants?



2. Foreign cars?



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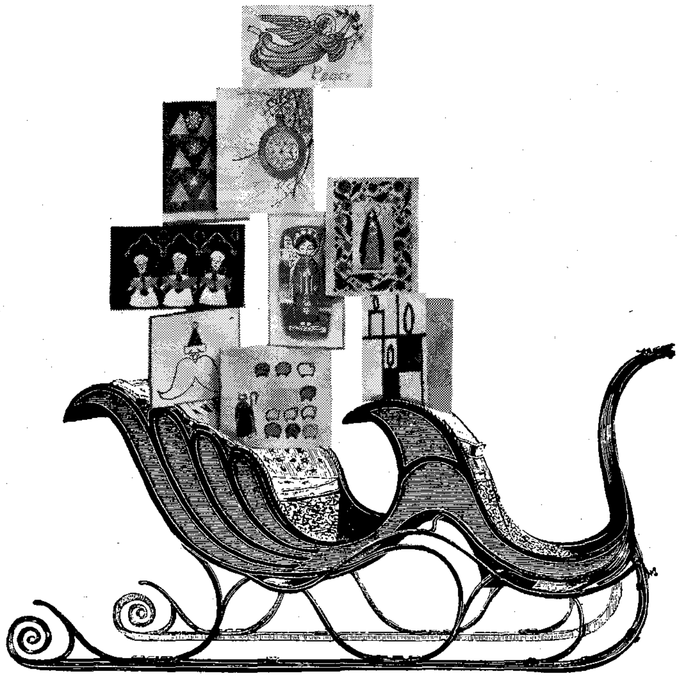

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hausted and I wanted to stay home. Do you still love me a little bit?"

"Immensely so."

"Thank you. And what are you going to do?"

"Going to the library for the rest of the day."

"To work?"

"Yes, to work."

"You say that as if it were a curse. Your work is still the only thing that counts. I hope you can work. And don't hate me too much. And call me before *he* gets home tonight. And don't ruin him, please. Don't make him lose his last bit of faith in humanity."

"No, I won't."

HE loved the library. It was to him a tiny concentration of insanity in that great island of insanity that is New York. In the library, at least, everyone was insane for his own private reasons, and these reasons were public in expression, in that no one was ashamed of exhibiting his manias or his elaborate idea of what constitutes a hat, a coat, a necktie, or a shirt, not to mention a pencil or a comfortable sitting posture, while outside everyone was insane in the same conformist and expressionless way.

There he sat, in a state of irritated somnolence, hoping that he might doze for a few minutes without being aroused by the usual attendant in charge of public dignity. It was five-thirty. He still had two full hours before meeting her husband at the Ritz. Faith in humanity, he thought. She is so self-effacing that she becomes identified with the whole world. What if her husband lost his faith in her alone? He could still have humanity as an object for his faith. . . .

He made an effort and concentrated on the thoughts in his book, which had nothing to do with her and with her modesty or conceit, her lies, her truth, her husband, or her lover. He kept reading and reading, and all he could retain and whisper to himself was "Faith in humanity." Then came the struggle between headache and book, head and hands; the head was resting on the well-balanced scaffolding of hands and elbows, but the whole structure kept crumbling. My hands have no faith in humanity, he thought. This book is called "Faith in Humanity" . . . When he realized this, he protested in a very loud voice, "Faith in humanity, my foot!"

Several people said, "Sh-h-h," looking up from their reading. Somebody giggled. Others became more interested in him than in their books, and were now

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reading him from under the green lampshades on the library tables. He exhibited all the hate of which he was capable, to dismiss their tactless interest in one so empty and tired as he was. The little old woman who occupied the seat across from his had such a kind, sympathetic expression in her eyes that he almost apologized to her for his outburst. He tried to concentrate on the clock. She leaned over the table, concealing all her neatly written filing cards and her book, to whisper to him, "You seem rather upset. Could you tell me precisely what has shaken your faith in—"

"Sh-h-h!"

"Let's go out into the hall," she said, and he got up and followed her with pleasure, because that was at least a waste of time. Sitting there as he had been for the last two hours, he had wasted no time, but what a waste of hope, of love, of nervous energy, even perhaps of his precious virility, which could not find itself much strengthened by that agony of self-hate and contempt for the woman he loved.

"If you have no faith in humanity," the old woman continued when they were outside the reading room, "then you simply cannot find enough energy to live—let alone read or study. Could you tell me what happened to—"

"Oh, nothing. Nothing at all. I have great faith in humanity."

"I am sure of that," she said, shaking her head and smiling up at him. "But still, something must have made you say that. I, too, have faith in humanity, and I have faith in you. May I ask what you are? A scholar, of course, but in what field? I see you at times with books of history, at times with poetry, at times with novels. What are you?"

"Do you really want to know? A liar," he said, and ran downstairs to the telephone booths and dialled her number. But it was busy. He tried a dozen times, then gave up, in great anguish, because it was past seven-thirty.

"YES, gentlemen?" asked the waiter.

"Make mine Drambuie, double," said that poor devil slumped in his chair in the Ritz-Carlton bar with arms outstretched on the low table in front of him, as if ready for a manicure. "How about you?"

"Er . . ." He looked up at the waiter for help, unable to stand the sight of those suffering eyes in that pale, unshaven face before him.

"Same?" asked the waiter.

"No . . . er . . . What do I want?" And he kept thinking of the various

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drinks: arsenic, prussic acid, strychnine . . .

"Martini?" suggested the victim.

"No, not a Martini."

"Champagne *rosé*? You like champagne *rosé* . . ." (He is informed. And this is only the beginning.)

"No, no champagne *rosé* . . ."

"Cordon Rouge? Moët et Chandon? A highball?"

"No . . . a small cognac," he said to the waiter, and the well-informed husband added, "*Fine champagne* Rémy Martin. I am sorry to put you to all this trouble."

"No, no, it is for me to be sorry. I am late. . . ."

"Never mind. Aaah. This has been one hell of a day."

"Trains crowded?"

"No. This was counter rush hour. I was coming in from the suburbs at six."

"Oh yes, of course . . ."

"I often wonder how can there be people who do this twice a day all their lives, on overcrowded trains. They come in every morning and go back every night—millions of them. How can they stand it? Not for me. I'd rather die than live like that. Waiter! Waiter? He can't hear me."

"Shall I—"

"Never mind, he will come. I shouldn't have too many all at once anyway. Well, I imagine you know all about yesterday."

"Yesterday?"

"Yes. All the foolish things I did."

"What foolish things?"

"Come on, don't play that game. I'm not a baby. Besides, you do know, because I told you so myself this morning, when I called you."

"You mean when you called me from out of town?"

"When else? I called you only once, didn't I?"

"No, you called twice, but you didn't mention any foolish things that you had done. All you said the first time was that you were out of town and didn't know about trains."

"Is that all I said? Are you sure?"

"Absolutely sure. I could swear to it. You may ask—" He stopped too late, and felt his ears grow purple while his victim watched him.

"I may *ask* who?"

"No one. I was thinking that Jacques had come back, but that was later."

"And you told him the whole story? After I had asked you to keep it to yourself?"

"No, no, no, I told him nothing. I just said someone had called. You remember you were trying to get him and not me?"

"But then I got you, and I asked you *specifically* if you were alone in the room."

"And I was."

"So you said. But do I know that you were?"

"I beg your pardon."

"Well, I have your word for it, but so I also thought I had for your keeping this a secret. And the first thing you do is go and tell your friend Jacques."

"Jacques knows nothing at all. *This* I can swear. In fact, I said to him, 'Someone just called you,' and at that moment I remembered that they had called me, so I said, 'Never mind, it was for me.' He was surprised, because this was a strange coincidence—that someone calling *him* to ask *him* about *me* should find me in his apartment. And I said to him, 'I not only can't speak, because this is a confidential matter, but even if I wanted to there is nothing I could tell you, because I don't know what this man wants from me.' Is that satisfactory?"

While waiting for his lie to go down into his victim, thick as it was, he put a hand to his neck to conceal the vibrations that his jugular vein was transmitting to his collar.

"So your friend Jacques knows nothing at all?"

"Shall I call him in your presence? You will hear him insist that I tell him what happened between us."

"*Between us*? Then he knows about *me*."

"I tell you he does not. Shall I call him?"

"No, I believe you."

"Thank you so much. It's about time."

Fear of falling, after not having fallen, finds its natural outlet in righteous indignation. The two feelings cannot be told apart. And the victim gave in because he just could not afford to be particular. There was so much he still wanted to know.

"I am sorry," he said. "And my wife has not told you about yesterday?"

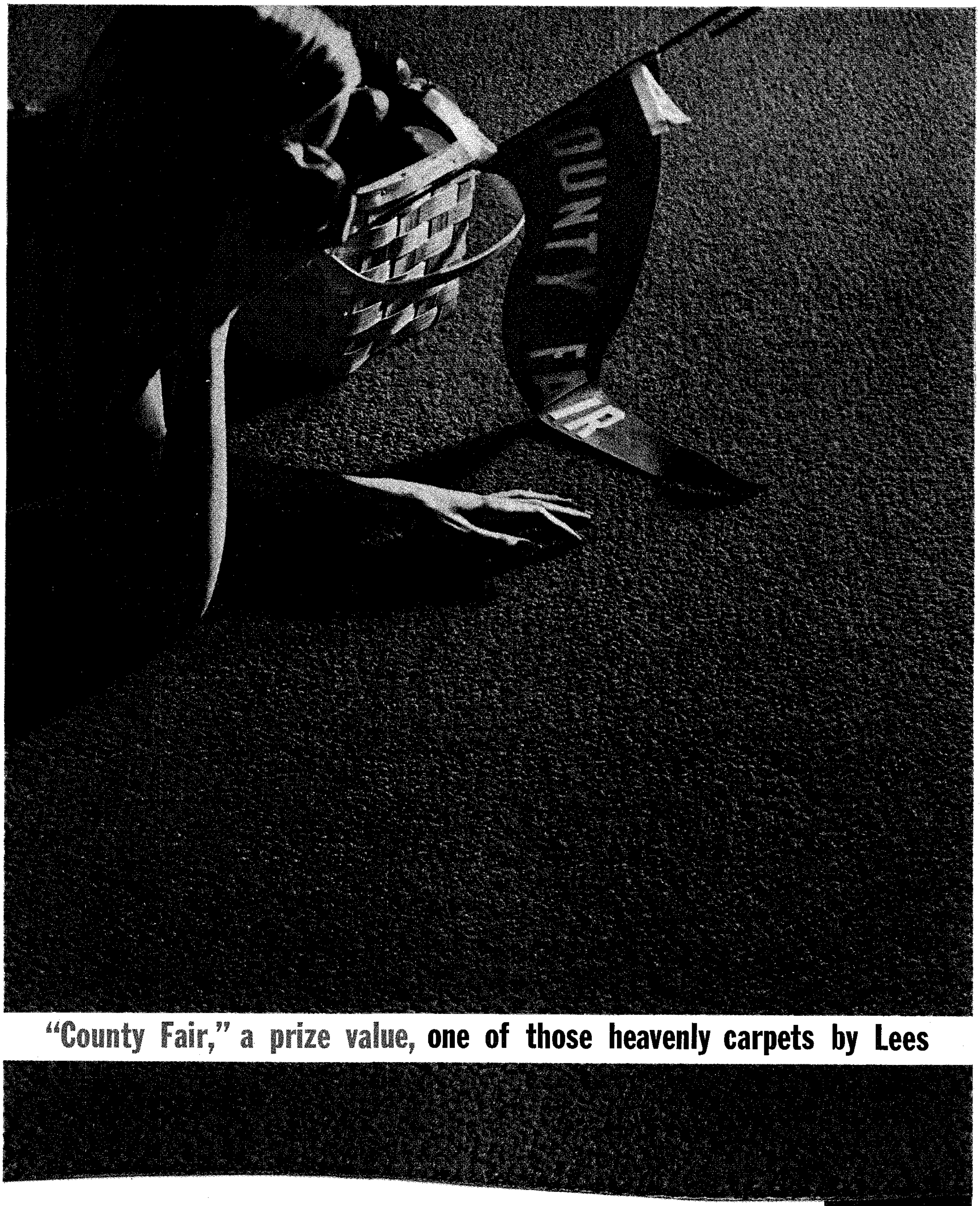
"You asked me not to speak to her."

"Only about my call. But I thought you'd spoken to her anyway, or that she had called you."

"No, she has not. I was not home all day."

"She . . . calls you at home?"

Now the fear was preventive, but the indignation just as righteous. "What *do* you mean? Of course she does, *when*



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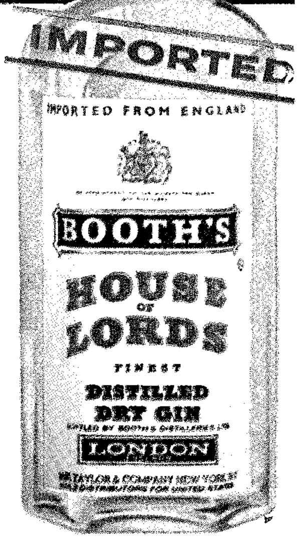
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she does, and she has *not* for a long time."

"Oh . . . I see. That surprises me a bit, if I may say so."

"Why?"

"Because . . . May I be frank?"

"What else? We did not meet here to be . . . less than frank."

"Right. I apologize. The reason it surprises me is that until quite recently—until yesterday morning, let's say—she seemed utterly unable to decide whether she should sneeze or not unless she had consulted with you first. How can she have lost confidence in you between one day and the next?"

This hurt immensely. It struck at the heart of his pain, and at the same time it felt soothing, for here was the one person in the world who still believed in his lost privilege.

"And how come you did not call her today? Or have you quarrelled?"

"What a word to use. Lovers quarrel. Friends have disagreements. We had many in the course of our long friendship. But we never *quarrelled*, as you say. I only called her much less frequently these last few months because I knew she had . . . difficulties, and I also felt that if she wanted my advice she knew where to reach me. Especially as I have always been most violently opposed to her ideas of independence—I mean her breaking up the family."

"I am glad to hear that from you directly. I had always suspected you were behind all this."

"Me? No, no, no, no. I could not have been more explicit in my advice against it. And I still believe that you should give it a new try."

"You really do? I'm afraid it's too late. Frankly, I don't know whether I would want it now. So you did not speak to her today?"

"I tried several times, but the line was always busy."

"I know. I tried her, too, and, in a way, I was pleased I could not reach her. Again I was suspecting you, but it must have been that fellow from Paris. You know him?"

"Yes, of course I do—Jacques."

"Jacques? But you said Jacques was in town. We were going to call him."

"*Of course!* How *stupid* of me! He arrived *this morning* from Paris. In fact, that is why I had gone to his apartment—to see him and to help him with some papers."

"Then it was *not* Jacques."

"Of course not. It must have been either Etienne or Robert."

"You are giving me all these names as if I knew. I don't know any of them. I only know that the person she

# Q What Is Price-Earnings Ratio? What Are Rights and Warrants?

A How do you judge whether the price of a stock is reasonable or not? Since the price is generally related to the earning power of the stock, one clue is the price-earnings ratio, sometimes abbreviated to P/E ratio, which can be determined by dividing the current price of the stock by the latest actual or estimated annual earnings per share.

There is no absolute yardstick for measuring what a price-earnings ratio should be. It varies from industry to industry and from company to company. It varies as the economic outlook is favorable or unfavorable. And it is likely to be higher in a growth industry than in other industries. There was a time when investors regarded a ratio of 10 to 1 or 15 to 1 as desirable for most stocks, with a higher ratio for growth companies. At the height of the bull market of 1961, the price-earnings ratio for the Dow-Jones Industrial Average was 23 to 1, with many individual issues much higher—as much as 80 to 1.

So you see that the price-earnings ratio is a relative matter. In using it, you must keep in mind the market as a whole and the industry as well, remembering that the ratio is meaningful only when used comparatively. In other words, if a stock is selling at a ratio very much higher or very much lower than the average for the stocks of other companies in the same industry, you had better find out why and be satisfied that the reason is a good one before you make your investment. Similarly, if the price-earnings ratio of a company drops drastically at a time when neither the industry nor the market as a whole shows a similar drop, the chances are that investors have lost confidence in the stock, and you had better consider carefully before you buy—or buy something else.

Price-earnings ratio is not a magic means for appraising the reasonableness of the price of a stock, but it can be one of a number of useful tools for the person who wisely investigates before he invests.

When a company wants to raise more capital for expansion and development, it may issue new or additional securities. And sometimes it gives its stockholders the opportunity of buying those securities (either stocks or bonds) in proportion to their present holdings *before* any public offering is made. When a company does that, it issues subscription rights to its stockholders, usually offering them the new or additional securities at a favorable price for a limited time, generally a month or less. For example, if Typical Manufacturing Company were issuing more common stock and the presently outstanding shares were around 45, shares of the new issue *might* be offered to holders of Typical common stock at 43. Sometimes the issuing of subscription rights to stockholders is required by statute or by the company's charter to enable each stockholder to maintain his proportionate share of the ownership of the company by exercising his rights, and sometimes the offering to existing stockholders is optional with the company.

If a stockholder chooses not to exercise his rights to buy more securities, he can simply ask his broker to sell those rights for him. Rights are often traded in the market during their life at prices that generally fluctuate in relation to the security they represent.

The word *warrant* is sometimes used to describe the certificate which evidences a subscription right. In addition, the term is used to refer to a right that is similar to a subscription right except that its life is longer. In this sense, a warrant is a certificate giving its holder the right to buy certain securities at a stipulated price, sometimes within a set period of time (months or years) and sometimes perpetually. Warrants are often used by companies as "sweeteners" to make new issues more attractive to investors—and indeed they can be valuable. Warrants usually increase in value when the price of the security that they may be exercised for goes up and decrease when it goes down. With some warrants, the price at which they can be exercised increases as time goes by. For example, the holder of a Typical warrant may be able to buy one share of Typical common stock at 45 through 1965, at 50 through 1968, and at 55 through 1971.

NEXT WEEK: *What Are Convertibles and What Is Leverage?*

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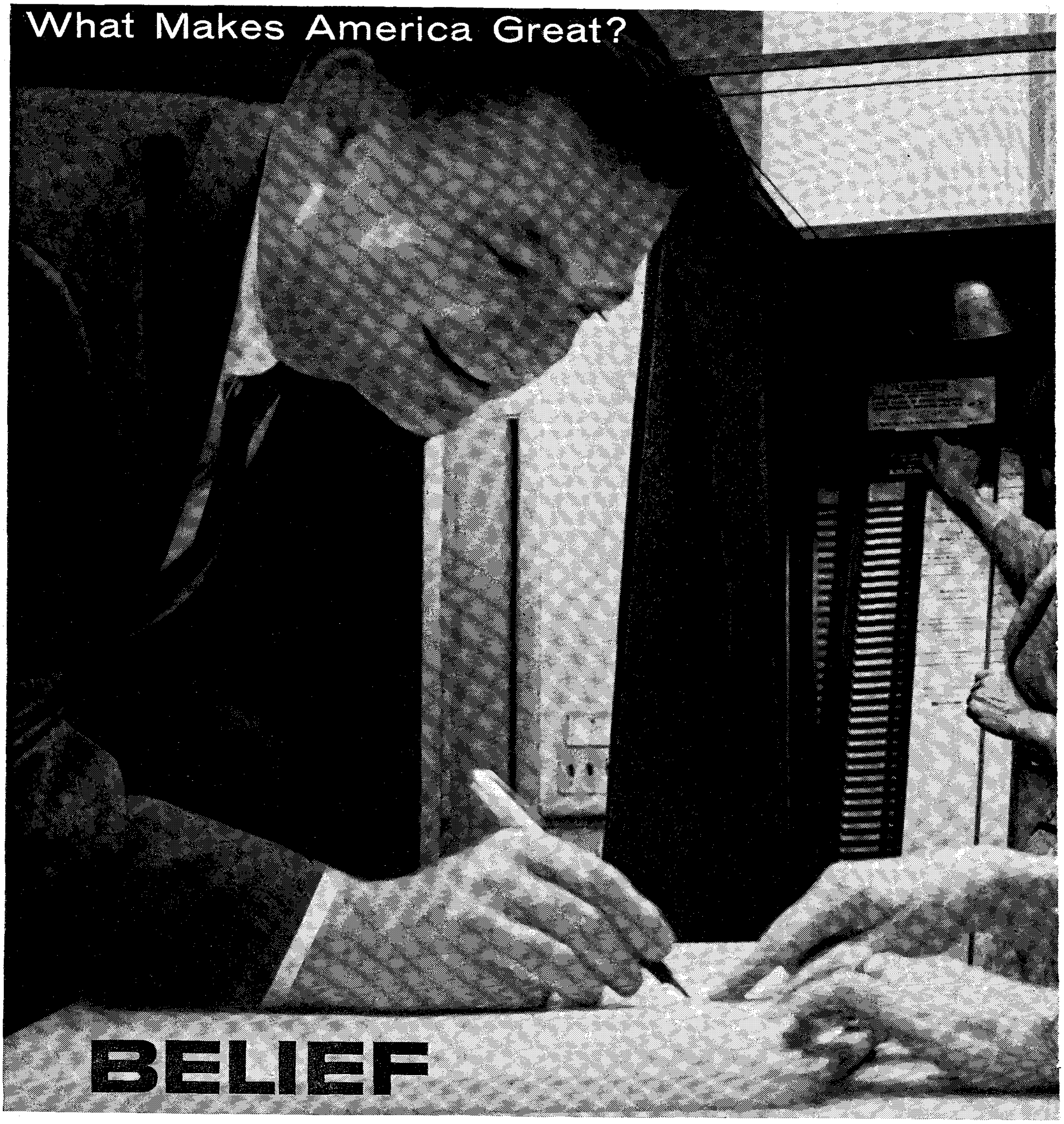
# What Makes America Great?



# BELIEF

## ...that all rights are inherent in the people and that government derives all its powers from the people.

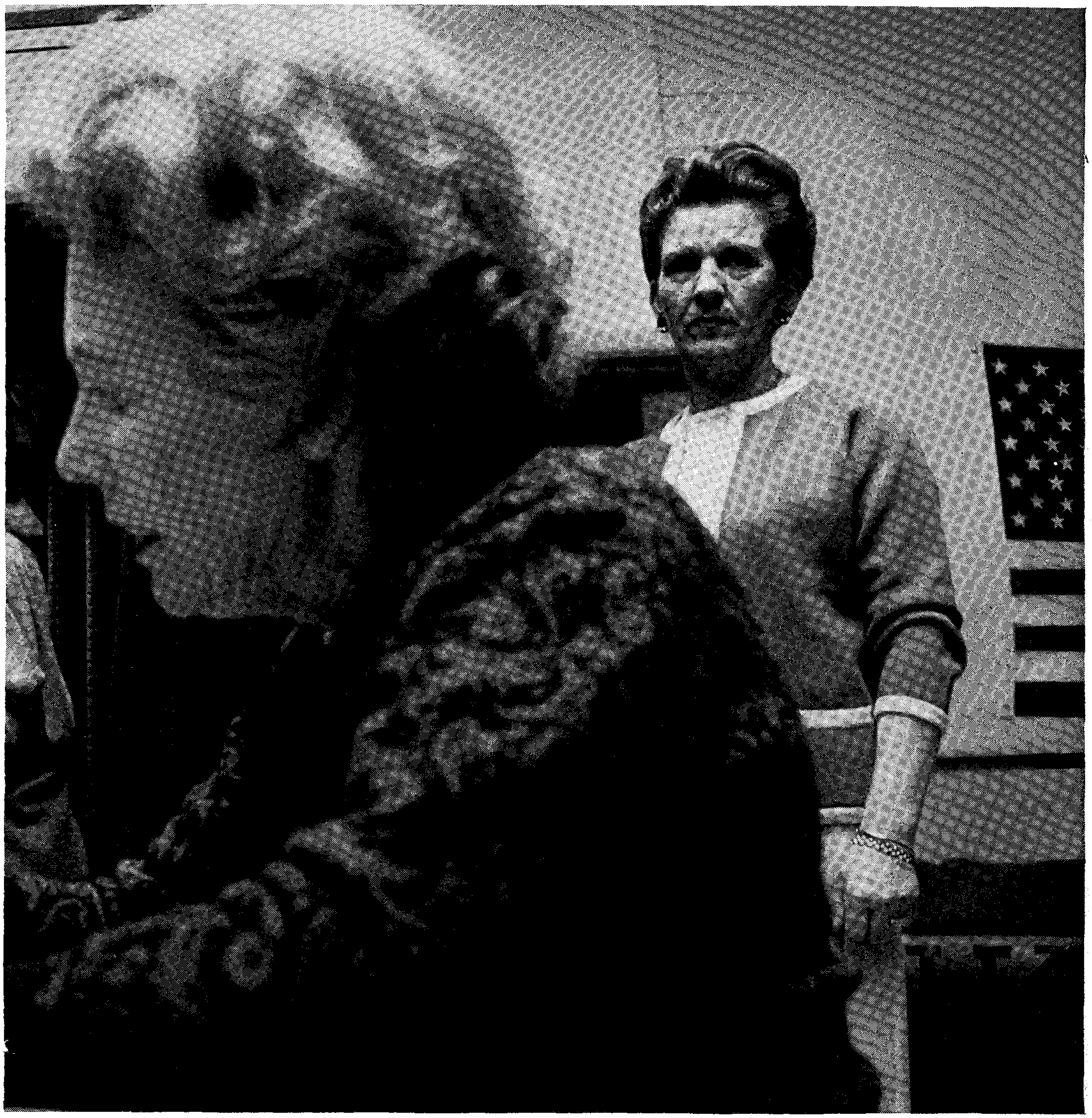
From the votes we cast for the highest elective office to the selection of our neighborhood official, at every level of government, we are participating in the greatest experiment in individual freedom ever undertaken.

America is unique: it is the oldest constitutional republic in existence. Our republic is self-government on the largest scale ever practiced. The sixty-nine million votes cast in our last presidential election represent the greatest single vote by a literate and free electorate in history.

Ours is a representative government—with separation of powers and insistence that the rights of the minority shall not be abridged by the vote of the majority, and that all rights are inherent in the people and do not come fro their government. This free system has demonstrated it ability to survive attack from without, while growing an improving the life of its people within.

This system of government—and the private enterpris made possible by it—have met the military threats o totalitarianism and provided for our people the highes level of living ever enjoyed by any people.

But now we face the greatest challenge we have eve faced. World-wide Communism confronts us with th philosophy that the people of a nation do not know wha is best for them. It tries to convince the world that societ



moves faster and further under the iron will of one man or a cabal of a few men.

If we are to retain our freedom we must learn to understand better the principles upon which that freedom is based. A free people must be a thinking people.

Each of us who is dedicated to the principles of American liberty must share the responsibility of meeting these challenges. Each of us must study the roots and the reasons for his freedom — if he is to exercise his privilege of voting in a manner that will preserve his freedom.

America must keep its faith in freedom and must strengthen its mind as well as its muscle—to the end that freedom be preserved and extended to all the world's peoples.

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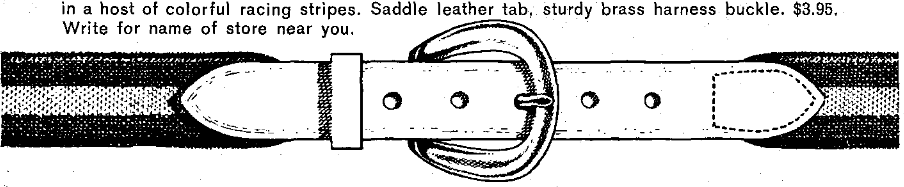

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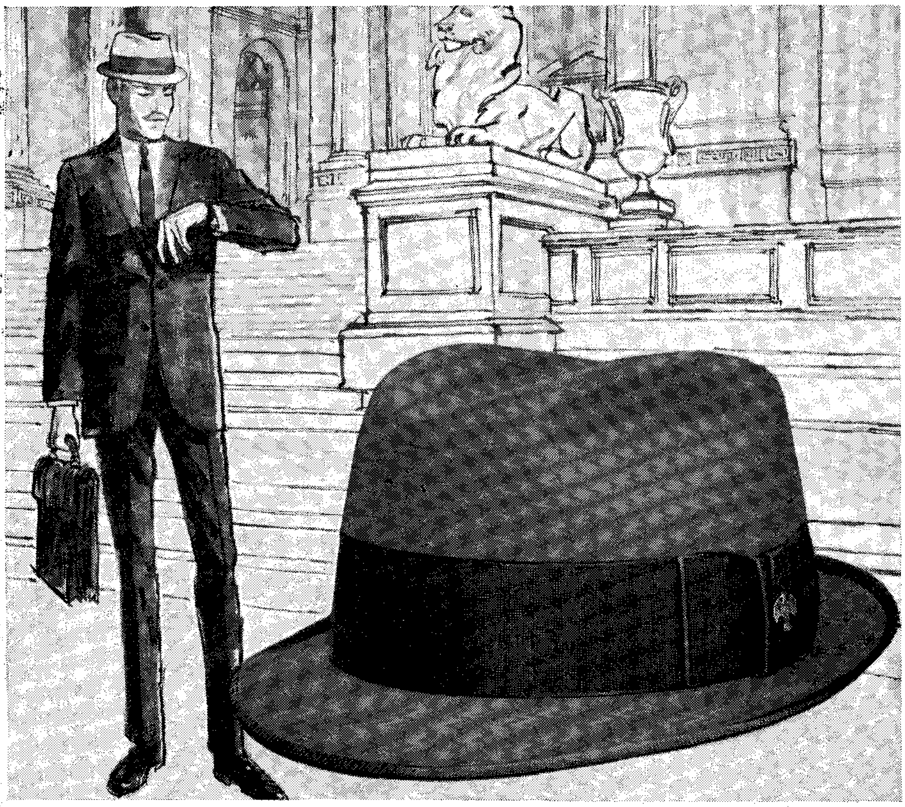

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mentioned was neither of these two."

"Impossible."

"She even said he was a friend of yours. Wait a moment. Perhaps it will come back to me."

"But I don't *want* to know! That is all utterly unimportant, and besides, it is her business. It seems to me that what the two of us are doing here is highly uncivilized . . ."

Here righteous indignation worked too well; the victim stared at him, then sat back with his eyes closed, and seemed about to faint.

"Are you ill?"

"No. You frightened me. For a moment I thought she was here. You spoke in her voice, the words were hers, and you even looked like her. My God! How can you do that?"

"I'm sorry, I was not aware of it. It is true, I am often told I have a gift for imitating voices, and, as I happened to be thinking of her reaction to all this, perhaps—"

"Never mind. You were right. I could not agree more. And I hope I have your word that this remains between us."

"But I gave it to you. Must I repeat it all the time?"

"No, no, I'm sorry, but you don't know what she's like when she flies into a temper."

"Don't I."

"Oh, you do? Why? Was she ever like that with you?"

"No, of course not, but I saw her—frequently, too. These tempers were never directed against me, I want you to understand, always against herself."

"Against *herself*?"

"Against herself."

"Not against *me*?"

"No. Only against herself."

"How strange. I never knew she had a conscience."

"Oh, she has, she most definitely has. And a very sensitive one."

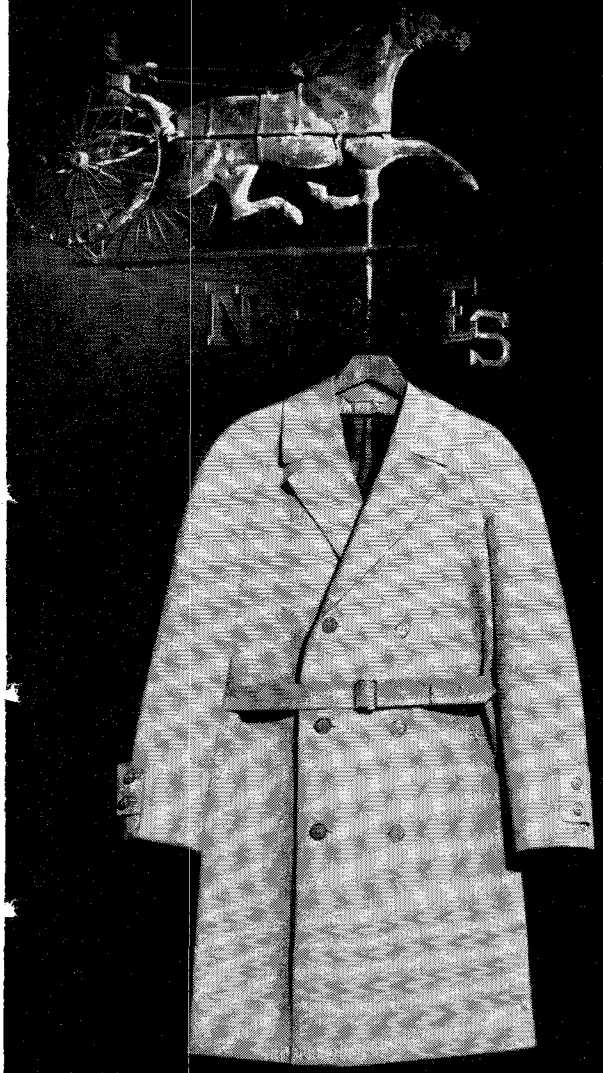
"How many things you know about my wife that I don't know."

"Why, that is only natural. An outsider at times—"

"An outsider? Who is the outsider here? You have been inside her bones."

"Yes, but a stranger very often, like a confessor, who . . . It is an entirely different kind of relationship. Body and soul cannot always be relinquished together. One must be held back. Only in rare cases of great love, and a great love is rarer than a great violinist, a great painter . . ."

"I know, I know. These are her words, or perhaps they are yours. But, to be quite sincere, she held back her body from me, too. She was incapable



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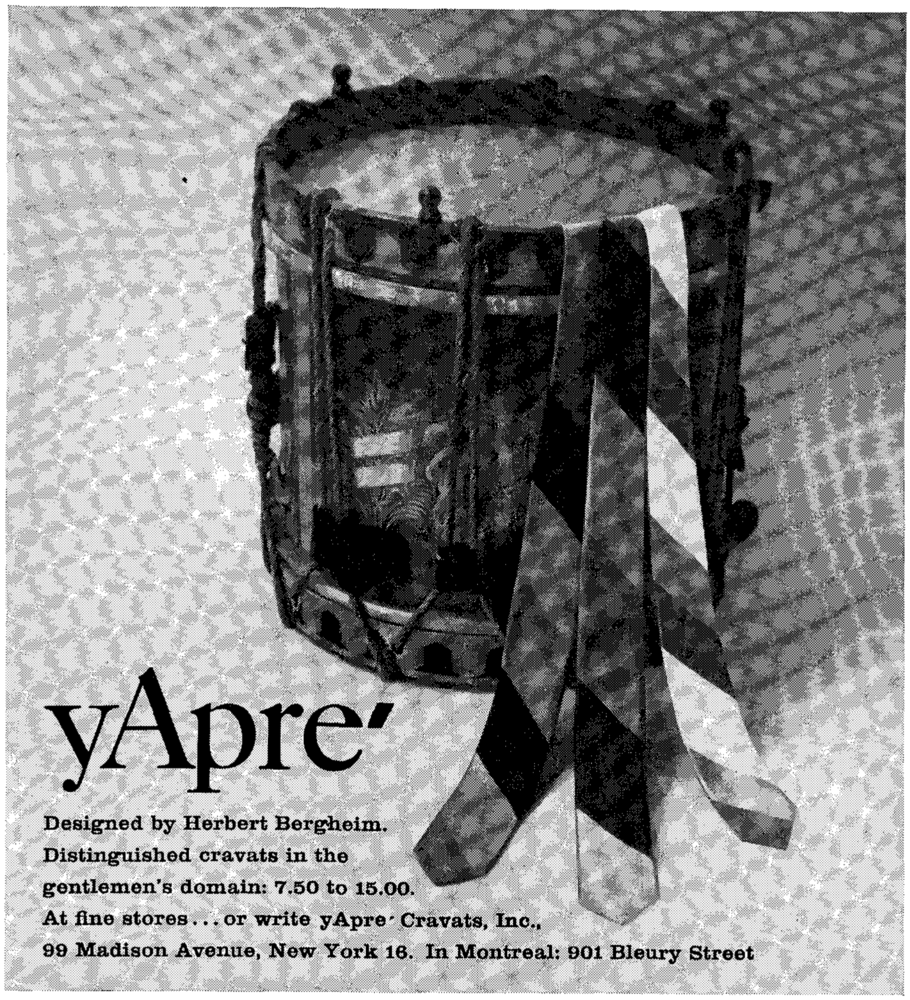
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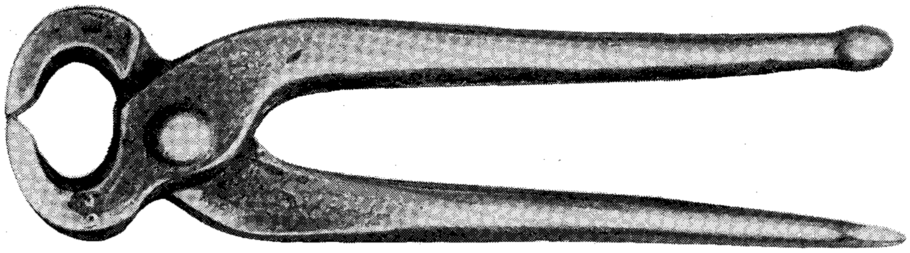
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of giving. . . . Am I being indiscreet? It seems to me there is no point in talking if we don't talk of everything. It hurts much less, you know. Tell me—why against herself? What was she doing to cause this feeling of regret, of repentance, that she had to show to you and not to me? You can speak freely, you know."

"Nothing that I could see."

"Yes, but . . . where did this take place? I am not trying to cross-question you, I am just trying to get an image of the person I have been living with for twelve years."

"Well, anywhere. At the public library, in a restaurant, over the telephone."

"Did she . . . just come and tell you? Did she cry?"

"I really don't remember. She was usually depressed. She felt . . . she had been very unfair to you."

"Oh, yes? To me? In what specific way?"

"In a number of ways. By sudden tempers. By ridiculing everything you did. By . . . not being appreciative enough, or helpful . . . or . . . I don't know what."

"She did not like the way she was behaving toward me? Is that what she said?"

"Yes."

"What a strange creature! And she never told me. . . . She certainly had reasons to be ashamed of herself. . . . At times I did not know: Was this a stranger in my house? Was this my wife? Why did she have to antagonize me in everything I did, make me feel worthless, ignorant, and stupid . . . after having done everything for me, broken off with her friends, overcome the resistance of her family, extolled me as a God, imposed me upon them, made me feel that together she and I could conquer the whole world. And then, less than three months after we were married, she became a different person. This was years before you met her. When you came along, there was a marked improvement. At least she became interested in things again, and even with the children she became a real mother, which she had never been before. And she loved books and music, and she sang, and she went to museums and concerts. This lasted . . . quite a number of years, I should say. For which I am still grateful to you, even if yesterday— Waiter? Waiter? Two more here."

"Yesterday what?"

"Oh, never mind. I am ashamed of what I did."

"What did you do? Come, it is your

turn to be frank now. I have done my bit."

"Yes, you have, I must say. I owe you a full confession. But before I begin, here come our drinks—let's give ourselves a little energy, for I at least will need it all tonight. And I don't care how long I keep you here. As for your wife, she can wait. . . . Sorry, I was only joking. Am I detaining you?"

"Not at all."

"Don't you really want to call your wife and tell her you are detained by some important conference? This time it happens to be true. You should jump to take advantage of the occasion. . . . I am joking again. But if you want to call, go ahead."

"No, I don't have to call."

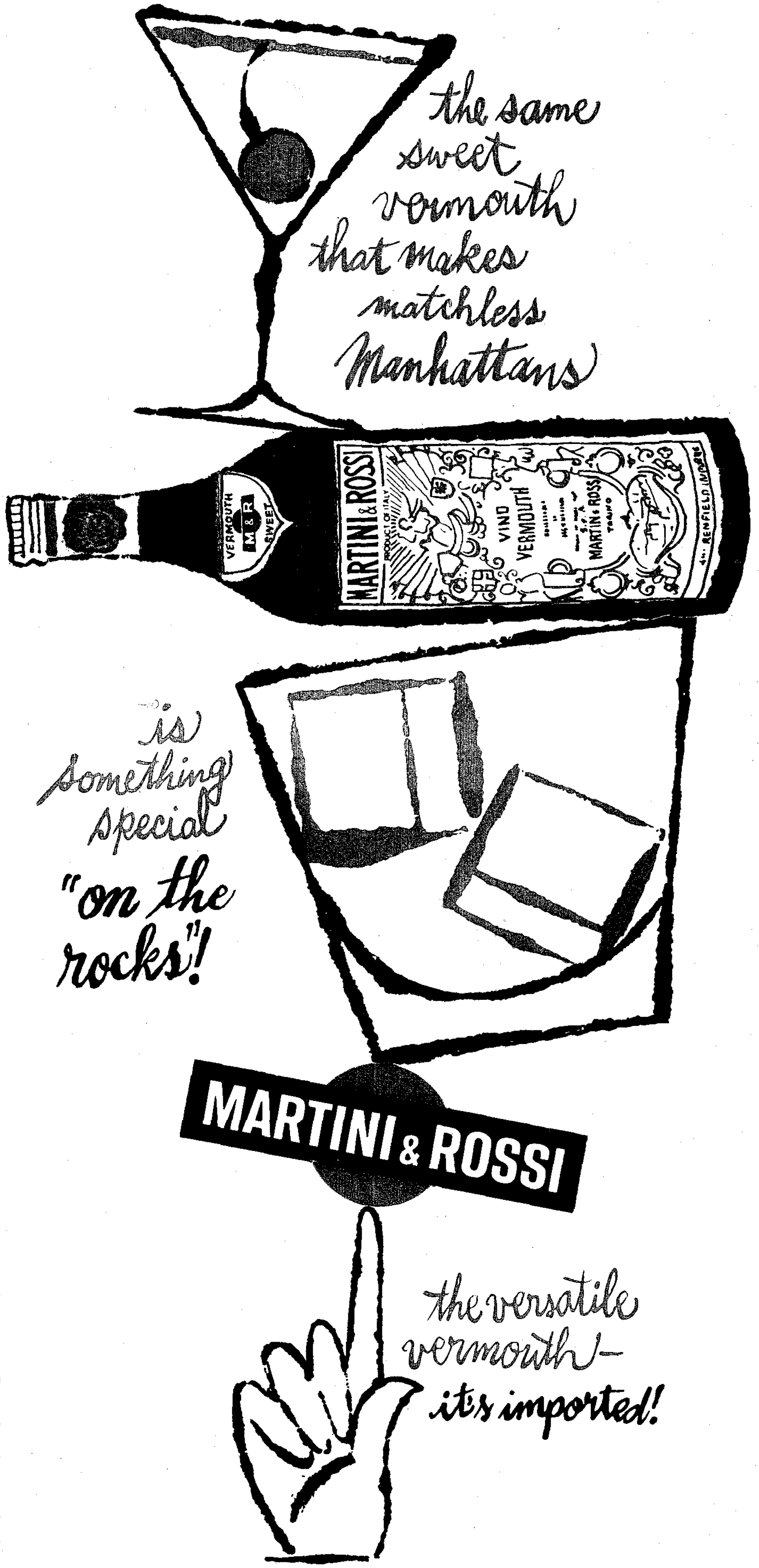
"I must say you have trained her better than I did mine. Years ago, when *I* had to tell these lies, I got hell from her every time, even on those rare instances when I was being truthful. Well, let's drink, then. Here's to you."

They drank.

"I really do not hate you at all, even if I said so yesterday. Because I know that you have had a remarkable influence on her, through the contact with your mind, your ideas, your whole world, which has a value of its own. I am the first to admit it. I am not like those fellows who despise everything intellectual or artistic. Art has its place in the world, so has philosophy, so has poetry. . . . Where would we be without them? Can you answer me that? . . . You won't answer my question. I know why. You think I'm drunk. Well, I'm not. I am only just beginning to see clearly. What made me black out yesterday was that I felt I had to know. That I had to or I would die. That I couldn't go on groping in the dark. Women don't understand that they can drive you insane. . . ."

The listener was beginning to gulp down too much liquor for his own good. The temptation to confess was becoming too strong. And it would have been silly, after weathering such storms, to sink the ship a few minutes from the port of arrival. "Look, my friend," he said, and the victim wiped his first tear, smiled, and said, "I'm *looking*. Speak."

"I know very well what drove you insane with jealousy, because I am a few years older than you, and in my stormy life I have had some of the same experiences. As you know, she has confidence in me. Well, some time ago she told me exactly what had happened, and she regretted it so much that it was painful to watch her suffer. She destroyed your illusions of the past by confessing to things that had happened long ago and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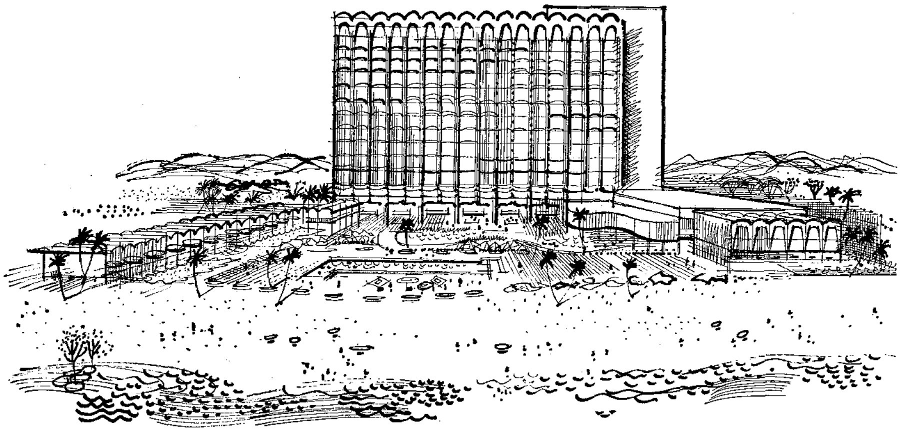

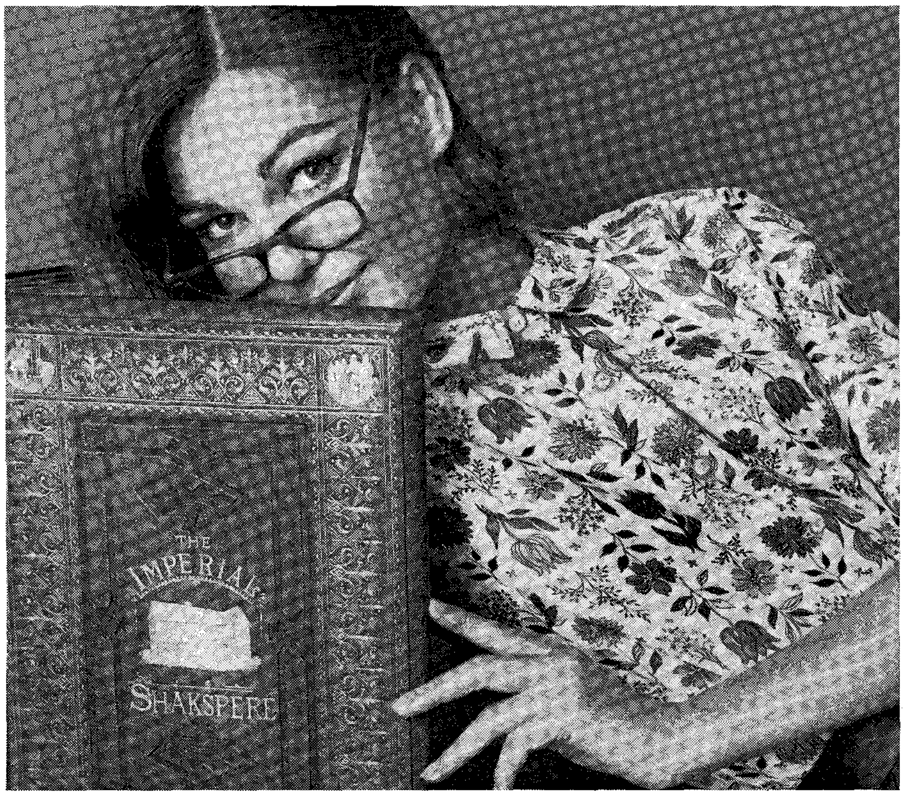

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that were of no importance to her any more. But they still were to you. She . . ."

He could not go on, because the victim seemed amused—so much so that he began to laugh. "So you, too, now know all of her most intimate secrets."

"I'm sorry I mentioned this. I am very, very sorry indeed. And you can trust me to forget what I was told. But you must not let yourself be destroyed by her confession of old things. Those don't count. If she married you, she must have loved you, and—"

"Did she tell you all that? And you believed it? . . . See what a damn liar she is! She was trying to fool you, too. Now, she can do that to *you*, because you are up in the clouds with your art and stuff, but not to *me*. Oh, no. I won't buy it. What a bitch! Forgive me for using that word, but at times I could strangle her. To take advantage of a poor, innocent fellow like you—that's what I can't forgive. And did she say I was upset? Did she describe the pathetic scene as she alone can describe scenes? Did she? I want to know that. Just that. Come on. She did, didn't she? She said I cried bitterly?"

"What's wrong with that? Men do cry."

"I don't have to be told by you that she loved me at one time. She was mad about me. Trouble with her is she is not a grown person at all. She is sexually immature, and mentally even more so. She is full of complexes, she has no sense of reality, no sense of money, and she hasn't got a logical bone in her whole body, if you want to know the truth. I'm positive she is hiding something from me, and I decided I'd find out, no matter what it cost. And it has already damaged me a good deal in my work. Yesterday I fouled up four important appointments in my office trying to get her to confess about you. It would have cost me less in money, time, and energy had I come straight to you, instead of going the whole damned long roundabout way to discover in the end that you are even more of a fool than I am! Now tell me, frankly, man to man—are you in love with her?"

"No."

"And were you ever in the past?"

Over him weighed his pledge to her, like a huge gravestone, and inside him this torment, which perhaps could become a liberating force if concentrated only in one direction: upward, against that gravestone. "No, I don't think so. Let me explain. I have for her an affection such as I have almost never had for anyone before. I would do anything to see her happy and steady. . . . I know

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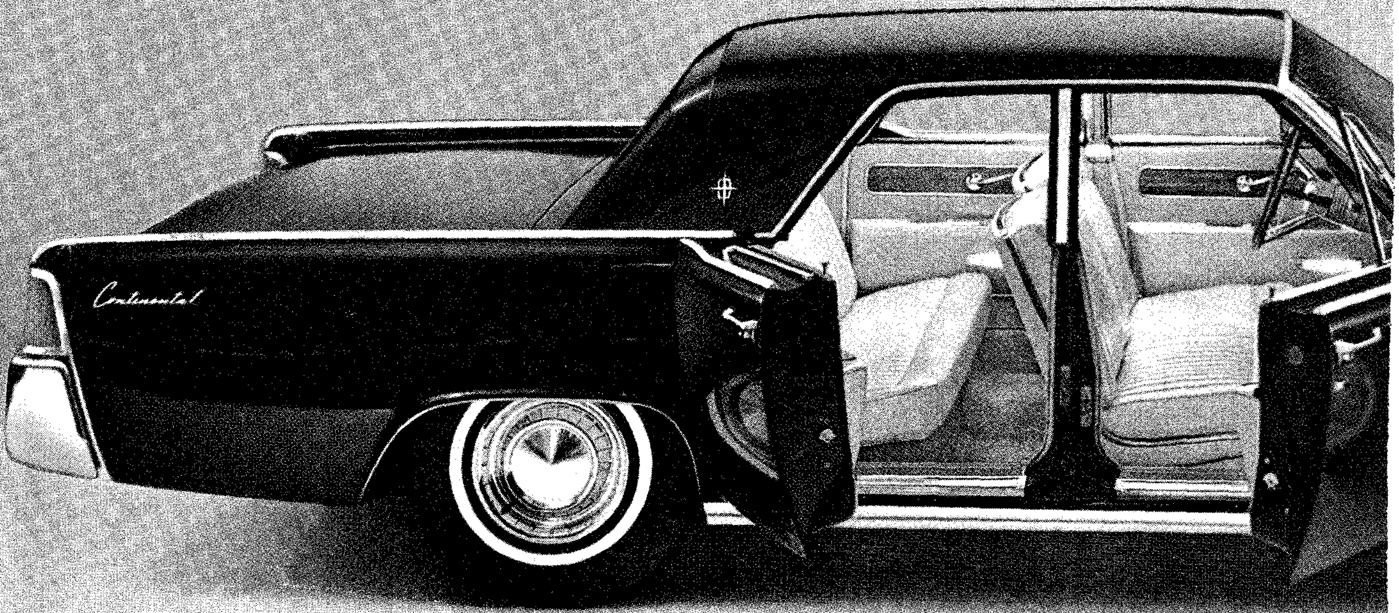

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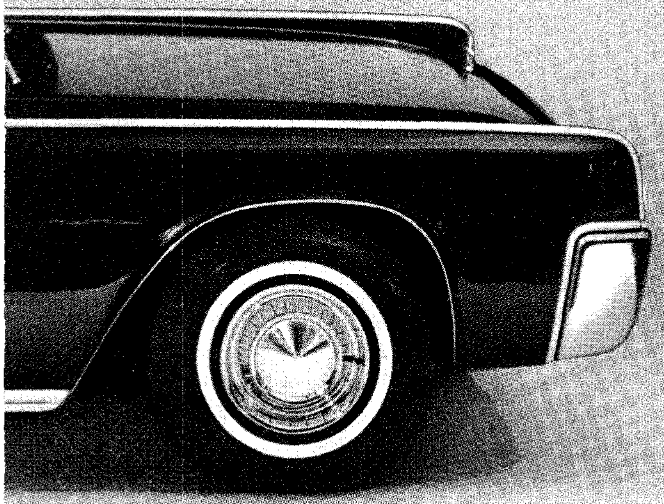

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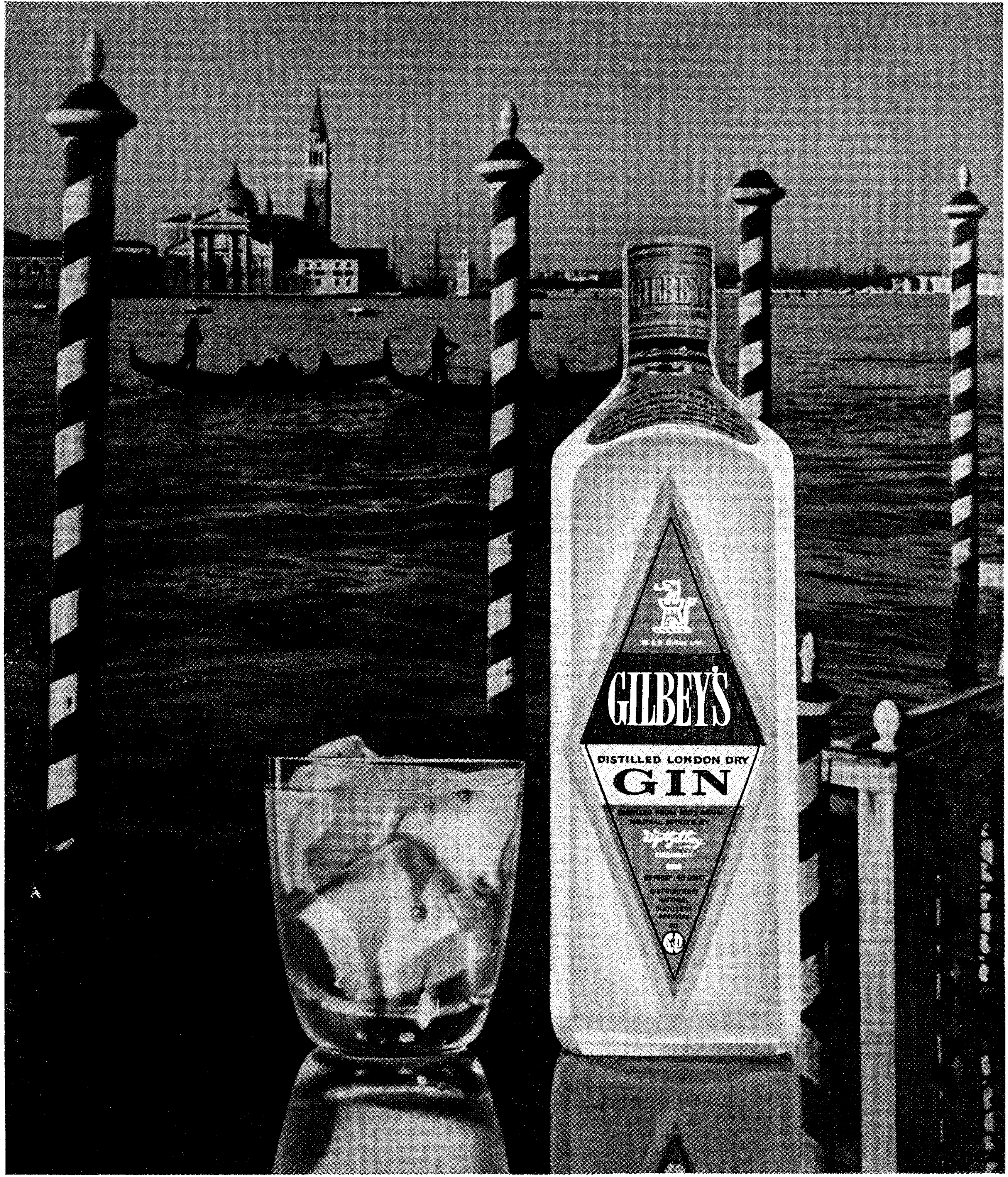

*A photographic interpretation of Venice's fabled Grand Canal*

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she needs someone to guide her, someone she can obey and trust. And, of course, she needs affection—all women do. She is, in many ways, a child. And yet, in other ways, she is two thousand years old."

"A hell of a problem, in other words."

"All women are a hell of a problem. They adapt themselves instantly to the emotional climate of the times, because they are adaptable by nature. That is what makes them frigid in our age. Love in our world is out of fashion. Look at these women executives; they are harder than men—they have to be. But they are also living schools for homosexuals. They are effeminate instead of being feminine. Any adolescent coming near them is instinctively repelled and made to seek refuge in his own immature self, by the lack of affection and the weakness they exude. But they exude that which they were given. It is a vicious circle: violent men are weak, they breed weak women, who in turn become violent and destroy the upcoming generation. This, then, gives up even the initial violence, which has lost every function—"

"We have gone far afield."

"No, we have not. Now, for example, take your case. Had you, who are so strong, aggressive, and intelligent, lived in an age when love was still in fashion, you would never have made such a mess of your marriage. To turn detective at the very last moment—and to what purpose? You would have recognized your rival from the very first day. You would have fought him openly in a tournament. You would have won, because you are more aggressive and also more athletic. This would have given you, together with the joys of triumph, the necessary ambition to achieve success in love, instead of only in your various industrial endeavors—" The exam had been brilliant. He could easily graduate *cum laude*. But the teacher was asleep.

"Aaah. I was not asleep at all, I heard everything you said. In fact, I could repeat the whole damn essay if I only applied myself. But I don't go in for essays much. I'm after facts. Did you ever sleep with her?"

"Of course not."

"Really, really, really? Cross your heart and may you die?"

"Cross my heart and may I die."

"Not even once?"

"Absolutely never!"

"Then . . . there was nothing."

"No, nothing."

There was a great sigh and then another. The prosecution was resting. In

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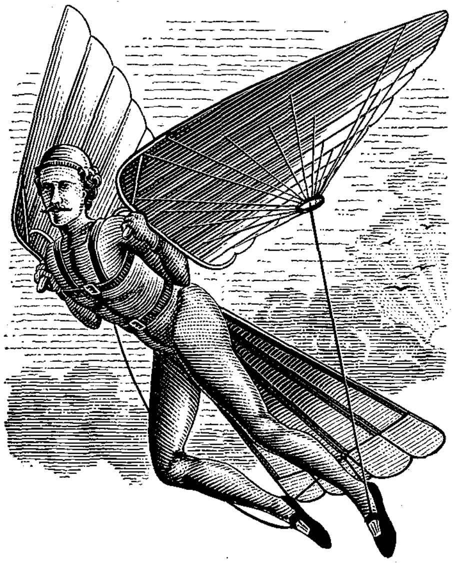

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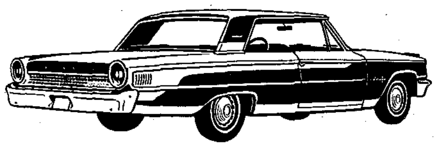

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a tone of real glory came these words: "Well, that's too bad. You missed your chance. Perhaps with you it might have worked. You have so much in common with her, but so much. It's not only that you imitate her voice without knowing it; you are so alike in many, many ways that I would feel much better if I knew she was going to start a new life with someone who had a good influence on her, as you have. And then, I trust you instinctively. God knows what she is going to do, and who will influence her now. And then, she's in love with you."

"What nonsense. In the first place—"

"Let me finish. As far as she is capable of real feelings, she is. And you are in love with her."

"But I told you I was not."

"Yes, you are. Anyone who can gulp down that kind of a sob story from a woman is either madly in love with her or he is a drooling Mongoloid idiot. You are far from being an idiot, so you must be in love. Very simple."

"I admit that there is a certain logic in your reasoning, but then I told you that I trust her immensely. I adore her, in fact. But between that and being in love there is quite a way. And besides, I am happily married, and I worship my wife. . . . I would never think of leaving her and the children. . . . Oh, no."

"These things happen, you know."

"Well, it has not happened here, this I do know," he said, and smiled to himself, lost in sweet thoughts of her and waiting for another crushing proof of his love.

"You know nothing at all. But it shows—"

"*What* shows? If there is *absolutely* nothing—" But he wouldn't say. Instead, he went on shaking his head and fumbling with his empty glass.

"Come, let's have another drink. Then before I let you go I must ask you just one more indiscreet question. It may shock you. You may decide to tell me a lie. But I am going to ask it all the same, whether you like it or not. Waiter? Waiter?"

"No, thank you, none for me."

"Well, I'll have one. Waiter! . . . One more double Drambuie for me." When the drink arrived, he said, "And now tell me—who is her lover? You must know, and I swear to you that I'll never let her know that I know. But I must know."

"She has no lover."

"Are you sure? And how about that Frenchman?"

"What Frenchman?"

"The one whose name I can't remember. But you know him. You even

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went with him, and with her, to Southampton for a long weekend almost a year ago. Or don't you know about that? You seem surprised. Are you surprised? You look awfully pale to me."

"Pale? Nonsense, I've had too many cognacs, that's all. But I remember that weekend very well. Only there were three Frenchmen present, and also several other people. And the three were those whose names I mentioned before: Etienne, Robert, and Jacques."

"I see. And still, I am sure of one thing: the name she gave me was another one. And I just hate to be left in doubt."

"Sorry, but that is all I remember."

"On your honor."

"On my honor."

And to himself he said, with a mixture of infinite compassion and contempt, "It *is* hurt pride; she's right."

IT seemed as if a whole crowd of people were rising from those two seats, one after the other, by twos: victim and executioner, teacher and pupil, investigator and suspect, prosecutor and criminal, outgoing husband and outgoing lover. These two were the last ones to get up and leave. As they neared the bar, where now a new constellation of drinkers were nursing their glasses, these two self-conscious fools became suddenly friends.

"I'll stop here for a quick one before facing the storm," said the outgoing husband, as he motioned to the bartender. "Won't you join me, this time?"

"No," said the outgoing lover. "I had more than I could take."

"Well, I'm so glad we spoke. I hope we will stay friends. Let's have lunch one of these days, when things calm down."

"Yes, let's. I'll call you soon."

The outgoing lover was now faced with a problem of exit. He had holes in his socks and did not want to exhibit them on his way out. His shoes were old and quite loose on his feet. So he backed up until he reached the door, as one does in the presence of kings.

—Niccolò Tucci

•

There are some brighter spots in the international picture, however—such as the establishment of a neutral Laos and the accord transferring Netherlands New Guinea to Indonesia. Other bright spots will appear. But the widespread clash between Communism and the Free World seems likely to continue indefinitely. Agreement to disarm is a remote prospect. Investors with a stake in defense industries need not yet be concerned.—*United Business Service newsletter.*

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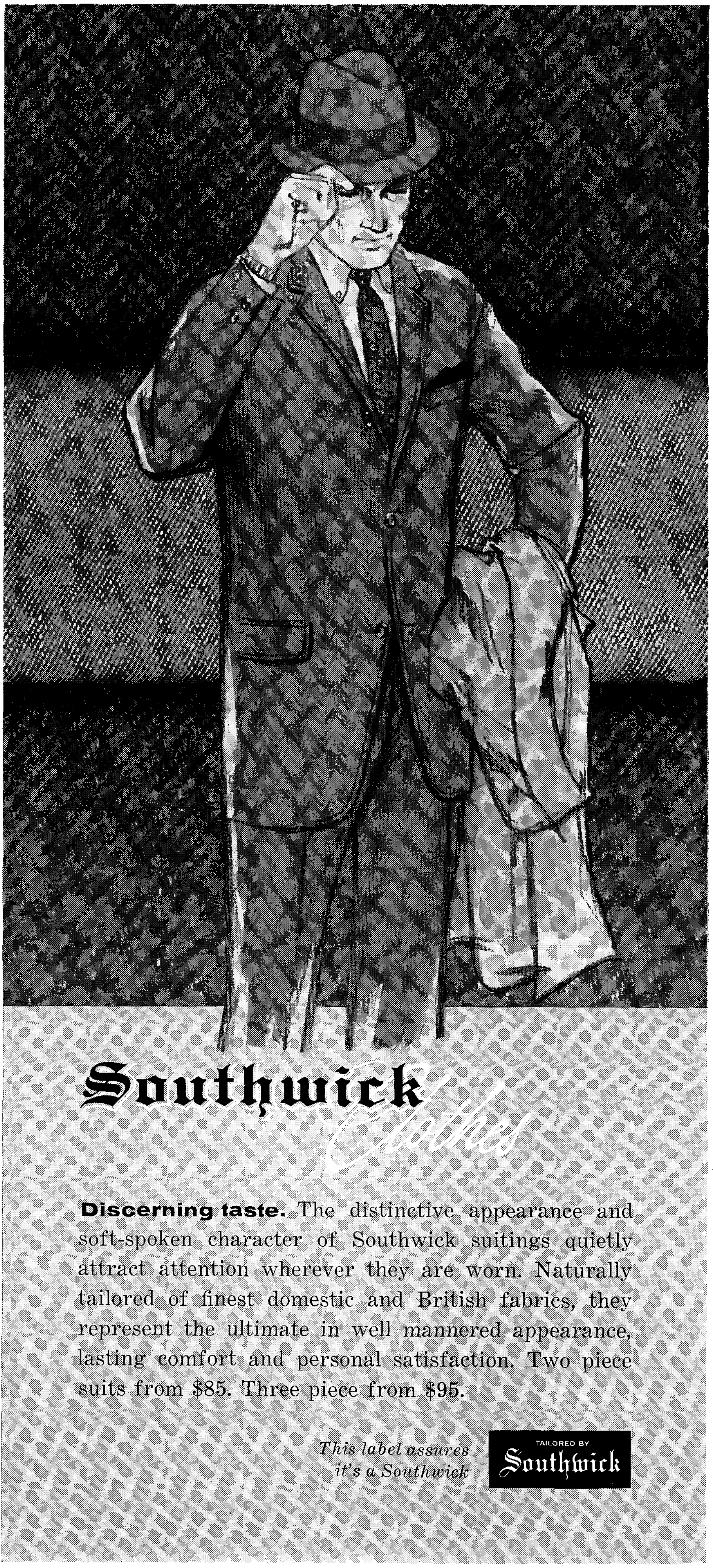

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# MUSICAL EVENTS

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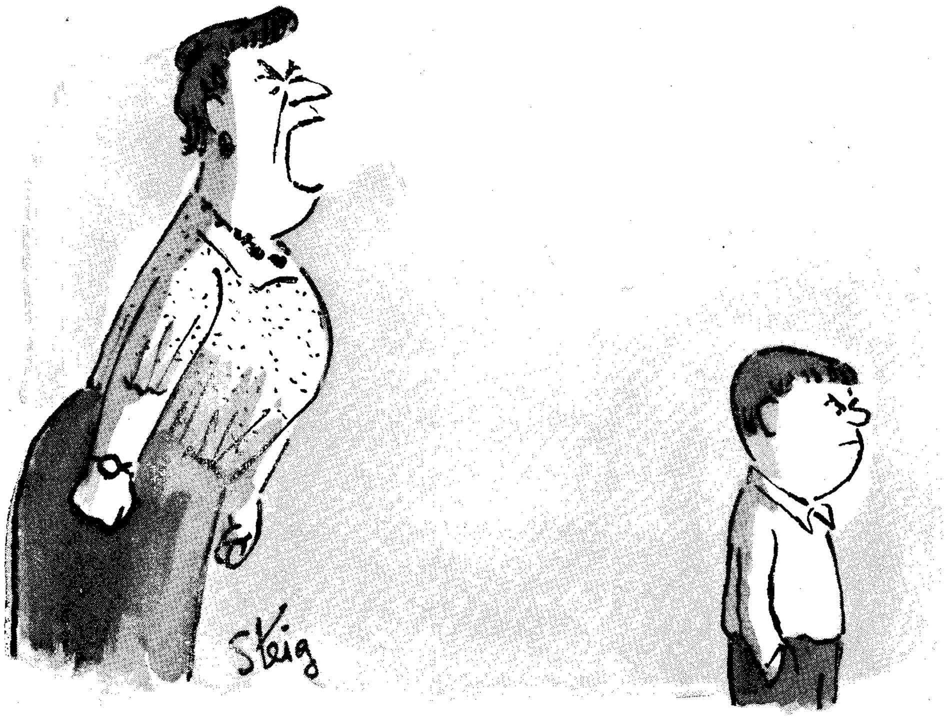
IN looking over the various plans, architectural drawings, and scale models of Lincoln Center that have been made public during the past year or so, I have not been able to down a fear that it might turn out to be a sort of Alcatraz of the Performing Arts. This impression arose primarily because of the chastity, severity, remoteness, and dullness of its architecture, and it may not be a fair appraisal, since judging architecture from drawings and models can be deceptive. Still, the notion persisted that no very passionate or abandoned Muse was going to be pursued on the premises. There were, to be sure, differences between the various buildings. Philip Johnson's New York State Theatre, at one end of the architectural spectrum, appeared to have real elegance of proportion and a true sense of style. It was reticent in the use of that ubiquitous and now slightly vulgar feature of Manhattan building—the glass sheath. Of all the proposed structures, it alone seemed to have been designed by an individual—that is, an artist—rather than by a committee. At the other end of the spectrum was the Belluschi, Catalano, and Westermann Juilliard Building, which, I am afraid, looked to me like a rubber factory. Somewhere between these two extremes lay Wallace K. Harrison's new Metropolitan Opera House and Max Abramovitz's Philharmonic Hall, both rather ambitious examples of institutional architecture such as we are accustomed to in banks and hospitals—imposing, no doubt, by their mere size and volume but lacking, to my mind, in charm, elegance, and originality.

Since the opening of Mr. Abramovitz's Philharmonic Hall the Sunday before last, I have spent nearly a week of evenings there, and I am in a position to give my impressions, for what they are worth, of the first building that has made the transition from the planning board to reality. The Alcatraz motif is undeniably present already, in that the views of Mr. Abramovitz's edifice from the Broadway and Sixty-fifth Street sides strongly suggest a very modern escape-proof cell block, with tier upon tier of glassed-in walks, and no place to hide. The front, which faces the as yet uncompleted plaza, offers a somewhat more pleasing, if still somewhat aggressive, prospect. Except for some pillars, it is all glass, and it gives the bystanding public a remarkable opportunity to see cultured New Yorkers in those intervals between which they are assumed to be absorbing culture. Inside this gigantic show window is a lobby that is generous enough in size—and will, I trust, be well heated enough in winter—to take care of the largest possible intermission crowds with comfort and room to spare. This, at least, is a gratifying accommodation, and one that intermission crowds hereabouts have long been in need of. It looks slightly like an airport waiting room, but it is, at any rate, capacious, containing a restaurant and, no doubt, many facilities that I have not yet had time to become acquainted with.

From the lobby, one moves into the auditorium itself—quite a deep one from back row to stage, as auditoriums go, but constructed, I assume, on the most practical lines. Its color scheme struck me, on opening night and on the nights that followed, as somewhat peculiar. The audience part, with walls of midnight blue and balcony fronts and other appurtenances of gold, seemed to me a bit garish, not to say night-clubby. The stage is enclosed on three sides by an "acoustically neutral" curtain that is actually transparent but seems to the audience to be opaque, and back of it are no end of sound reflectors and baffles that can be manipulated by technicians in order to produce a great variety of acoustical effects. The trouble with this curtain from the visual standpoint is that it is of a dull-brownish color, decorated with asymmetrical arrangements of upright slats of natural wood (possibly a Japanese inspiration), and that it gives what takes place on the stage a rather glamourless look, as though it were occurring in a very large old-fashioned back yard. The entire ceiling of the auditorium is covered with gold-colored, coffin-shaped objects that are referred to euphemistically in the publicity literature as "clouds." There are more than a hundred of them, and each has in its center an eye from which a beam of light is projected into the auditorium. These "clouds," we are assured, are the very latest thing in acoustical gadgetry, and by means of slight changes in their positions all kinds of hi-fi miracles can be produced. As for the hundred-odd eyes, each capable of emitting a very strong light indeed, I found their combined luminescence on opening night dazzling, perhaps, but also blinding, and this point was apparently noted by the authorities, too, for, beginning with the second half of the Boston Symphony concert, the following evening, the lights were subdued to a more reasonable strength, with greater resulting comfort, I am sure, for everybody. All week, things were in process of change. By Tuesday night, when the Philadelphia Orchestra arrived for its concert, a sort of lighting had been achieved that left the front ranks of that admirable ensemble in darkness while aiming a good deal of the light at the back-yard fence. Well, there



*"Your mother is talking to you!"*

is one thing that can be said for this new auditorium: everything in it is adjustable, and where everything is adjustable there is always room for hope. It must be evident by now that what I have been describing is a very remarkable theatre, and I can think of no reaction to it more apt or more diplomatically expressed than the reply that Mrs. Jacqueline Kennedy is reported to have made to John D. Rockefeller III when he asked her, on opening night, what she thought of it. Mrs. Kennedy is said to have said, "I have never seen anything like it," and that, to my mind, pretty much sums it up.

Now, about acoustics. I have never regarded acoustics as the most important aspect of music, but good acoustics are to the art of music what a clean sheet of paper and a good typewriter ribbon are to a writer. They are, in other words, something you ought to have to make a start; you can get along without them, but not happily. During the week, we were treated to a variety of acoustical effects, which at least proved that the hall's sound engineers are equipped to do almost anything. This demonstration of acoustical virtuosity was, however, not as reassuring as it might seem. There is a point at which the unbridled manipulation of acoustics approaches the long-familiar technique of amplifying sound by means of microphones, and, as everybody who is interested in music knows, this technique has always spelled the death of music as an art. When a sound engineer can make a group of violins sound like a trumpet, or a weak-toned instrument sound strong, all the delicate adjustments of orchestral performance are placed in jeopardy. If any such elaborate engineering hanky-panky is included in Mr. Harrison's new opera house, for example, second-rate tenors will begin sounding like Carusos, and the art of opera, as operagoers know and love it, will cease to be practicable. Moreover, the acoustical experiments we were treated to in Philharmonic Hall during its first week were at no time entirely satisfactory, even in respect to simple clarity and beauty of sound. The acoustical fix on opening night tended toward the shrill, putting the treble instruments in the foreground and obscuring the cellos and double basses, and this arrangement continued during the Boston Symphony's concert, on Monday night. Then, for the Philadelphia Orchestra's concert, on Tuesday night, steps were taken (no doubt in response to widespread criticism) to bring up the bass. But what resulted

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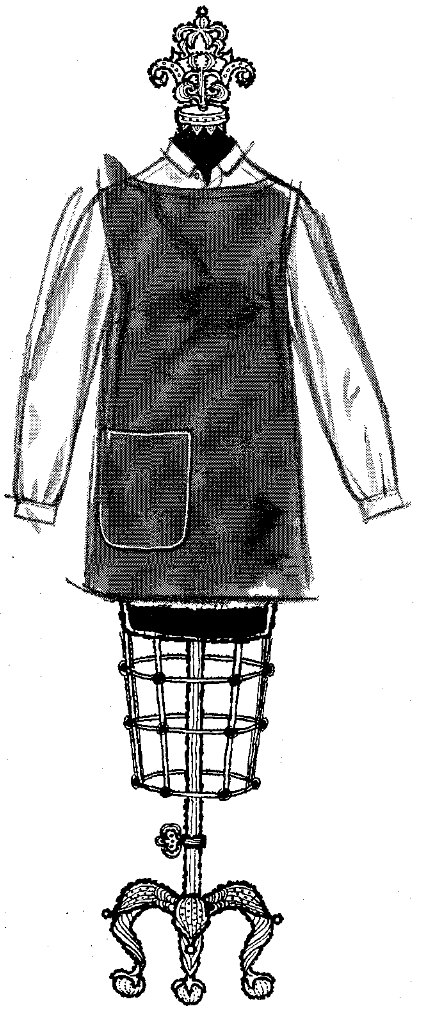

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was anything but the marvellously lush tone quality we are accustomed to hear from the Philadelphians. It was, on the contrary, an indistinct mush of sound in which solo instruments were sometimes inaudible and massed instruments were dull and muddy in tone. I did not attend the Wednesday-night Philharmonic concert, but my spies tell me that things reverted to the shrill side. On Thursday evening, when the Cleveland Orchestra made its ceremonial appearance, the engineers seemed, for the first time, to have achieved a decent balance between bass and treble, and a great deal of clarity. The sound was still a bit bright, like that in a recording studio, but at least it had some of the quality one demands of old-fashioned concert halls, and all the details of ensemble were very distinct to the ear. This was a big step forward, and I hope that the gains will not be lost.

Of course, there was music, too, but, what with the excitement of the unfamiliar surroundings and the vagaries of the acoustical system, serious criticism of most of it offers a difficult problem. On opening night, Leonard Bernstein shone in all his glory, such as it is. After all, it was, in a sense, *his* auditorium, built expressly for the orchestra of which he is the boss. He had picked a program that under less distracting circumstances would have been a fairly interesting one. It included two massive choral numbers—the Gloria from Beethoven's Missa Solemnis and the opening movement of Mahler's seldom performed Eighth Symphony—done with a mammoth chorus assembled from the ranks of the Schola Cantorum, the Juilliard Chorus, and (in the case of the Mahler work) the Columbus Boychoir. In front of these choruses were ranked, at one time or another, twelve solo singers, all of unquestioned artistry, but too numerous to mention by name here. And in front of all this, plus the Philharmonic itself, stood Mr. Bernstein, handsome as ever, agonizing as if the Day of Judgment were at hand. I can only report that the results were very loud, and doubtless impressive to some. Between these big choral items were wedged Vaughan Williams' rather charming setting of Shakespeare called "Serenade to Music," which was sung by all twelve soloists, and a work by Aaron Copland, called "Connotations for Orchestra," that had been specially commissioned for the occasion. The Copland composition was an exercise in serial technique such as is nowadays becoming pretty academic. It was, on the whole, very unpleasant; it was also very long and extremely boring—points that the audience seemed quite aware of, since it applauded it only sufficiently to get Mr. Copland onto the stage for a bow, after which he retreated in good order.

The second concert was that of the Boston Symphony, and it marked Erich Leinsdorf's début here as the new maestro of the organization. Mr. Leinsdorf's program was in part conventional, including Beethoven's Third Symphony and Strauss's "Till Eulenspiegel's Merry Pranks," and was conducted in a sure and experienced, if not wildly stimulating, manner. The Overture to Prokofieff's "War and Peace," which opened it, may be dismissed as a reasonably dignified minor item of its kind. But Samuel Barber's Piano Concerto, which was given its world première, with John Browning as soloist, was a different thing altogether—a modern concert work of considerable nobility, containing genuine inspiration as well as a great deal of complex writing of the "architectural" sort. It is seldom nowadays that I reach the end of a contemporary composition with the feeling that there is more in it than first meets the ear, but I felt that way about Mr. Barber's concerto—and, besides, a lot of what *did* first meet the ear was both interesting and moving. Mr. Browning played the solo part with exemplary virtuosity, and the audience, which is not by any means as naïve as some composers suppose it to be, obviously knew a good thing when it heard it.

Next, we come to Eugene Ormandy and the Philadelphia Orchestra, who were plagued by the worst acoustical luck of the week. Mr. Ormandy brought along a specially commissioned work, too—a "Lincoln Center Festival Overture," by Walter Piston, which had a properly ceremonial but, I am afraid, not very exciting sound. He also brought along Van Cliburn to play the solo part in the Rachmaninoff Concerto No. 3, which he seemed to be doing very well indeed in the moments when he was audible. These items were followed by Mr. Copland's "A Lincoln Portrait," which, as most people know, represents the wide-open-spaces-*cum*-Americana Copland, rather than the atonal Copland we heard on opening night, and which is capable, at its best, of producing landscape backgrounds of a reasonably pleasing, if somewhat bleak, variety. The soloist in this number was Mr. Adlai Stevenson, who delivered quotations from various speeches of the Great Emancipator with simplicity and sincerity, never giving way to any temptation toward elocution, and comporting himself, in general, like a great and modest gentleman. This concert closed with Ravel's First and Second "Daphnis et Chloé" Suites, but I did not stay to hear them.

The Cleveland Orchestra, under George Szell, had, as I have said, the advantage of the best acoustics of the week; it also produced what to me was the week's most memorable concert. Mr. Szell is probably, all things considered, the finest conductor now appearing before the American public, and his orchestra is a sharply honed instrument, slightly different in tone quality from but at least the equal of the three famous ensembles of the Eastern seaboard. Mr. Szell presented a novelty, too—the first New York performance of a Concerto in One Movement, by Alvin Etler, who teaches music at Smith College. Though not a work of enormous individuality, it is a respectable enough composition, sincere in intent and full of busy musical ideas. Of the performance of the two other works on this program—Schubert's Great C-Major Symphony, and the Brahms Concerto for Violin and Orchestra, with Isaac Stern as soloist—I can only use the word "immaculate." Soloist, orchestra, and conductor all performed with the sort of devotion that can still make a symphony concert of the conventional type an exciting event.

On Saturday night, the Metropolitan Opera Company joined in the festivities with a production (the first ever heard in America) of most of Manuel de Falla's huge oratorio "Atlantida," preceding it with the same composer's more familiar suite "El Amor Brujo." The baton this time was in the capable hands of Ernest Ansermet, and the soloists were those admirable artists Eileen Farrell, Jean Madeira, and George London. I had been told by authoritative sources that the acoustical arrangements that were so successful at Mr. Szell's concert would be preserved, but either this did not turn out to be the case or the Thursday-night arrangement proved to be unsuitable for large choral works with vocal soloists. At any rate, though "Atlantida" was sung in English, except for a few interludes in Latin, hardly a word of it was comprehensible. On the whole, the acoustics were kinder to the higher voices than to the lower. Miss Farrell came over quite well, but Mr. London seemed steeped in fog and Miss Ma-

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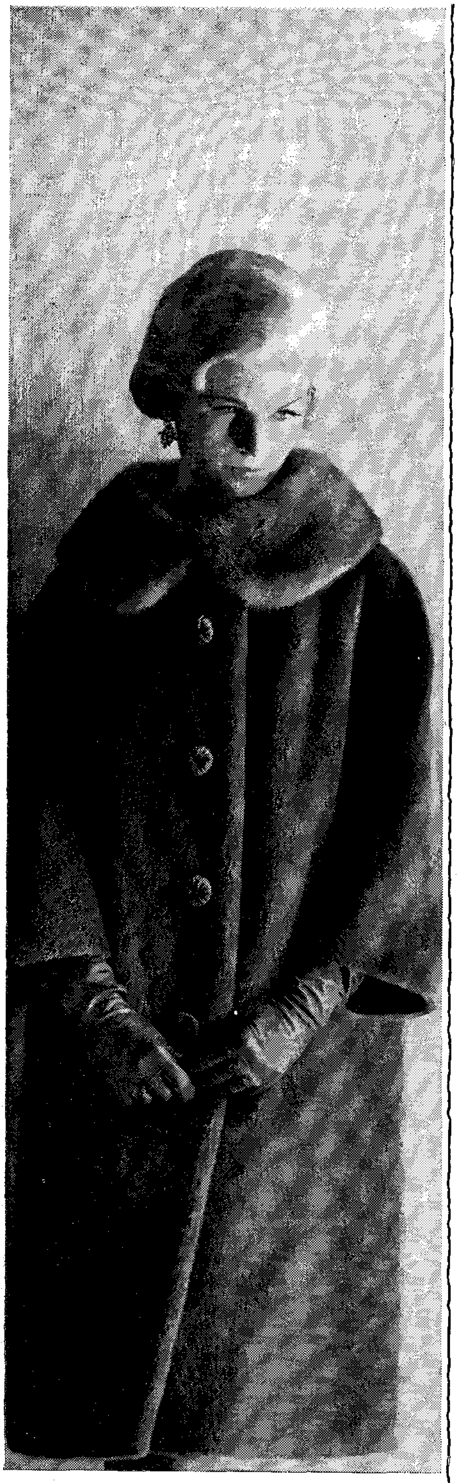

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deira's lower tones were all but inaudible. "Atlantida" is apparently a sort of patriotic epic dealing with Mr. de Falla's native Spain. Its music is obviously intended to be grand and imposing, but aside from a few lyric moments, such as the "Dream of Isabella," sung by Miss Farrell, it is actually only heavy and thick, and lacks any distinct musical profile. I much preferred the "El Amor Brujo," in which the Spanish composer's gifts shine far more brightly.

As the week came to a close, I had some further thoughts about Lincoln Center—not all of them optimistic. However noble in conception and expensive in execution, it is a corporate enterprise, and when corporate enterprise is applied to art, it can wind up with television and Rockettes if constant vigilance is not maintained by the powers that be. There has already been a hint of the corporate touch in Mr. Abramovitz's enormous showcase, and in the obvious concern for the television facilities used on opening night. (Many of my nonmusical friends were more impressed by the television coverage on that occasion than my musical friends were by what actually went on in the auditorium.) Perhaps this is all part of an inevitable revolution. Music, as the most complicated of the arts, has been getting more and more corporate for a long time, with a larger and larger share of the direction of our musical activities being taken over by artist-management corporations, recording corporations, television corporations, music-publishing corporations, and even corporations devoted to the promotion of composers, good and bad. But some questions naturally arise in connection with this vast tendency toward organization. Is the Metropolitan Opera, for example, going to be able to maintain its absolute autonomy? I certainly hope so. Are the courageous New York City Opera and that indispensable jewel of contemporary culture, the New York City Ballet, going to be lured into this environment? Are they to be accommodated in Mr. Johnson's New York State Theatre, which is a somewhat smaller auditorium than the City Center, and if so, how, with a smaller take at the box office, are they going to maintain their policy of producing great art at popular prices? I foresee no end of fusions and mergers, and just possibly a policy of over-all artistic dictation from the top. I hope I am wrong, for art, like business, flourishes under competition and stagnates under monopoly. In time, we shall get the answers.

—Winthrop Sargeant

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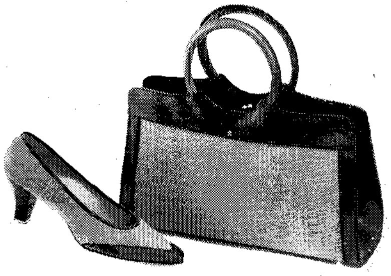

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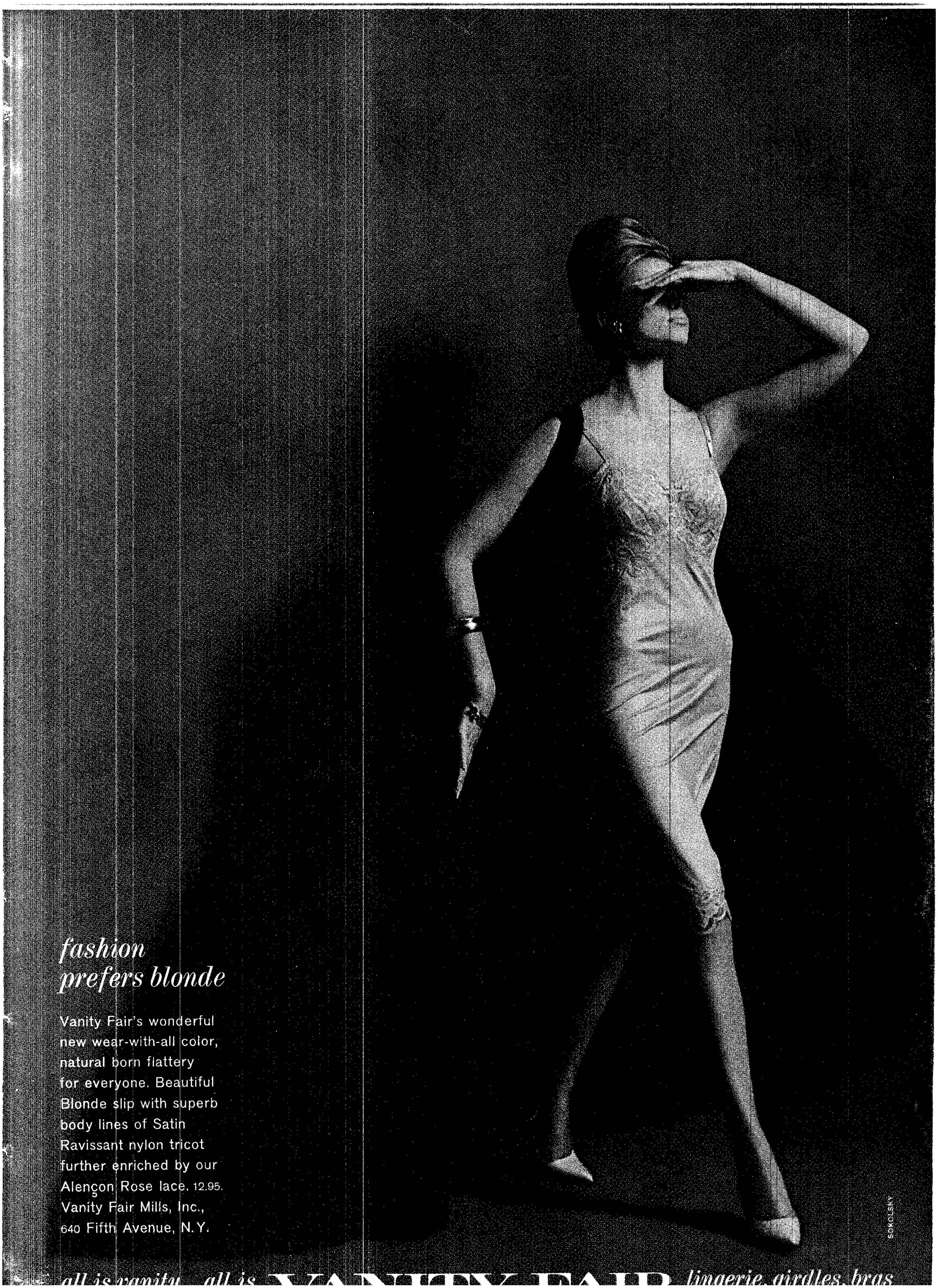

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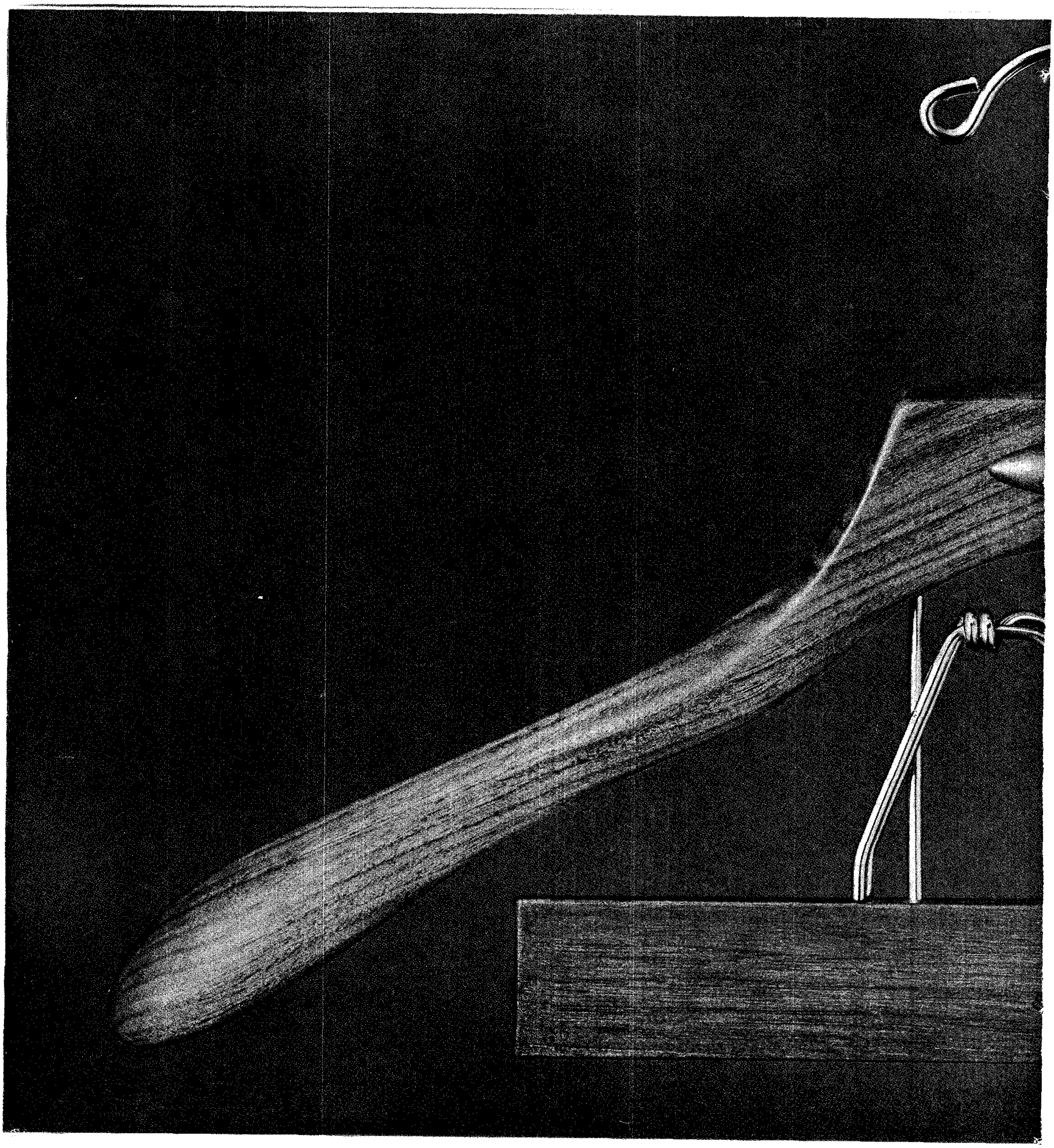

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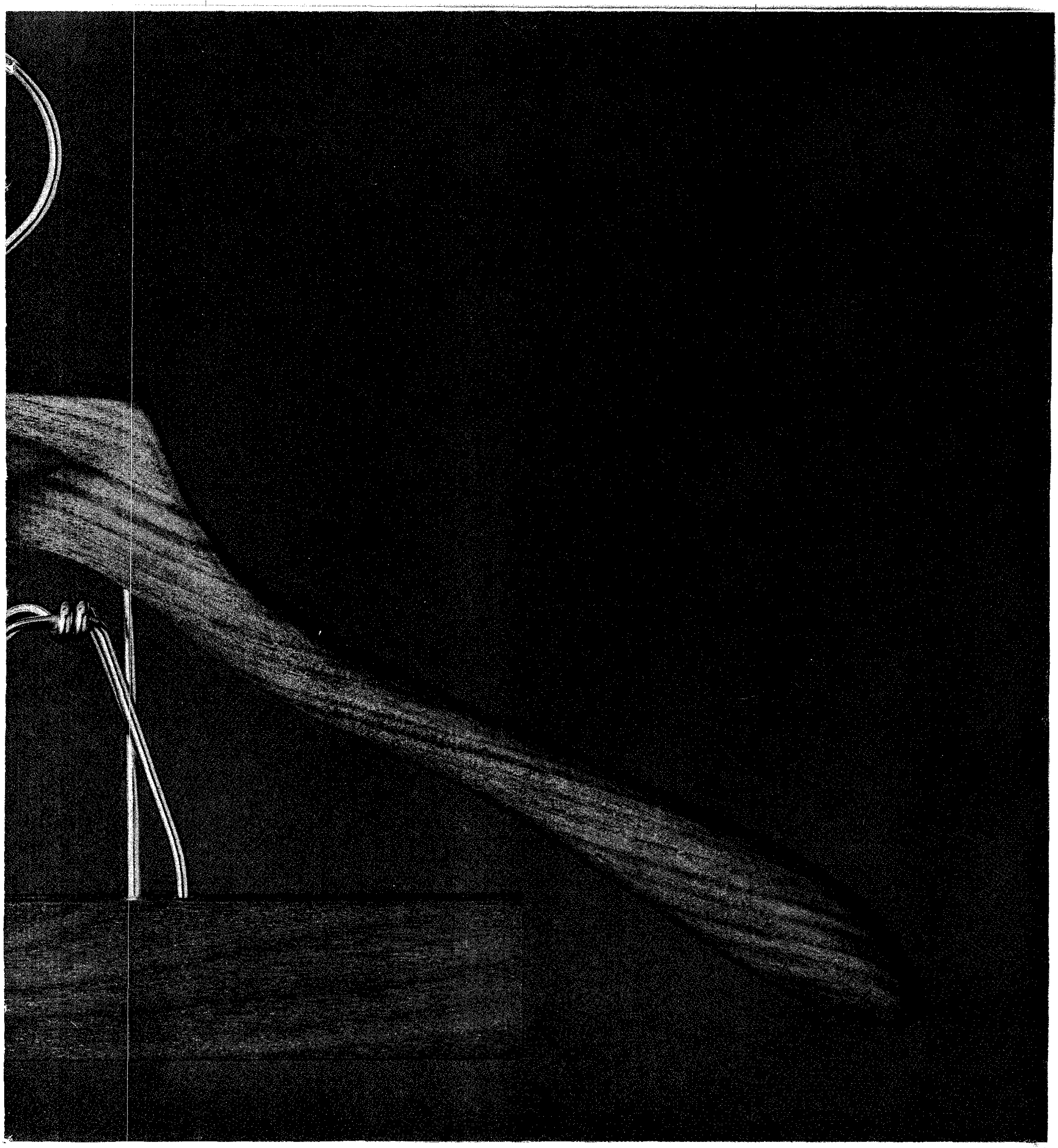
On the subject of shoulders, here's a thoughtful idea: The Setwell is made in two sizes — one for suits up to size 41, the other for 42 or larger. Take your pick.



Our rather finicky designers have also insisted on a high center for the Setwell, to support the *collar* of your jacket. This means you can wear a jacket fresh off a Setwell and the collar sits snugly, neatly against your neck. The thickness of a Setwell, and its rounded shape, are most important, too. Lapels keep their soft, natural roll . . . shoulder-seams stay smooth and wrinkle-free . . . and your jacket can "breathe" while it's in the closet.

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***The Setwell men's combination*** **shown here keeps suit jackets and trousers together, where they belong, and conserves closet space. Solid walnut with oiled finish — $4.95. Other fine hardwoods with natural finish — $2.95. Setwell *garment-care products (for men and women) from 75¢ to* two hundred dollars. At leading dept. and men's stores.**

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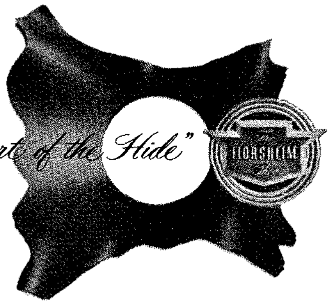

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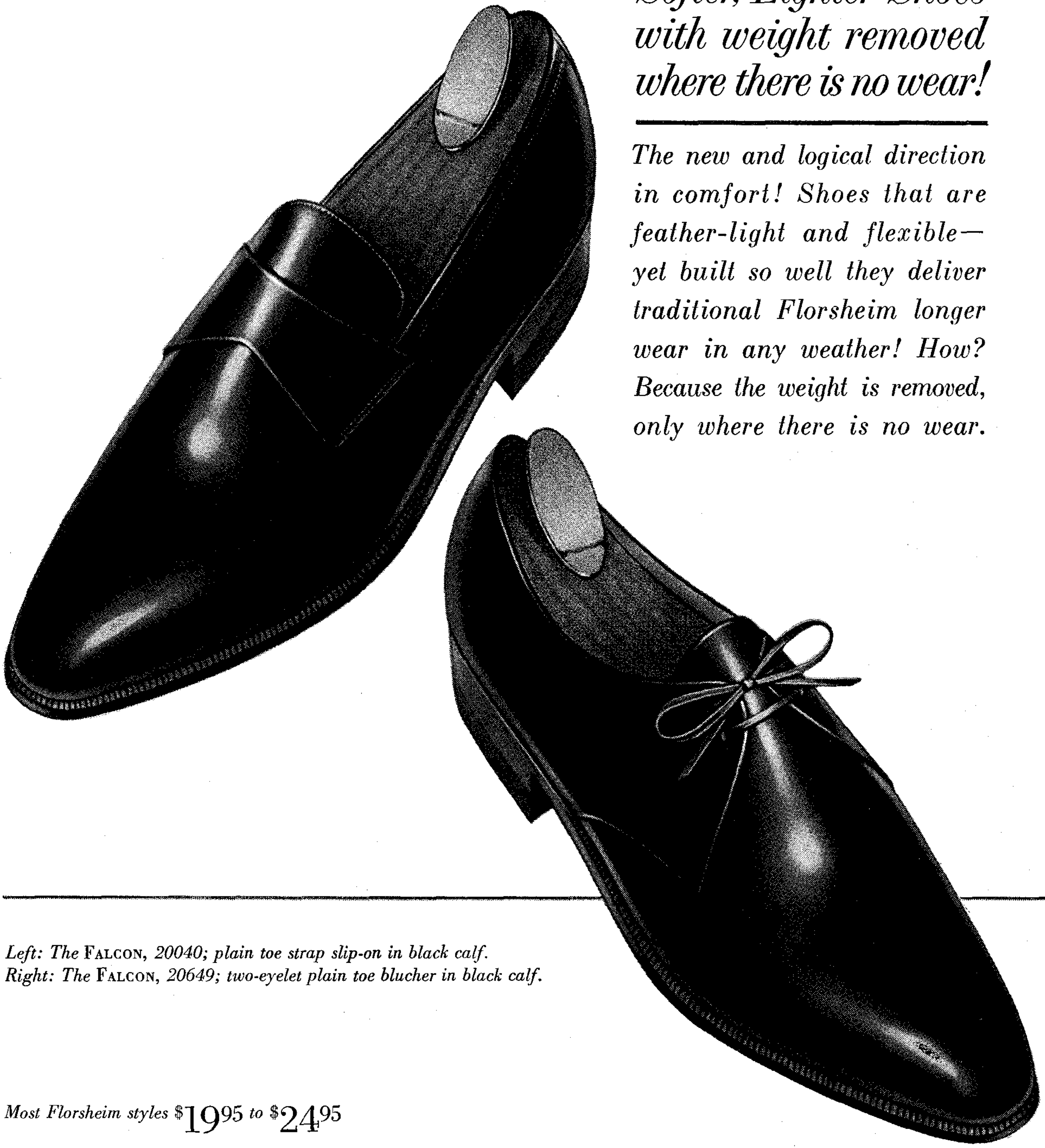

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*Right: The* FALCON, *20649; two-eyelet plain toe blucher in black calf.*

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# THE SPORTING SCENE

## THE MOREST

THE city of Chicago is like a friend of mine who often complains about the service he gets in restaurants. Over the last thirty years, I have seldom seen him when he has had no tale to recount of indignity, inconvenience, or what he considers sheer larceny suffered. He orders clams Posilipo and the waiter brings him calf's leever, or a small steak and the waiter brings him a large one—which my friend, a hearty eater, devours rapturously, congratulating himself on having found a restaurant with such generous ideas of smallness. The waiter then charges him for a *large* steak, now irretrievable. My friend says, "I ordered a small steak," and litigation looms. Another waiter, deeming his *pourboire* inadequate, will say "Thank," instead of "Thanks," and my friend, sensitive to such shades, will slowly simmer for days. "I *gave* him fifteen and three-eighths per cent," he will say. "X gave him fourteen per cent, and he said 'Thank you, *sir*.' " The odd thing is that my friend does not hallucinate these disasters. They happen before witnesses. If four or five of us have a drink together, everybody except this unfortunate man will get what he ordered, but if my friend has asked for an Old-Fashioned without fruit, the waiter will bring him a Rob Roy with an olive in it. If a waiter—even one who has never seen him before—drops soup, it will be in *his* lap. His faith in catastrophe is justified so continually that if he were a betting man he could have by this time parlayed a nickel into a large fortune simply by saying to his table companions at every meal, "I'll bet that my spaghetti will be overcooked," or "I'll bet that there will be fruit flies in my wine," or "I'll bet that they will have just run out of the kind of cheese I want. Name your cheese from the bill of fare, and I will lay seven to five that if I order it they haven't got it."

Chicago suffers from the same kind of magnetic or inductive pessimism. On my next-to-most-recent visit there, in 1953, Rocky Marciano, the heavyweight champion of the world, was defending his title against Jersey Joe Walcott, from whom he had won it in Philadelphia nine months earlier in a battle that ranks with Mons and Spotsylvania for sanguinary obstination.

Before the match, a fellow named Duggan, the Chicago sportswriter and broadcaster then in vogue, denounced it as the kind of bust that was invariably pushed off on Chicago by more sophisticated communities. Walcott, who, Duggan said, had patently allowed himself to be beaten in Philadelphia, would now turn on Marciano and slaughter him instantaneously. It would be a farce. What happened was that Marciano hit Walcott once, and the older hero sat down and stayed there. It was a farce, all right. The fight lasted two minutes and twenty-five seconds. After it, I got aboard a streetcar to go back to my hotel and found myself beside a knowing drunk who reminded me of a fried clam. "Waidle you read the papers tomorrow," he said. "Duggan knew sump'n was up, din't he?" And last week, when I returned to see Floyd Patterson defend the same championship against Charles (Sonny) Liston—a combat to which I had looked forward with lively expectancy—Liston knocked Patterson out in two minutes and six seconds, in a contest that was almost as unilateral as the one in 1953; the chief difference was that Liston hit poor Patterson more often, and I think harder, than Marciano hit Walcott, and Patterson seemed more genuinely dazed. That made two round trips to the Second City to see a total of four minutes and thirty-one seconds of championship prizefighting.

The Cassandra of this latest fight was a columnist (non-sporting) named John Justin Smith, of the Chicago *Daily News*, who said that it would be a third-rate contest. When I read Mr. Smith's column, I took his view to be an unwarranted bit of endemic gloom, but Chicago is favorable territory for Cassandras, as a ballpark with a short right field is for left-handed hitters. Another *News* man, named Bob Smith, who, to judge from his second sentence, has led a sheltered life, completed the Chicago double by writing, after the fight:

> I had a ringside seat, just a few feet from Floyd Patterson's corner. It was the first boxing match I had ever seen. Behind me were 18,894 people who had paid from $100 to $10 for the privilege of watching. I deeply sympathize with each one of them. As I write this, three hours after the fight, I have the overpowering feeling that I have just witnessed one of the super con jobs of all time. (The dictionary lists "deceive, cheat, and swindle," in its definition of the word "con." Never was a word choice more appropriate.) My town had just been suckered into a magnificently designed hoax, and it makes me ill.

His story ran under the headline "Was It a Super Con Job?," but the fight didn't look quite like that to John P. Carmichael, the sports editor, whose column began:

> It was plain old-fashioned murder, so vicious, so devastating, so premeditated that it looked like a put-up job. . . . *The new champion may not only have killed off Patterson but boxing in Chicago, especially at $100 per seat.* A few years ago, Rocky Marciano polished off Joe Walcott in one round at $50 tops at the Stadium, and the screams of disgruntled customers could be heard for miles around. Now they're bound to remember that New York didn't want this fight, that it was "foisted" on Chicago and that it never should happen again.

MY own view was in between those of the Messrs. Smith and Carmichael. It wasn't a fake, but it was far from murderous or devastating. Liston didn't hurt Patterson nearly as badly as, for example, Patterson hurt Ingemar Johansson in their second fight, when Johansson was unconscious in the ring for several minutes before being carried away, and the punches that sent Patterson down were not the crisp, spectacular kind that Joe Louis and other conventional great hitters

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used to throw. He was overpowered by glancing, clublike punches, rather than "taken out" cleanly by classic blows. This made his effort look all the more futile. He kept his chin and jaw—and, except for one punch, the supposedly vulnerable parts of his torso—out of the way, but Liston did not have to land on the classic targets to numb him. The winning punches were the kind that a man might use to beat the resistance out of a boy in a street fight—a pounding blow on the kidney, one good one under the heart, and four ponderous left hooks, like blows of the iron ball that builders employ on demolition jobs. (The kidney punch is technically a foul, if intentional, but when a fighter aims a punch at the other fellow's ribs or belly, and the fellow shrinks in toward him, the blow is sure to land on the kidney; intention is therefore hard to determine.) Each of these left hooks, partly blocked, glanced off Patterson's right shoulder and hit him on the cheekbone and temple. The bigger man was so much stronger, and caused so much hurt, that the champion had no opportunity for offensive moves of his own; it was like one of those saloon fights that end abruptly because the chance combatants are not in the same class. The uppercut under the heart was a peach, but Liston could not have delivered it if he had not been so much the stronger that he was able to pull his arm free in a clinch.

The brevity and finality of the affair were a shock. I, for one, had expected an interesting and probably a great fight, and something like sixty out of a hundred and ten sportswriters had picked Patterson to win. But I and they had made the same mistake as the supporters of Tom Hickman, the Terrible Gas Man, long ago, when they backed him to beat Bill Neat, the Butcher. If two men are of nearly equal celerity and very unequal size, the big one will win nine times out of ten; what fooled me and the sportswriters and the crowd that backed Hickman in 1821 was the difficulty of judging the relative speed of two boxers who have never been in the same ring. The relative size of the contestants is apparent, and the relative strength of two fighters trained down hard is, roughly, in direct ratio to their weights. It is for this reason that in weight-lifting, a test of pure strength, the competitors are divided into classes based on their own body weights, and that the gross weights lifted by the bigger men are heavier than those lifted by the littler. The now ex-champion, I have always contended, has the frame of a light-heavyweight, on which—by

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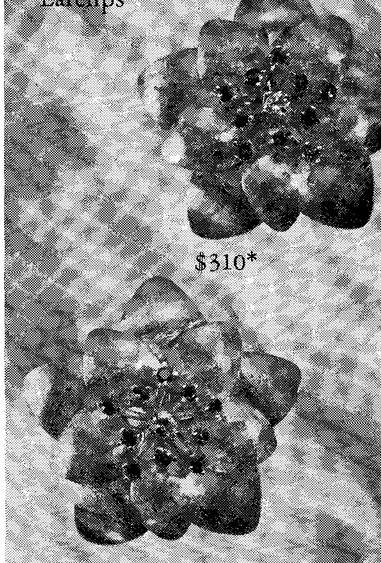

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exercise, a virtuous life, and an intensive pursuit of sleep—he has packed another dozen pounds or so of muscle. But I had seen him twice beat Johansson, a true heavyweight, by superior speed and by his ability to punch with two hands, while Johansson was effective only with one. The Gas Man's supporters in that early day also had seen him beat less competent big men than Neat by overwhelming them with speed. Patterson himself knew his hopes were founded on speed; when he and his challenger weighed in at the Sheraton-Chicago Hotel on the morning of the fight, a newspaperman asked him whether the disparity in weights discouraged him, and he answered, "It may be that he is stronger but that I am faster." Liston, at 214 pounds, proved as fast as Patterson, at 189, however, and at least as good a boxer. That settled the champion's hash.

I have an idea, after seeing them fight, that Liston is a better hitter, pound for pound. (There is a combination, in hitting, of natural ability and acquired skill.) But even if he were merely Patterson's equal, he would be delivering blows an eighth harder than Patterson's on a body an eighth smaller, and proportionately less resistant, than his own, and Patterson's disadvantage in the clinches would be commensurate. (On the day after the fight, Liston said, with becoming modesty, "I might look as slow as a snail, but in the ring I'm fast as a cat.") His claims to hitting power had been accepted from the start. He was confident when he went into the ring, and I imagine that Patterson was, too. I am disposed to minimize ex-post-facto reports that Patterson "looked like a beaten man" or "like a zombie" when he climbed over the ropes, or that he was frightened. I didn't notice much difference from the way he always looks, and since 1952 I have seen him in seven fights in the flesh and a few on television. In general, I believe that there is more hogwash written about the "psychological" aspect of boxing than about any other facet of the sport. I am sure Patterson became worried when he found that he could neither keep away from Liston nor outbox him, and that Liston's punches, even when blocked, hurt, while his—he landed a tentative couple—didn't affect Liston. Anybody would have worried then. But he didn't quit; he just got licked. It was a pity, in a way, because he is a nice young man—kind to children, socially conscious, conscientious about his work, and ever aspiring to a technical perfection that he has never quite achieved. He has been his own severest critic, rating

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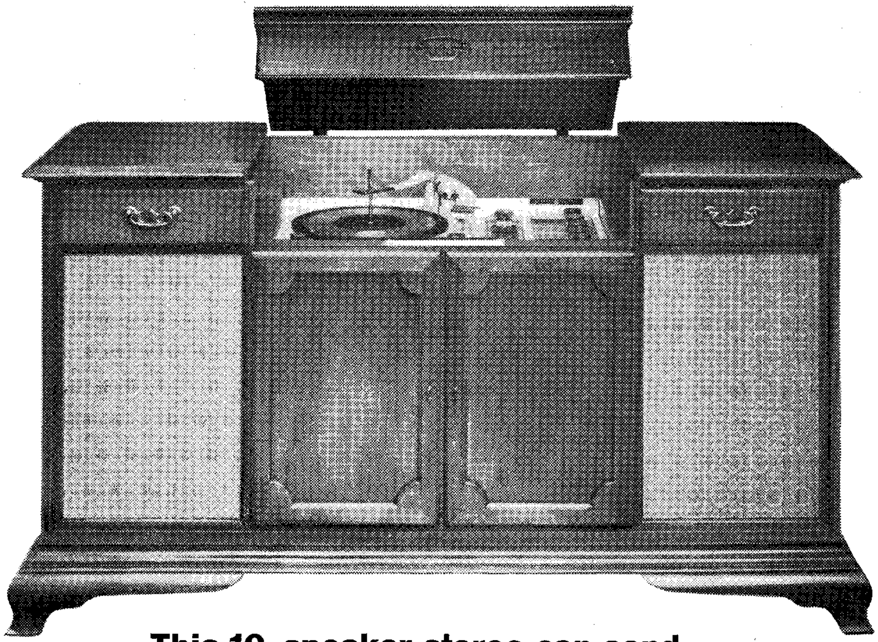

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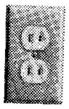

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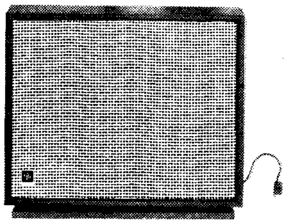

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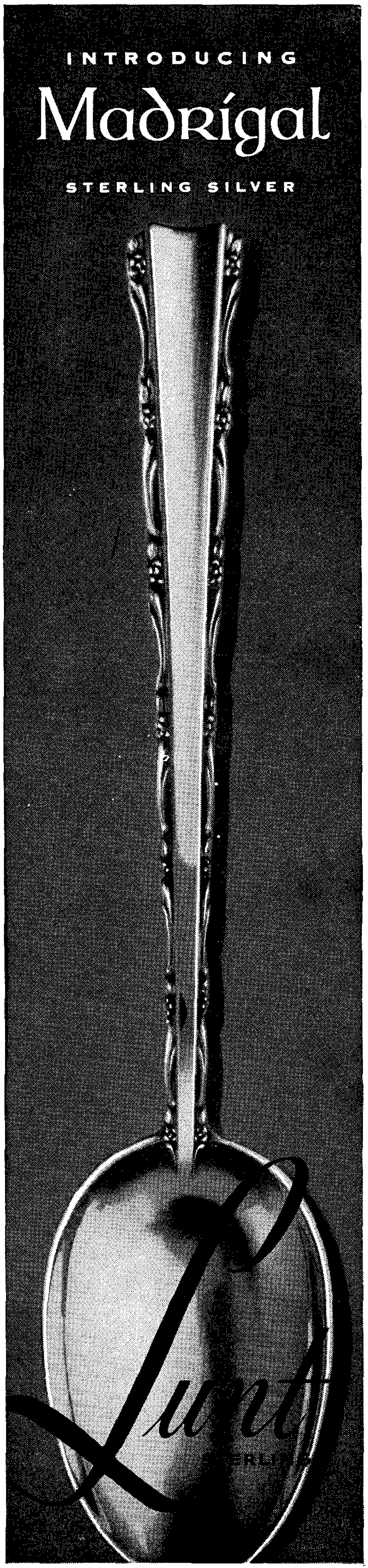

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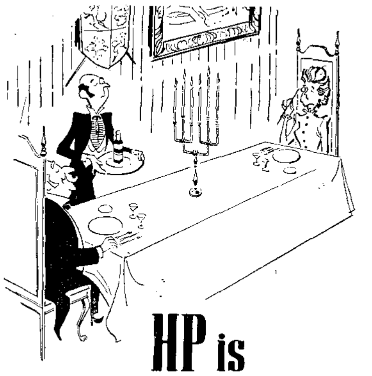
his performances on a scale based on what he considers his potential maximum. "I was sixty-seven per cent tonight," he might say after a bout. I do not think that he ever gave himself higher than seventy-two. This is unjust, because, considering his physique, he has gone far; he should measure his accomplishments by those of Tommy Burns, a little man early in the century, who won the heavyweight title, as Patterson did, largely because there were no good big men around, and lost it to big Jack Johnson, as Patterson did the other night to Liston.

Patterson was perhaps at his most interesting as a kid of seventeen in the Olympic Games at Helsinki in 1952, when he was so shy that he would lie down under a bench in the gymnasium and pretend to be asleep rather than talk to a reporter. He was fighting at the weight that was natural for him then—167 pounds—and he could afford a wild freedom in his style, which he could not permit himself later, against bigger men and when there were large sums of money dependent on his efforts. The sole begetter of his thoughts then was Cus D'Amato, his teacher and later his manager, who enlisted the interest of a patron, a New York hotel man, now dead. Patterson's early professional career was like that of a young and carefully instructed piano virtuoso. Of late, he has become almost glib; at his training camp, on a Catholic Workers' farm called Marycrest, in Elgin, Illinois, where I attended one of his press conferences a week before the fight, he said, for example, "I hear that in a newspaper the specific statement was made that I definitely would retire after the Liston fight, whether I won or lost. I definitely beyond doubts shall not retire." Asked about his battle plan—one of the silly stock questions addressed to fighters by reporters, as if a fighter, assuming that he had a definite plan, would make it public—he said, "Whether I go back to begin with, or go forward, there will definitely be a fight." There was one foreboding note in the conversation. A reporter recalled Patterson's first fight with Johansson—the only time the champion had ever been knocked out—but Patterson discussed it with charming freedom. "I went in to trade with him," he said, "and in trading that's the last thing I remember."

THERE is an elegant austerity about Marycrest, where two of the cow barns are named Caritas and Veritas. The press conference took place



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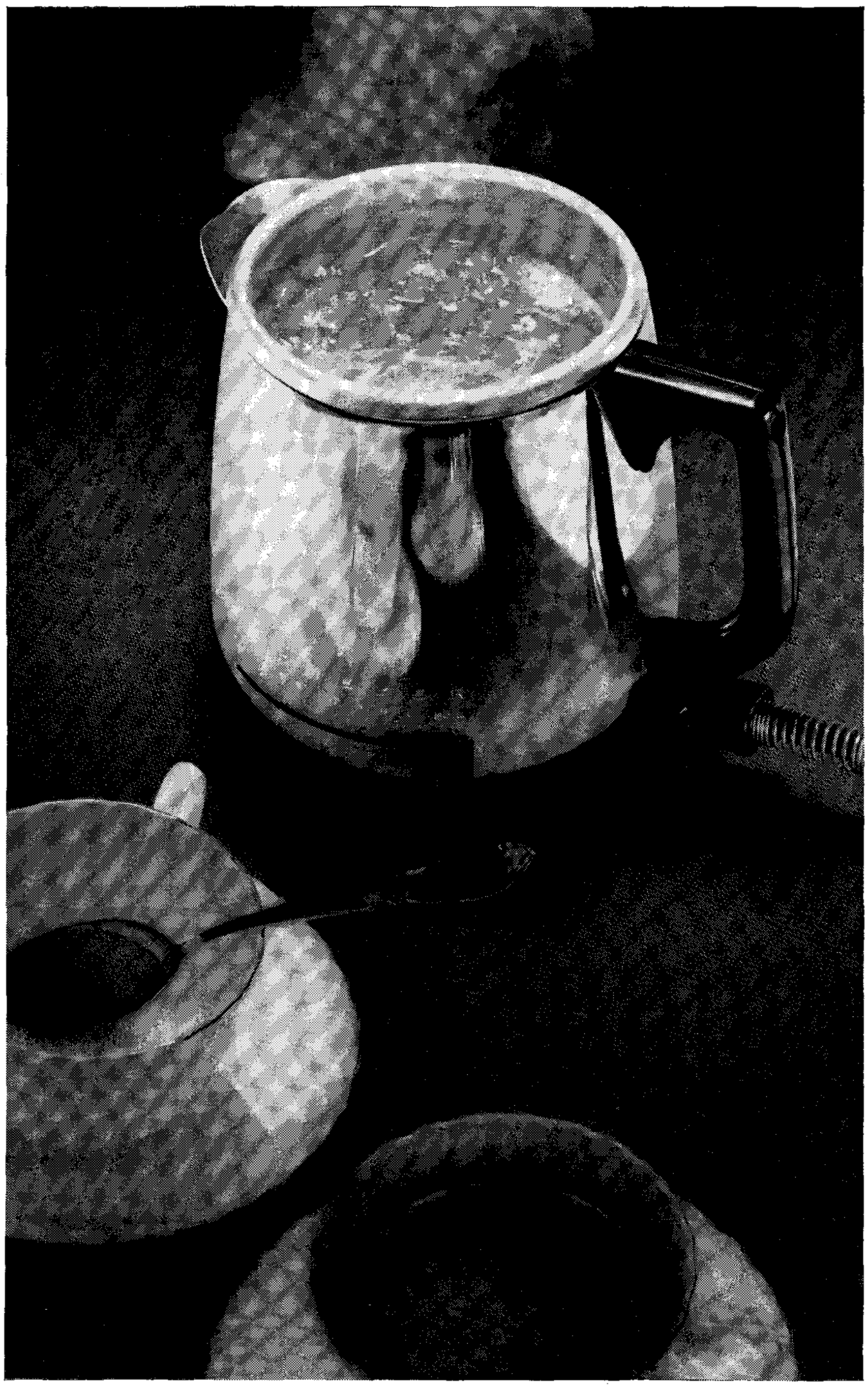
in a refectory decorated with mosaic portraits of saints; Floyd is a devout Catholic and an ardent ruralist. D'Amato, during the conference, remained in seclusion in an office between Caritas and Veritas and let the new Patterson do the talking. Liston's camp, on an abandoned race track at East Aurora, Illinois, about forty-five miles from the Loop, had a rather different atmosphere. The gym where he worked was set up under the former pari-mutuel shed, and his living quarters were in what had once been the clubhouse. Liston, who was once described to me as a "big, hard, heavy-handed man," was harder but less big than when I saw him begin his training at South Fallsburg, in the Catskills, last June. His weight was down from 230 pounds or so to 215, and for his workout he had discarded his old heavy sweat clothes. His bare legs were thinner and looked longer as he jumped rope (always to a record of "Night Train," which he must consider lucky), but where in the Catskills he had jumped only two records' worth—eleven minutes in all—he now jumped a full four, or twenty-two minutes, without stopping. He jumped with a rapt look, his lips folded inside his mouth, his feet still treading somebody invisible into the ground, as they had seemed to be doing in June. Then he pounded the heavy bag while his trainer, Willie Reddish, an old heavyweight, held it, and afterward he let Reddish slam the medicine ball into him—the same hard, painful routine of the Catskills workout, except that now he did more of everything. He sparred four rounds with two light, fast partners, but without hitting them, for he only simulated his blows. Later, he explained that sparring with light men was a habit he had formed under an early manager who was too poor to hire heavy partners for him to hit. He liked it because it sharpened his speed. He still wore his scowl—I wondered whether it was the June scowl or a clean one—which shifted occasionally into a glare. Watching him, I should have remembered and heeded the admonition of Al Weill, the philosopher who developed Rocky Marciano: "You want to look out for them broken fighters. Them type guys is hard to get outa there." Mr. Liston was broken—which is Weill's version of "broke"—and suffering from a sense of social injustice.

Afterward, the representatives of the world press and the literary cenacles walked over to the dingy ex-clubhouse. The press gatherings before this fight sometimes resembled those highly in-



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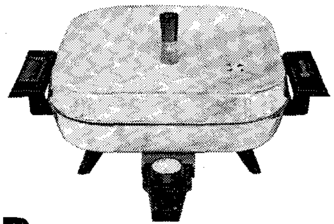

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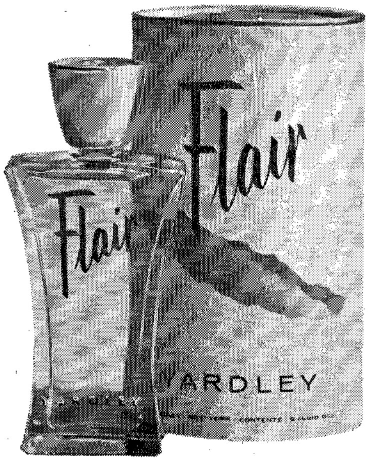

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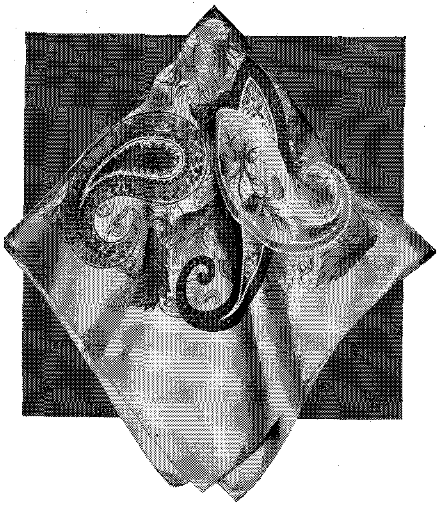
tellectual *pourparlers* on a Mediterranean island; placed before typewriters, the accumulated novelists could have produced a copy of the *Paris Review* in forty-two minutes. After a distribution of free Pepsi-Cola, the novelists and the outnumbered sportswriters collected upon undertaker chairs to interrogate Liston, who by this time had put on a bathrobe. The big man's face resembled a moon in total eclipse. Mr. Nat Fleischer, a grandfatherly little man who publishes *Ring Magazine* and the "Ring Record Book and Boxing Encyclopedia," was by common agreement the chief interrogator. But Mr. Liston was not to be drawn on boxing; he says that "newspaper writers ask you is the sun shining when they see the sun is shining," by which he means that they labor the obvious. What he wanted to talk about was the money that he wasn't getting. To secure the match, he said for possibly the one-millionth time since he started training, he had had to sign for twelve and a half per cent of the total receipts, whereas previous challengers, even the least worthy, had received twenty per cent. "Why?" he asked. "I'm de poorest—I need de morest." This smacked of pure Marxism—"To each according to his needs"—and I feared that Liston was getting into pretty deep waters. (Following the fight, he got even more subversive: "The championship belong to all the people." This implied public ownership of a valuable property.) After listening to this attack on the established order, I hastened to get out of the joint before the Minute Men or William F. Buckley, Jr., could arrive, even though I had to leave five novelists behind. But the Scowler's wild words should have given me an intimation of what history had decreed. Ibn Khaldun, the immortal father of rational history, has stated as an immutable rule that when dynasties arise in the desert they are crude, poor, rancorous, and enterprising. Most important, they are indignant. After they acquire power, they become urbane, civilized, charitable, and ineffectual, and are toppled by some new broken sheik who has been using cobras for skipping ropes and boulders for medicine balls. In this, though neither knew it, he was in accord with Al Weill. Nor, says the great Khaldun, can the established ruler (here read "champion") do anything about it—the historic process of decay began when he dethroned his predecessor. The result of the fight was therefore ineluctable, and would have been even if Patterson had listened to Cus D'Amato



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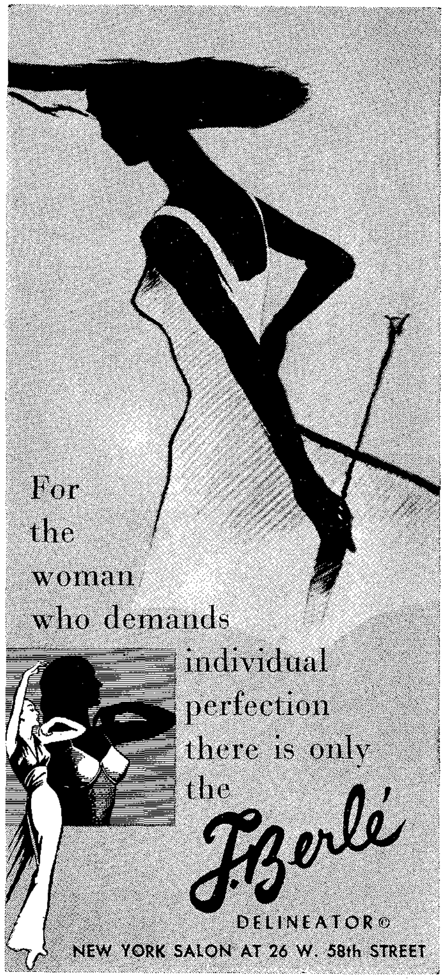

with his pristine attention, instead of visiting at the White House and hobnobbing with the President of Egypt in a Cultural Exchange.

AT about eleven o'clock on the morning of September 26th, after history had spoken its hard word, I was sitting in the lobby of the Sheraton-Chicago Hotel, reading the Chicago *Daily News*, when I was approached by a tall, dark, large, soberly but elegantly dressed, and genial gentleman whose face no longer resembled the moon in eclipse but, rather, a pie intersected by a wide white crescent of teeth. The corners of his mouth had turned up, apparently for keeps. He reached out a hand heavy but hearty, and pumped mine as if we had been old schoolmates. "See you later, fella," he said, referring to a press conference that he was going to give in the grand ballroom. As he walked away, I saw him pat a child on the head and then break into a run to catch up with a panhandler whom he was afraid the hotel detective would insult before he could give him a large sum of money.

In the conference room, the new Liston presided with the tolerance of a Mongi Slim and the urbanity of an Archie Moore. Mr. Patterson, he said, was a gallant and generous fellow, and a good fighter. A couple of days earlier, when asked whether anything about Patterson's talents impressed him, he had said, with a bitter laugh, "Yeah, he's de champion," implying that he was a Mr. Scrooge in an Ivy League suit. One of the novelists, stewed, now rose without being recognized by the chairman and began an erratic oration. A shocked newspaperman shouted, from the conservative side of the room, "Throw the bum out!" The chairman raised a large, affable pink palm and said, "Let de bum stay!" The novelist babbled some more, and the chairman said, reasonably, "You still drunk." He described, painstakingly, and for the dozenth time since the night's contest, the procedure by which he had implemented history—a right uppercut under the heart and a solid left hook that had induced his generous opponent to seize the ropes. "Then I knew I had him." He deplored his inability to hit Patterson with a jab, too. "I got a funny kind of jab," he acknowledged. "When I hit fighters with it, I can generally hear dem grunt." He was aware of the responsibilities of office, he said, adding, "I will try to prove I am re—" and here he gave the impression that he would say

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either "habilitated" or "generated." Hesitating as between a hook and a jab, he called on his financial adviser, Jack Nilon, to help him out. "Finish it for me, Jack, will you?" he asked. His money, he said, now alluding to the subject with a mild distaste, had not come easy. "In de ring was easy, but people don't think how much time and aggravation I had to go through before getting *into* it. De newspaper writers—" Here the novelist, trying to re-ingratiate himself, cried, "I'm not a newspaper writer!" "You worsen den a newspaper writer," the chairman said. He then gave the national administration credit for making the match. "De President told Patterson make de match," he said. "And if de President had told Patterson go up de top of de Empire State Building and jump off and fly like a bird, Patterson would have did it."

Courtesy, urbanity, good humor, wealth, self-satisfaction, and other destructive elements of civilization had descended upon Liston like the Asian flu, and Ibn Khaldun, that matchless Tunisian diagnostician, would have instantly recognized the symptoms of what is in store for him.

—A. J. LIEBLING

•

### THERE'LL ALWAYS BE AN ENGLAND

[*From the Manchester Guardian*]

C D HANDBELLS "LOST"
DURING FESTIVAL
"NEEDED IN EVENT OF WAR"

By our own Reporter

Nine of the 12 handbells lent by the Civil Defence to the organisers of the Bath Festival are missing. They could not be found after one of the festival's main events, the Venetian evening.

A festival spokesman said yesterday that the bells were hung in a tree and rung at intervals by a boy standing underneath. The Civil Defence at Bath said last night:

"As far as we are concerned they are Government stores and we would like them back as soon as possible. They would be needed in the event of a nuclear war to warn the public."

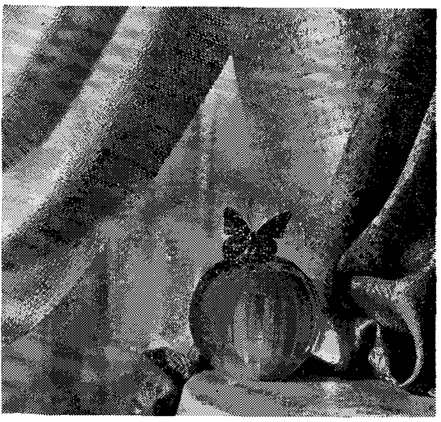
•

Other men believed that killing an oryx would give them special virility, so they gunned them down—first from camels and, since World War II, from fleets of cars.

At best only twenty-four are left. They have been driven into the northeast corner of the Aden Protectorate in an area known as Rub al-Khali. . . .

The elusive, skitterish creatures were seldom seen until modern times as more than fleeting silhouettes. It was those brief silhouettes, making the two horns appear as one, that apparently gave rise to the myth of the unicorn.—*The Times.*

So *that's* how it all got started.



*Look what's happened*
*to PPG fiber glass*
*. . . at these stores*

Illustrated on the facing page: "Shadow Glass" (center), by Bonnie Looms, Ltd., available in custom made draperies and piece goods at many fine stores across the country, including those listed below. Also shown: "Claremont" (left) by Glotex, and "Dynasty" (right) by Walter Fabrics, available through your decorator.

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| Newark, N.J. | Bamberger's |
| New York, N.Y. | B. Altman & Co. |
| New York, N.Y. | Bloomingdale's |
| New York, N.Y. | Macy's |
| Philadelphia, Pa. | Wanamaker's |
| Pittsburgh, Pa. | Gimbels |
| Portland, Me. | Porteous, Mitchell & Braun |
| Rochester, N.Y. | McCurdy's |
| St. Louis, Mo. | Famous-Barr Co. |
| St. Louis, Mo. | Stix, Baer & Fuller Co. |
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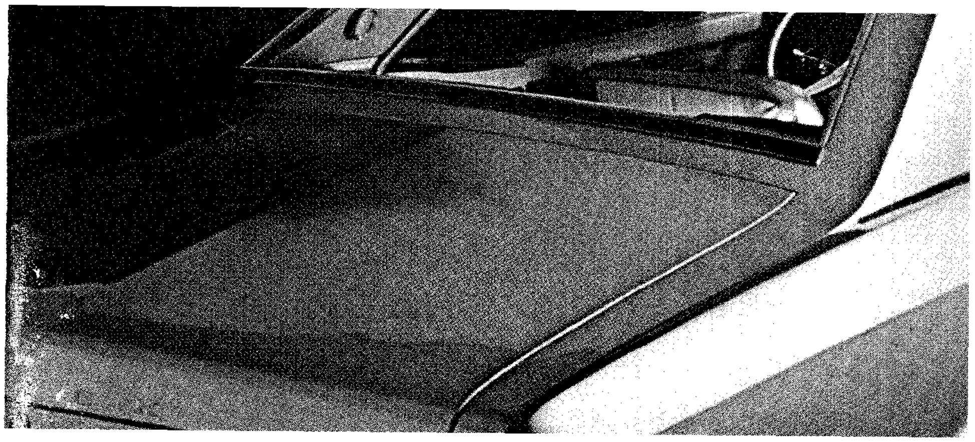

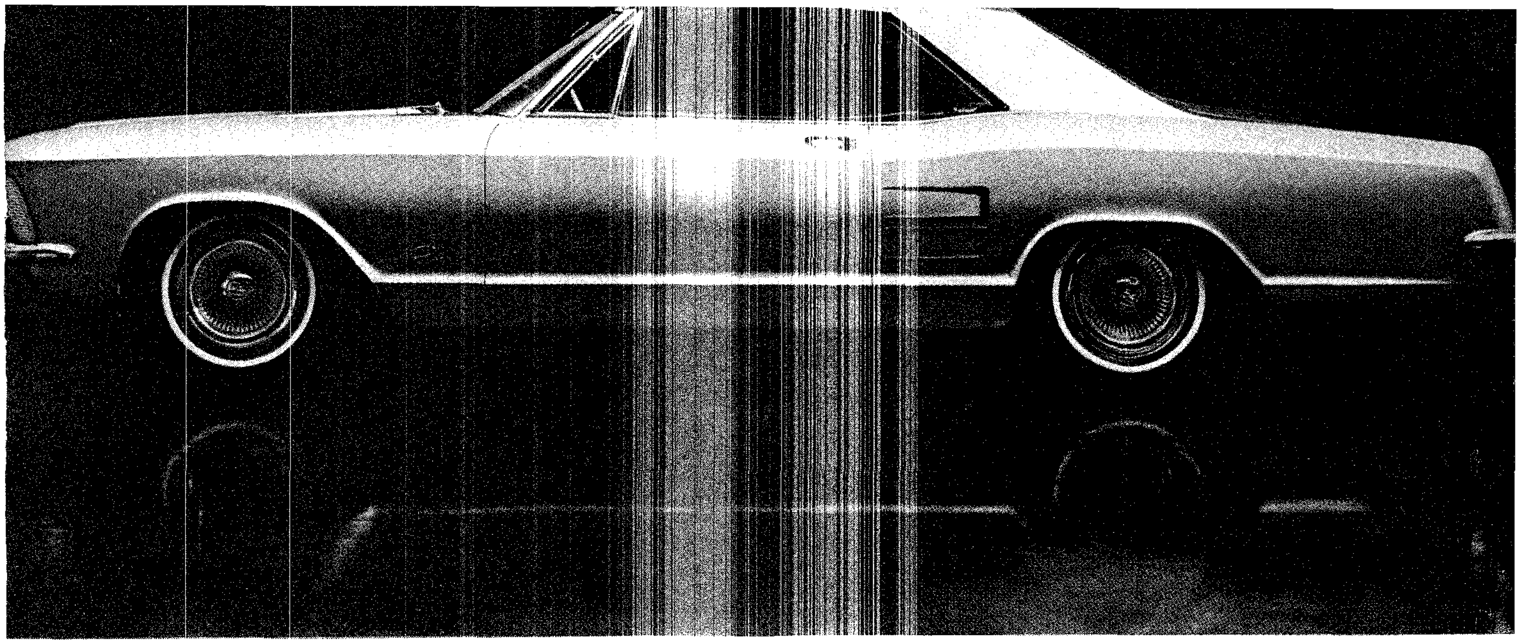

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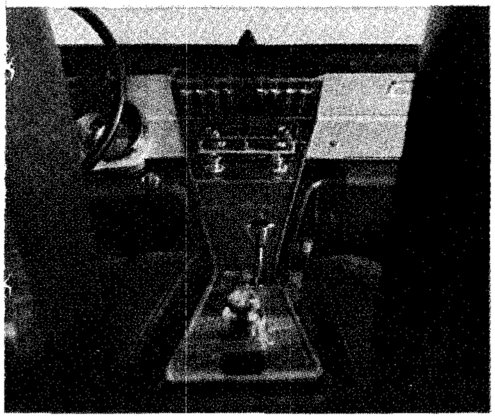

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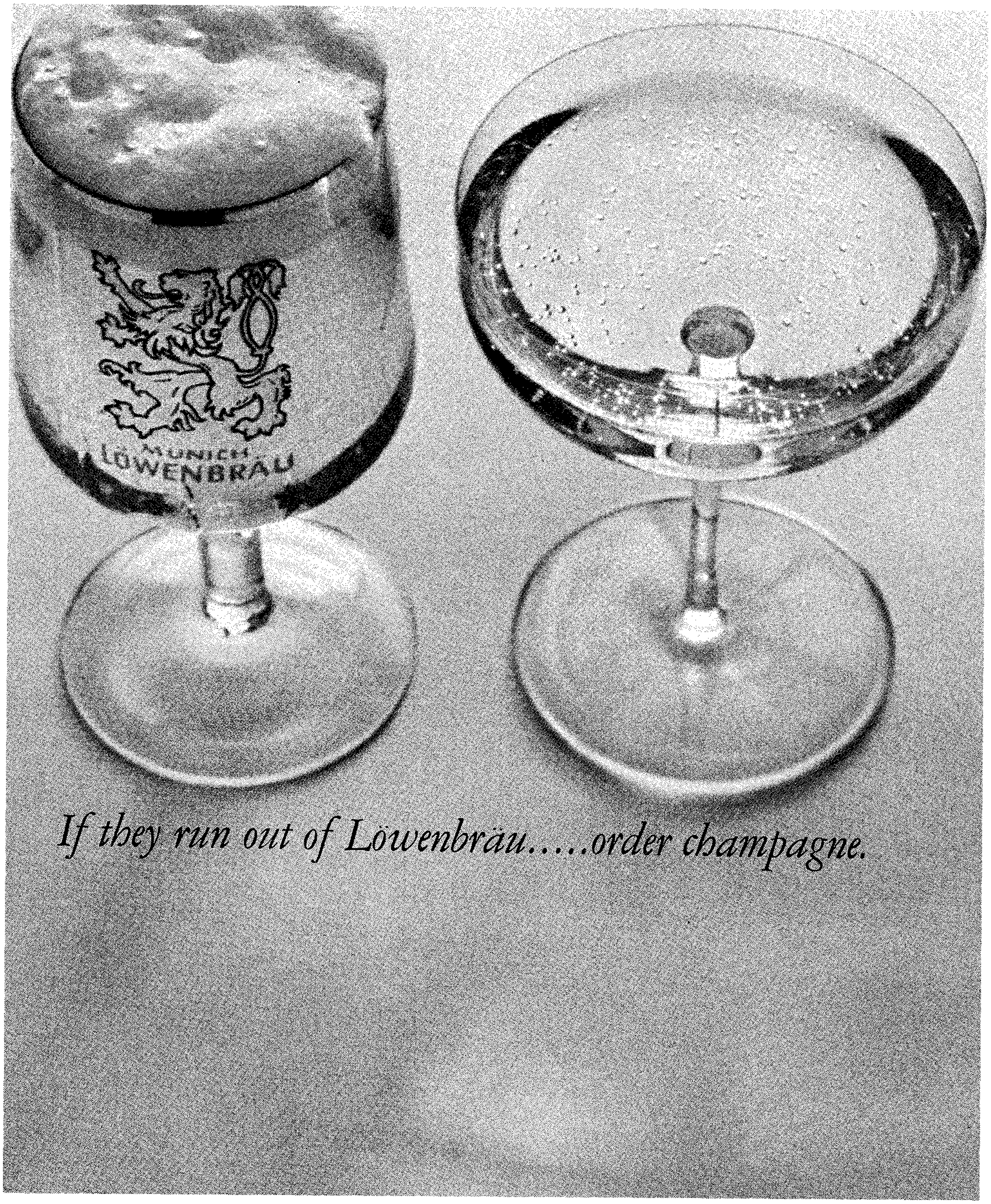

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# LETTER FROM PARIS

SEPTEMBER 26

WATCHING and listening to President de Gaulle on television last Thursday evening, as he instructed his nation on the special system by which he wishes his eventual successor to be elected and to function, one found it impossible, even three years in advance of that event, not to pity the incoming new President of the Republic in 1965, whoever he may be—floating out of his depth in the historic, turbulent wake that will be left behind by the unique, iconoclastic, enormous figure of *le grand Charles*, to whom the newcomer will be inevitably compared, if only as a form of intense relief to the anti-Gaullist minority and to practically all the politicians of France. For his TV speech, possibly his most important single selling talk since he took power, de Gaulle was in extra-good form, the mobile, elderly, unfatigued thespian face and the bold, inventive, ripe mind both seeming refreshed by his recent triumphal German outing. What he was pressing the French nation to accept was what he originally called (as you may remember) the American Presidential system of government, now become his own idea, to which he has just added our American system of electing our Presidents by universal suffrage instead of by an autonomous body—uninstructed by the voters—such as elected de Gaulle himself in 1958. These innovations, if made permanent, as he plans, would completely transform the entire political life of contemporary France. Both these American methods could be initiated, de Gaulle claims, by a referendum of the people, and without Parliament's assent, through the famous Article XI, on the organization of public powers, in de Gaulle's own made-to-measure, supposedly rigid and foolproof constitution, admittedly one of the best-drawn-up that modern France has had. In outrage, all the political parties (except, naturally, his own loyal, rather meek group, the U.N.R.) have unanimously declared that what he proposes would be a grave constitutional violation—one of the few acts that French politicians regard as heinous. Furthermore, de Gaulle's plan for an Americanized President would make the President so far superior in power to the Parliament that Parliament would perhaps be rated even lower in value in the future than it is now, under de Gaulle himself, whose high notions of the American President's supremacy over Congress seem in many ways to have little to do with the realities in our White House.

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De Gaulle's harsh comments on Thursday against French politics and their politicians did nothing to soothe the latter, being the exact opposite of the cosseting tone and phrases he used to his millions of listeners, those "*Françaises, Français*" (as he always addresses them in his speeches) who make up the semi-political, so-called apathetic population of whom he will now, of course, request an affirmative referendum to validate his two new reform projects. Most likely, he will get it, though there is an undertow of French opinion that for the first time he might fail. In closing his Thursday speech, he levelled his enormous forefinger at his invisible listeners and impressively informed them, "As always, I neither could nor would do anything without *your* help. As always, I shall soon ask *you* for it. Thus, as always, it is *you* who will decide"—the "*votres*" and "*vous*" booming out each time like a stroke of a big bell calling the countryside. His optimistic determination to further rescue his beloved France by leaving it with something more solid in the way of a future government than the short-lived, dying-duck, Parliament-run governments of the past logically forced him (and how he relished it!) to enumerate the appalling situations they used to lead to—"the chronic confusion and perpetual crises" that periodically paralyzed the country, and "the abyss awaiting France if, unhappily, it were to fall anew into the sterile, ludicrous political antics of yesteryear." He also deplored France's curse of political divisionism, meaning the half-dozen or more political parties demanded by Frenchmen's fundamental inability to agree with each other on much of anything, to which de Gaulle himself has added three more divisions—those who revere him as a savior, those who do not trust him because of his autocratic Caesarism, and those, alas, who so hate him that they try to assassinate him.

The blast that his speech received from the major political parties, the

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political leaders, and the newspapers seemed the most united and hostile ever directed at him since he became President. Parliament's ancient, most authoritative deputy, the tiny Paul Reynaud, of the Indépendants, unexpectedly said of de Gaulle's projects, "Government by President works badly in the United States and would work much worse in France." Maurice Faure, leader of the Radicals, said, "No jurist in the world would swallow de Gaulle's interpretation of his own constitution." The Communist *Humanité* imaginatively declared that his scheme for a popularly elected Presidential government amounted to "a revival of the monarchic principle of divine right." The Socialist journal, *Le Populaire*, ironically jeered, "Long live personal power!" *Combat*, the morning paper of the intelligentsia, said that his election project laid the basis for a "*monocratique*" regime, and the ever-influential, stately *Le Monde* feared an excess of "*monocratie*," neither of these words being listed in the new and remarkably up-to-date 1962 Petit Larousse dictionary, though at this point in de Gaulle's career, apparently, they should be.

—GENÊT

•

EDITOR: After attending the Ballet Festival, I naturally followed the reviews and was astounded that The Sentinel-Star reviewers were completely ignorant of the classic background of ballet.

Is it not the responsibility of a reviewer to help the layman public evaluate a performance?

For layman reviewers to criticize traditional costuming and choreography of such masters as Fokine is presumptuous to say the least.

I'm sure that visitors such as Ted Shawn, Lillian Moore and other notables in the dance world, will have many a chuckle over the reviewing.

MRS. WILLIAM C. SAMUEL
Winter Park

(Our reviewers have been too busy working to become experts on the ballet. —Editor.)—*Orlando (Fla.) Sentinel.*

Well, there! Next time, Mrs. Samuel, stop and *think* before plunging in.

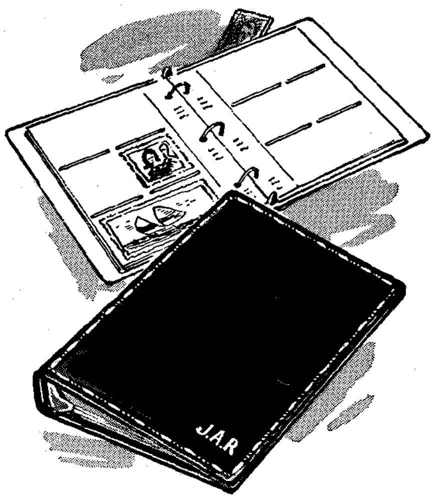
•

ST. LOUIS, Sept. 12 (AP)—Severe dieting causes irritability and clannishness, a psychologist said.

California psychologist Richard Seaton made the statement in a report to the American Psychological Association convention here.

Seaton based his statements on a moth's study of underfed soldiers required to work alongside well-fed buddies.—*Baltimore Evening Sun.*

In a cedar closet.



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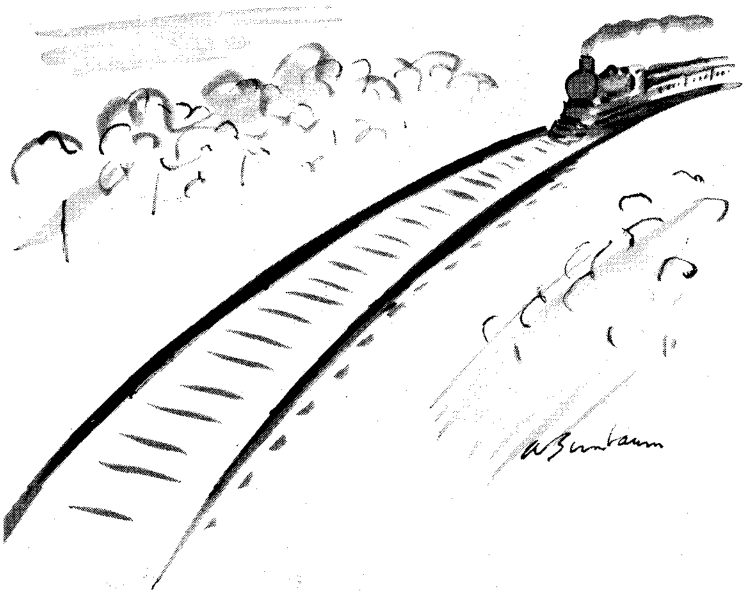
# OUR FAR-FLUNG CORRESPONDENTS

## LE CHOPIN TO MOSCOW

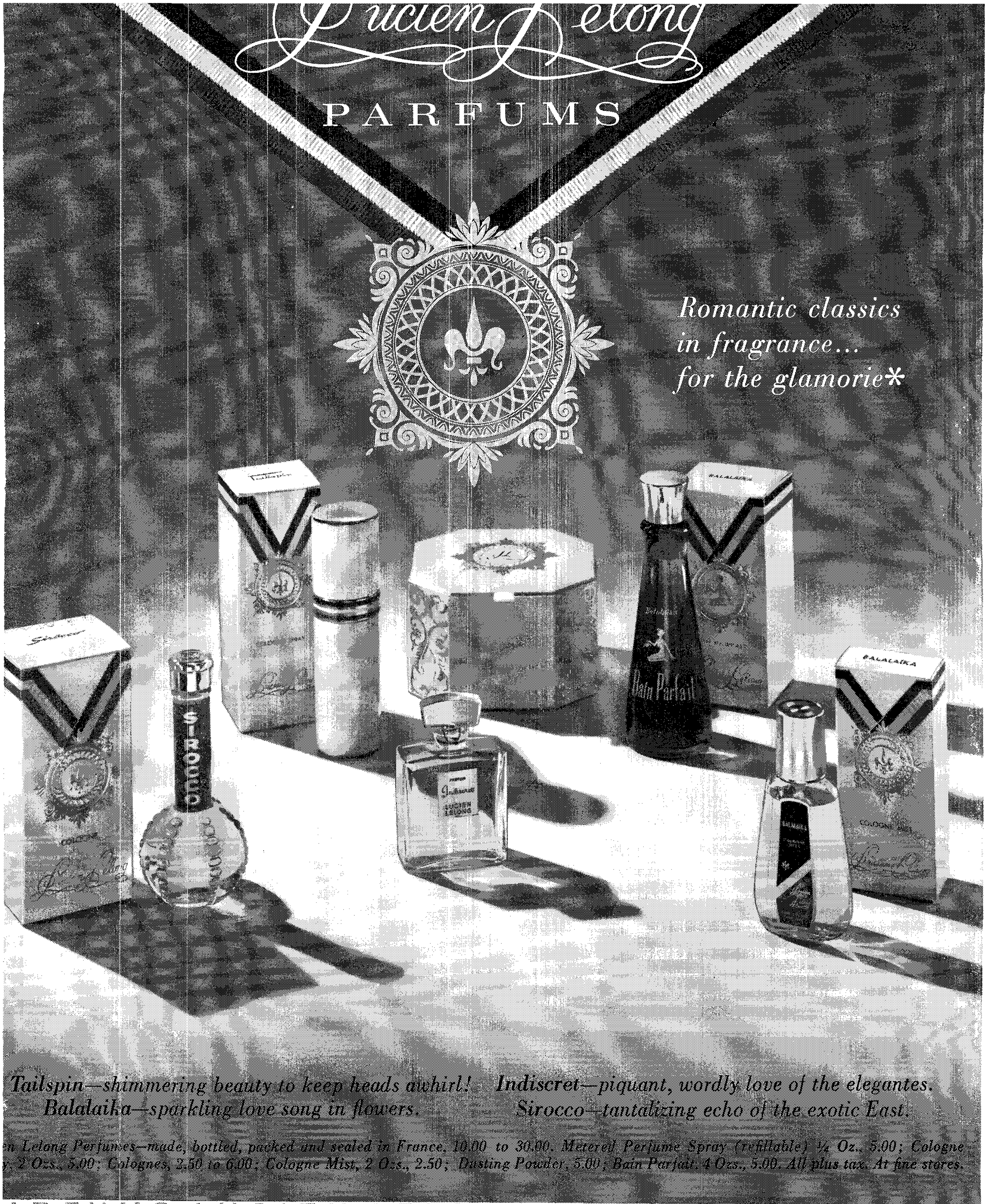


THERE used to be something about an old-fashioned coal-burning locomotive, puffing and snorting in the station yard, that this present airborne generation will never know. The gigantic spoked wheels, the steam hissing out of the piston boxes, the red glow of the furnace, the driver in his grimy cap leaning out of the cab—it was all quite wonderful to a small boy setting out on his holidays: a promise of another world over the edge of the horizon. One had a sense then of distance rather than of space, of time used rather than of time saved, and there was no potential menace in the journey, no need for a safety belt. We never braced ourselves for a takeoff or a landing; the worst that could happen to you was a cinder in the eye. These nostalgic memories—and I don't pretend that there is anything particularly original about them—came back to me with a rush when my wife and I embarked on a month's train journey through Soviet Russia this summer. Many of the great transcontinental trains there have electric or diesel engines, but one still sees everywhere huge, unstreamlined steam locomotives that, despite the red star and the portrait of Lenin on the boiler, come straight out of one's childhood.

We began our journey in Italy, on a train that the Russians have named Le Chopin, presumably as a gesture to the composer's Polish origins. Le Chopin is no ordinary train. It leaves Rome at nine-fifty-five in the evening and arrives in Moscow two and a half days later, thus virtually taking you directly from the Vatican to the Kremlin, and it provides, as we soon discovered, a wonderfully soothing approach to Russia: you slide, as it were, through the Iron Curtain, passing through Austria, Czechoslovakia, and Poland along the way, and the gold domes of Moscow come up on the third day as a natural climax to the journey. It is an extremely comfortable train; Russian *wagons-lits* are somewhat grander than the usual run of sleeping cars in Europe—the compartments are bigger, and a samovar is kept on the boil day and night. In Rome's central station, one recognizes Le Chopin at once by the Soviet emblem on the outside of some of the cars—a hammer and sickle enclosed in a wreath, with the train's destination, Moscow, announced in Russian lettering above. Two attendants in brown uniforms, who spoke nothing but Russian, carried our luggage on board, and with a light, deprecating smile refused a tip. All this was distinctly unusual at first, but by the time we had passed through Venice and crossed the Austrian border the following morning, we found ourselves slipping into the routine as though we had lived with it for weeks. Milkless tea would be brought around every hour or so, in tall glasses, at four kopecks (about four cents) a glass, the loudspeakers were rendering a tune called "Moscow Nights" for the fifth or sixth time, and the two Russian attendants, having changed into slacks and open-necked blue shirts, had settled down to a game of chess. Our fellow-passengers seemed to be minor Russian officials and their families, and for the most part they kept pretty much to themselves, idly watching the Austrian mountains glide by. Up to this point, we had not yet heard the word "*nyet*," the dining car was still being run in European style, with European food, and you could get by with German, French, Italian, English, or, indeed, any European language. But then, after a four-hour stop at Vienna in the evening, things began to change. Twice in the night we were roused from our bunks, as we crossed first the Czech and then the Polish frontier. The police and the customs officials who passed through the train were not exactly peremptory, but there was a certain unsmiling stiffness about them that made it quite clear that we were now in Marxist territory. They had revolvers strapped to their belts.

All next day, we bowled across Poland, a wet, green landscape dotted with rather forlorn little farmhouses and copses of pine, fir, poplar, and silver birch. Gaggles of geese grazed beside the track, and on the roads there was not a single billboard. Advertising stops at the Iron Curtain, and it makes a surprising difference in the scene; things are less lively but much more natural. In addition, you have to get used to the fact that on the station newsstands the only foreign newspapers available are the British *Daily Worker*, *L'Humanité*, and the Peking *People's Daily*, and since these are all out of date and heavily loaded with the Party line, you soon learn to do without news altogether.

We were now on the vast, featureless plain of Central Europe. It is so flat that it is said that if you were to stand on Nelson Column in Trafalgar Square with a celestial telescope, and if the world were not round, you could see the Urals, over two thousand miles away, in Central Russia. The Polish track is rather bumpy, but at least there are no curves or gradients, and there is never a tunnel. Going through the train in search of the restaurant car, we discovered that it had disappeared and that there was no food to be had. All our inquiries were met with a simple "*nyet*," and now no one, it seemed, spoke anything but Polish or Russian. A little gloomily, we returned to our car and the samovar. Toward noon on this second day, Le Chopin made a brief stop at Warsaw to hitch on to another section of the train, coming from Berlin, and then we moved on again, across that dreary stretch of country that was the scene of the appalling three-cornered battles between the Poles, the Russians, and the Germans in the last war. Traces of the



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disaster remain; in the wayside towns, as in Warsaw itself, some buildings are still in ruins, the roads are earthen tracks, and a kind of universal grayness covers everything. Coming from Italy, we were struck by the drab clothes the people were wearing, and by the fact that they hardly ever appeared to smile. A tough, uncompromising attitude, with a touch of fatigue—or perhaps it was wariness—was the usual thing. All this was a little depressing, and, to make matters worse, a cold, soft rain kept falling. The only glimpses of color in the landscape were the lilac bushes blooming everywhere, with a scent so strong that it wafted through the corridors of the train.

But once again there was a distinct and sudden change. In the late afternoon, Le Chopin rolls into Brest Litovsk. Now, at last, you are inside Russia, and you are not left in doubt for two minutes that you are in the presence of the master race. Any border, of course, creates a certain tension (what traveller is absolutely sure that his passport is in order, or that the customs won't nab him for something he has failed to declare?), but here the effect is brusque, even intimidating. As our train came to a standstill, we saw sentries posted at intervals of a hundred yards or so on either side of the track, and when I stepped down onto the platform, I was smartly ordered back again. The police officers who came through the train were unusually handsome and tall young men, dressed in jackboots, brown breeches, and tunics, and most of them wore medals on their chests. They were barely polite. A hostile official glare seemed to have fixed itself permanently on their faces—the sort of look that suggests you are guilty—and we were ordered to go into the corridor while a soldier dived under the seat of our compartment to see if anyone was hiding there. The customs examination, by contrast, was a mild affair; a brisk young woman carefully scrutinized a bag of bananas and oranges we had brought along for the journey, and that was all. Then, when our money had been counted and declared, we were ushered out onto the platform. Here at once we relaxed. The Brest Litovsk station looks like Pennsylvania Station on a miniature scale, if you can imagine Pennsylvania Station decorated with a statue of Lenin and red banners. There is the same stir and bustle—people buying newspapers and ice cream, people racing for their trains, children clutching toys and bunches of lilacs, soldiers gathering around kiosks to drink those

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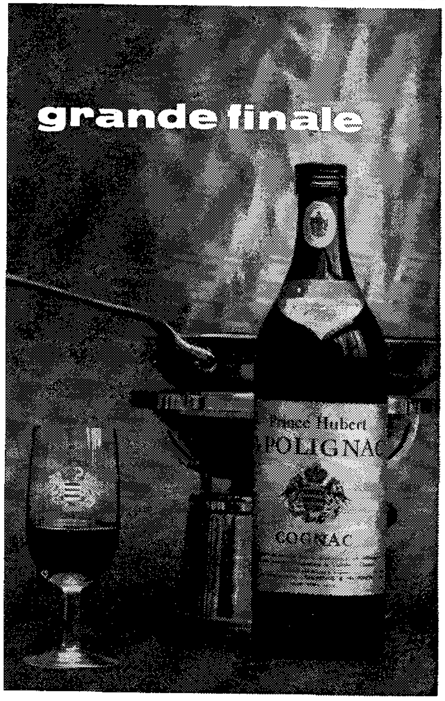

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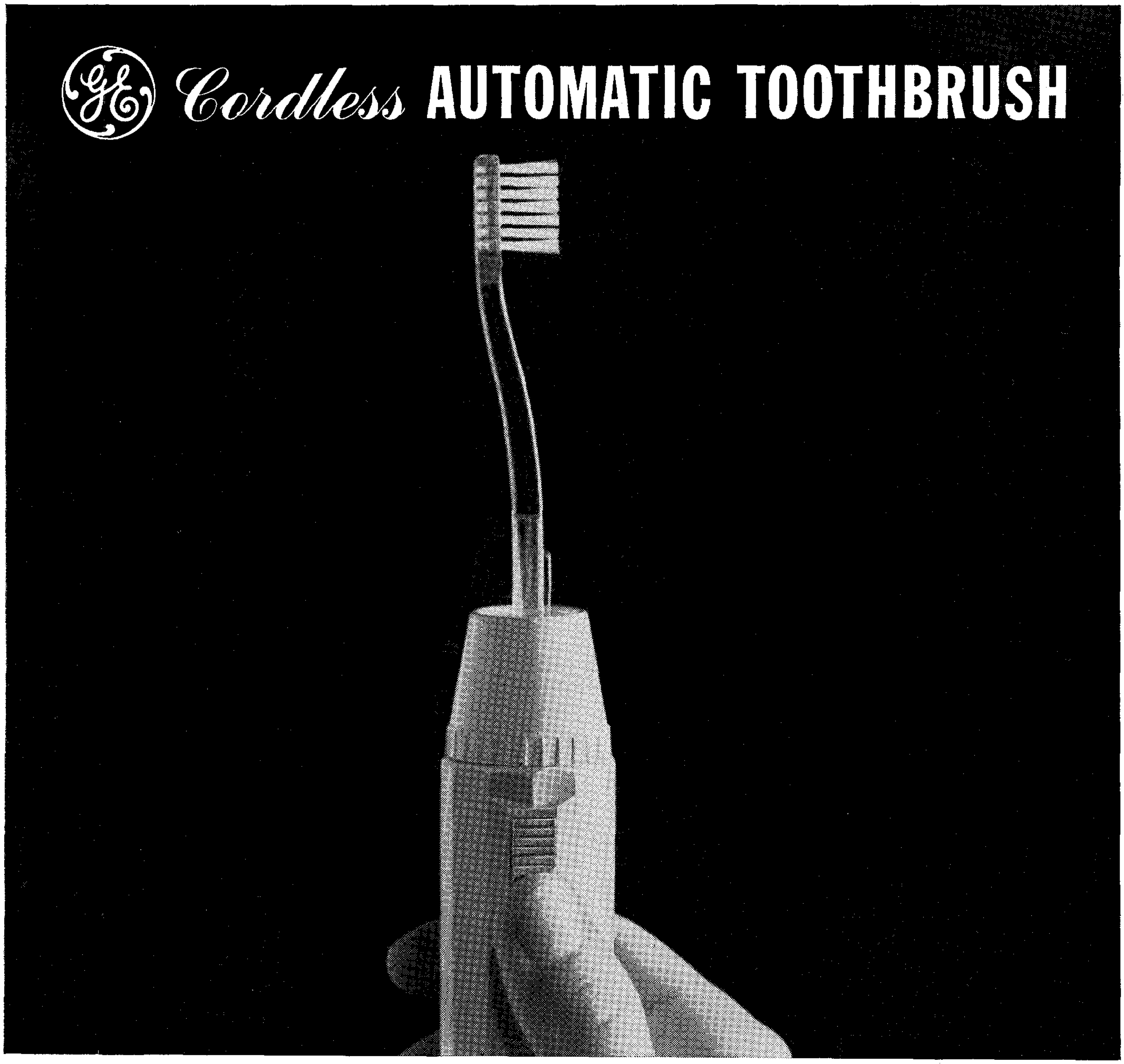

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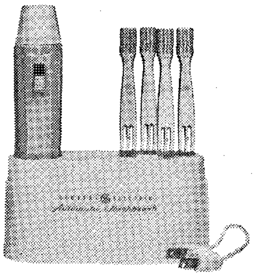

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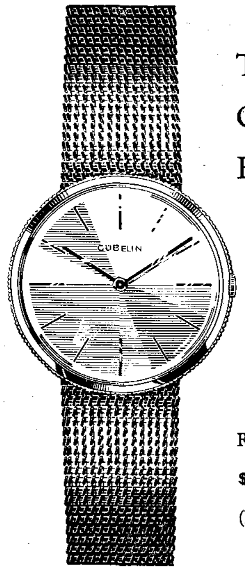
appalling bottles of imitation fruit juice that are sold on every street corner in Russia. By now, a hot sun was shining, and, after Warsaw, the Brest Litovsk station seemed positively gay.

Le Chopin, meanwhile, was being re-railed; that is to say, the coaches were being shifted from the four-foot-eight-and-a-half-inch European tracks to the five-foot-three-inch Russian gauge, which dates from the spacious days of the Czars—a process that involves the whole train's being jacked up and placed on different wheels. A team of women with mops washed down our windows, and then, at 9:30 P.M., we were off again, across the endless Russian plain. We now had a new locomotive, and its boiler was embellished with bronze portraits of both Lenin and Stalin—a surprising thing, since Stalin's effigy has now been all but obliterated throughout Russia; indeed, it was not until we got down to his birthplace in Georgia that we saw again those implacable mustaches and that heavy, watchful face. Now, too, we had a restaurant car once more, and after a virtually foodless day we made our way along to it with some eagerness.

Obviously, one does not go to Russia for the cuisine. One expects a little borsch, a little caviar, and vodka, and leaves the rest to fate. After a month in Russia, I can state with finality that that fate is pretty bad. Even when one is living in *grand luxe* in Intourist hotels, at the rate of some thirty dollars per head per day, any gently nurtured stomach is hard put to it to survive. Everywhere, the round of minute, leathery steaks and *shashliks*, of half-cold sturgeon, of cabbage soup, and of tired cucumber-and-potato salad goes on and on *ad nauseam*, and it doesn't matter whether you are in a country town in the Caucasus or in the best restaurant in Leningrad. Then, too, everything takes longer in Russia; often you have to wait an hour or more to be served, and by the time that familiar cabbage soup comes onto the table you discover you don't want it any more. It is only fair to add that the Russians themselves appear to find this state of affairs quite normal; they stand patiently in line at the food shops, and will wait half the morning if some special delicacy, like carrots or lettuce, appears. It is a little reminiscent of the days of rationing in wartime Europe, and yet all the Russians to whom we spoke insisted that things have improved immensely in the years since Khrushchev assumed power. We were unlucky in having reached Russia just at the moment when a government decree had increased the



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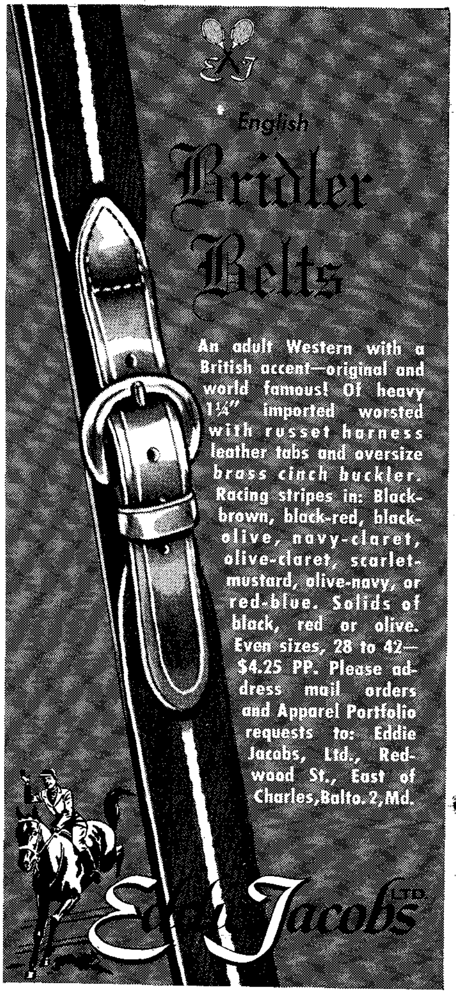

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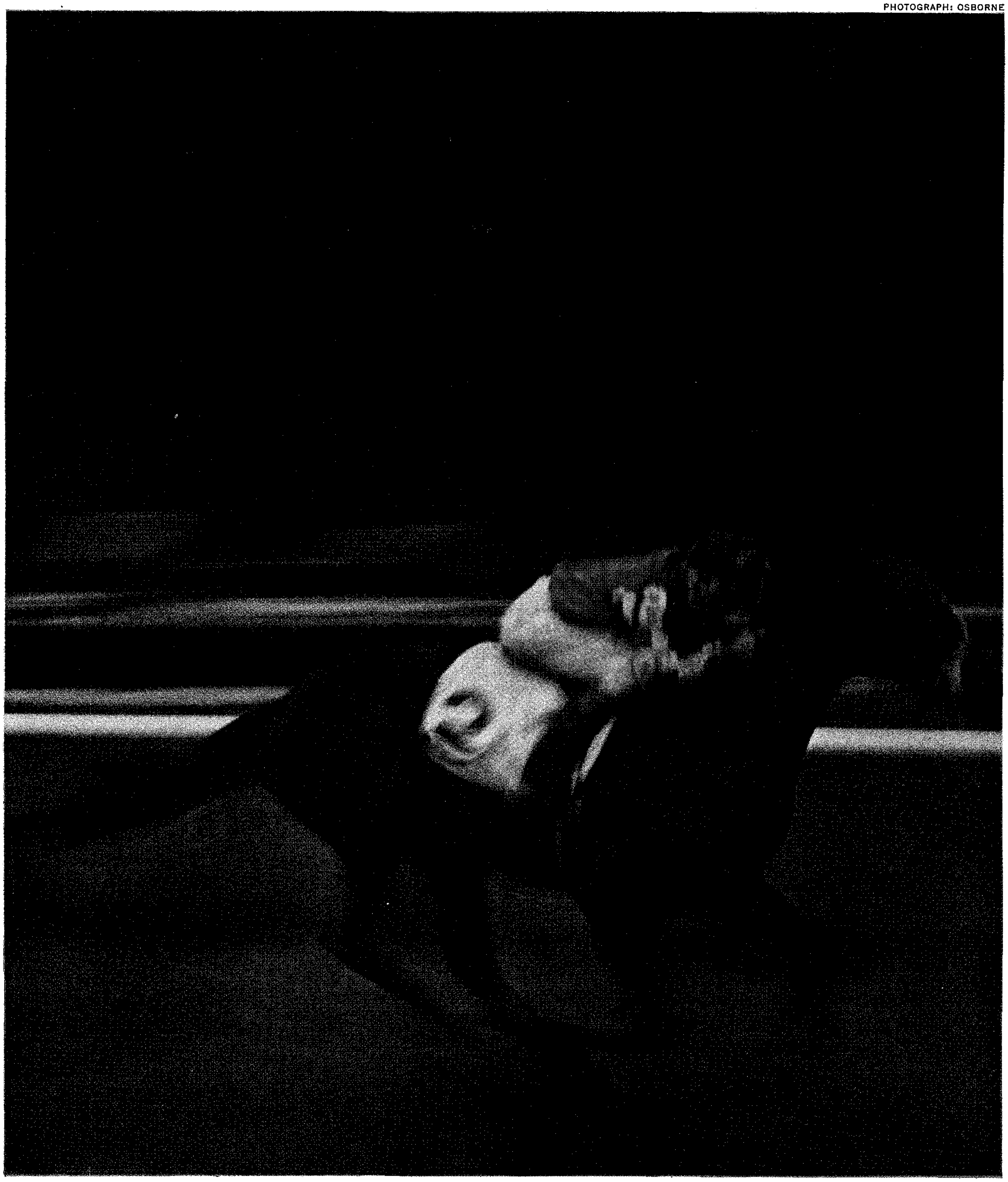

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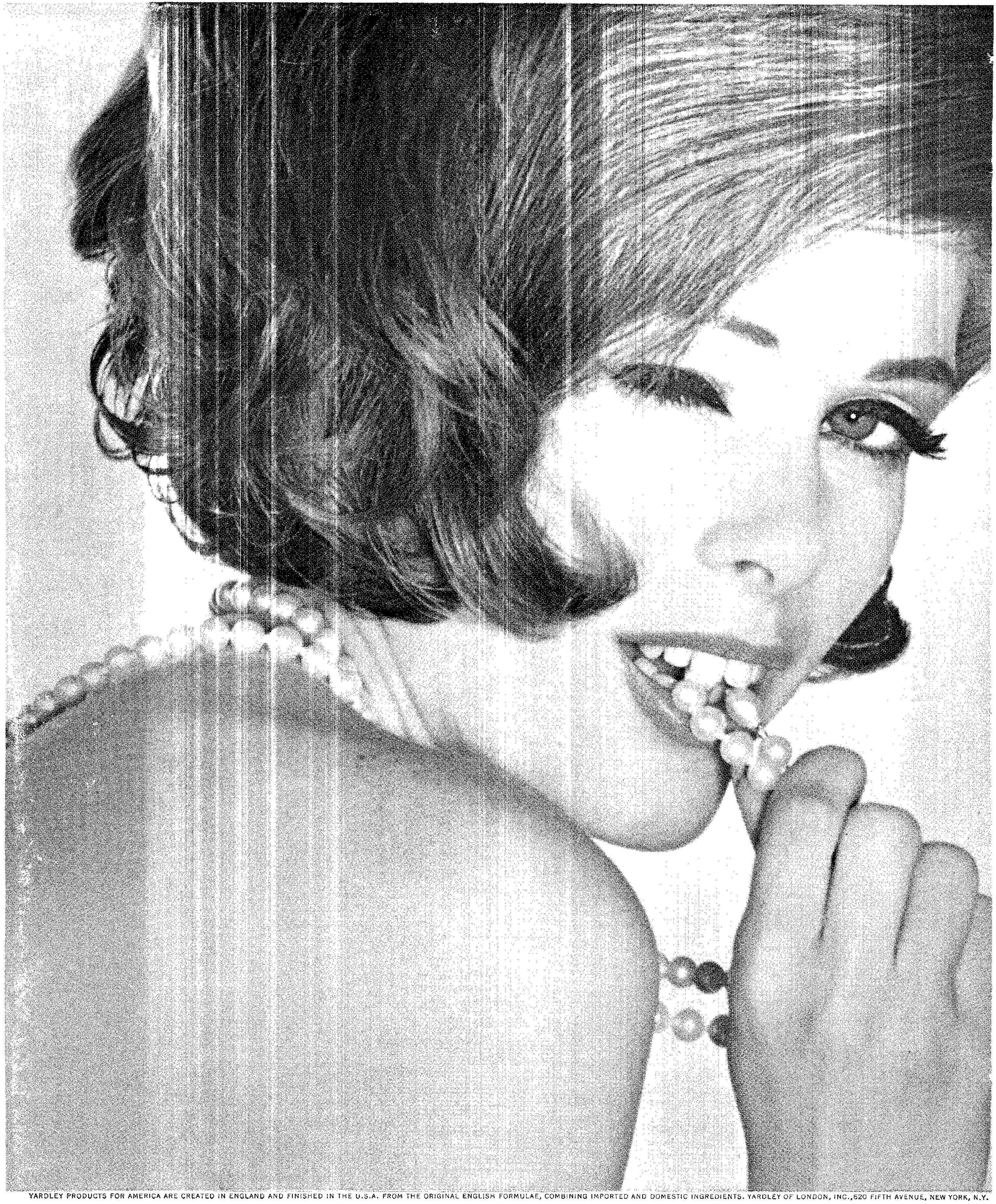

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price of meat and butter overnight by something like thirty per cent, but the prices of the simplest things were prohibitive, too, even in the country food markets we visited—sixty cents for four very small tomatoes, a dollar-twenty for a twenty-five-cent bar of chocolate. One does rather better on the trains than in the hotels; for this first Russian meal on Le Chopin we got a bottle of beer, an inch or two of cold salted salmon, and a small steak with an egg on top for the equivalent of two dollars each. (Five dollars, we discovered later, was a more usual price.) I rather enjoyed all the restaurant cars in which we ate in Russia, and this one more than most. Passengers in striped pajamas wandered amiably through the car from time to time, everyone appeared to be relaxed, and the meal, as in many restaurants in Russia, was served by girls wearing lace bonnets.

Le Chopin's final run into Moscow was uneventful. Waking briefly around 4:30 A.M., I saw the sun shining brightly on the medieval walls and the superb onion domes of Smolensk Cathedral, and then, a few hours later, we drew into the capital. We were dead on time.

SURPRISINGLY, this journey did not seem the least bit long or tedious, and for the next few weeks we travelled everywhere by train. It would have been much cheaper to go by Aeroflot, the only internal airline operating in Russia, but the trains, we discovered, were much the best way of escaping the Intourist service, which enfolds the foreigner in a sort of capsule from the day he enters the country until the day he leaves it. If you travel by rail, a guide takes you to your train, and another guide, duly warned of your approach, meets you at the end of the journey, but all the time in between—sometimes for days on end—you are on your own. It is maddeningly frustrating not to be able to speak Russian, but the other passengers will always come to the help of a foreigner. More than once, they gave up their berths to us so that we could be alone (men and women who are strangers to one another are quite likely to be put together in Russian sleeping compartments), and everywhere they were eager to strike up conversations. When they saw that we hated the non-stop music that blares out in every compartment, they turned it off. This kindness is all the more unexpected when one reflects that day and night the Russians are informed over their television and in their newspapers and their movies that Westerners are

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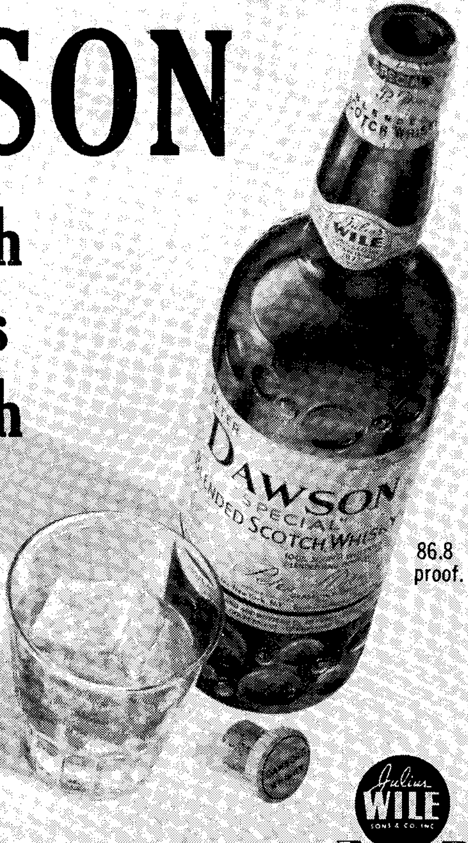

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warlike monsters and the enemies of the Soviet. About the officials—the police, the security guards, and so on—I am not so sure. They seem to be a race apart in Russia, and their own lives to be bedevilled by a nervous wariness—a nagging fear of taking any responsibility beyond the uttering of that eternal "*nyet*." Surely nowhere else in the world are people so disciplined as they are in Russia, so ordered about by the police, so docile. In the street, the policemen's whistles—and they blow them constantly—bring up everyone with a start, and the Russian trains and stations (not to speak of the cities themselves) are the cleanest in the world, for the simple reason that no one dares to throw a cigarette butt or a piece of paper on the ground. The Russians will tell you that they are so trained that no one *wants* to be untidy, but still one wonders sometimes.

The Russian railroad network is vast, but within a month you can get to know it fairly well. From Moscow's nine terminal stations the main lines fan out all over the country, and soon the eight-day run to Vladivostok will be electrified all the way. We didn't get to Vladivostok—part of the line runs through a "sensitive area" that foreigners are forbidden to enter—but we did travel to Leningrad and to Yalta and to other places in the center and the far south. The Moscow-Leningrad train, known as the Red Arrow, is the showpiece of the Russian railways. This line was the first to be laid down in Russia, and one remembers it from the Tolstoy novels: those fated arrivals and departures at St. Petersburg Station; Anna Karenina being tucked up in her furs for the journey (there were no sleeping cars in those days), with Count Vronsky lurking in the background; the ladies' maids and the English governesses being taken to Moscow for the winter; the imperial eagles on the royal coach; the sleighs waiting in the snow at the wayside stations. Until quite recently, the compartments were still furnished in red plush and solid mahogany, and looked

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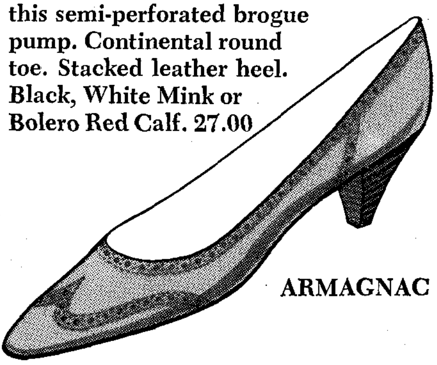

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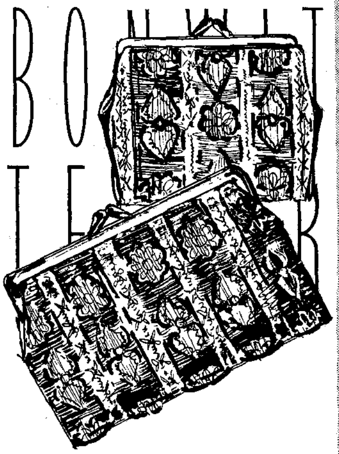

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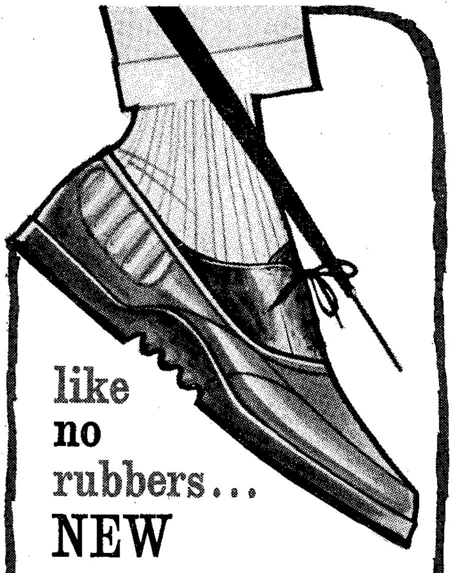
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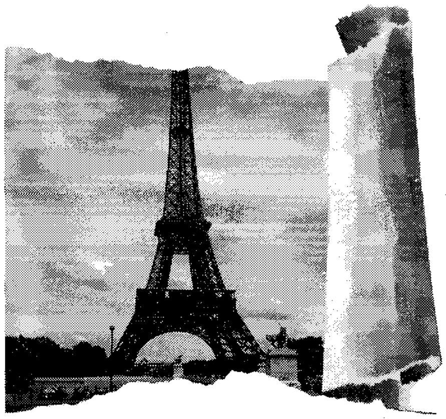
more like boxes at the opera than like a conveyance. The Czars used to attach a coach fitted up as a chapel to their imperial trains. Nowadays, the Red Arrow is a more functional affair, with a diesel engine and some fifteen red streamlined cars on special springs. It leaves Moscow just before midnight and makes the straight-line four-hundred-mile run to Leningrad in eight hours. The round-trip fare for first, or "soft," class is forty rubles, or about forty-four dollars, and a free siphon of soda water is thrown in. Since this train is always crowded with privileged people—officials, diplomats, and foreign delegations—it has a more international flavor than the other lines. We had Chinese and African delegations travelling with us the night we made the journey, and a horde of interpreters met us in the morning at Leningrad.

Leningrad is bound to impress any traveller, and the Russians have done a good deal in the way of restoring the palaces and the churches to what they were in the days of the Czars. On a midsummer night, when there is no real darkness at all, the great domes and colonnades of St. Isaac's Cathedral and the Winter Palace loom through the twilight with a curious intensity, like shapes seen in a dream, and across the Neva the thin gold spire of the Church of St. Peter and St. Paul, catching the first and last rays of the sun, is a thing of marvellous beauty. Of Leningrad's holocaust in the war—the nine hundred days when the Germans besieged and bombarded the city, and not a cat or a dog or a pigeon was left alive by the starving people—there is not a trace to be seen. The Finland Station, where Lenin arrived in triumph from Switzerland in 1917, has been rebuilt, and on the Sunday morning when I was there it looked like any other big station over a holiday—families in summer clothes hurrying off in thousands to the beaches and the countryside. It all seemed so natural, so normal, that it was hard to realize that the Finnish border lay only a few miles away, and that few, if any, of these people could hope to cross it or to see, in places like Helsinki, shops filled with appetizing food and good clothes freely offered for sale. Police with dogs control the border, and every train entering or leaving Finland is searched.

The subway lines in both Leningrad and Moscow are still something of a wonder to behold. Built in the hungry thirties to make a show—a promise of the new Marxist luxury to come—the Moscow Metro is a circular network



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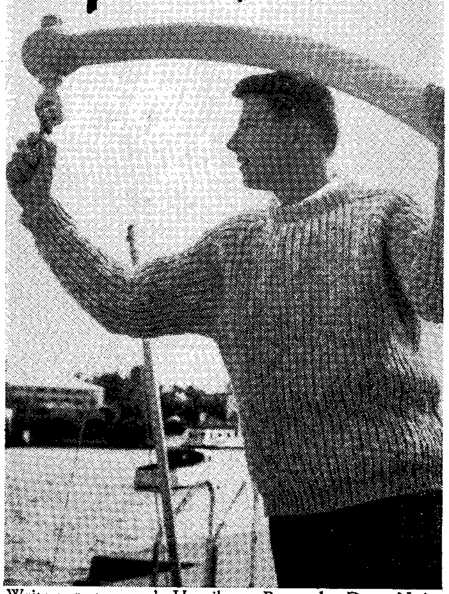

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with branch lines running across it like the spokes of a wheel. At the street-level entrances, some of which are in the form of domed pagodas, you obtain a five-kopeck piece that takes you everywhere. This coin is put into a slot in a barrier, and as you pass through you break an electric ray. If you don't put in a coin, a mechanical arm flies out and blocks the way. In Moscow, a different architect was employed to design each of the original stations, and the decorations run to mosaics, colored-glass panels lit from behind, bas-reliefs, statues, chandeliers, and marble galore. There are no advertisements, of course, and the escalators, longer than any I have seen elsewhere, run you down into these underground grottoes at great speed. They must be warm and cheerful places in the depths of winter. The air is very clean—no smoking is allowed, and no speck of dirt rests on the ground—and the trains come by at the rate of one every three minutes or so. Russians know how to push their way through a crowd as well as anyone, but I observed that men in the Metro always give up their seats to women—a thing that is all the more noticeable here, where women are employed in every kind of heavy work under exactly the same conditions as men. Many of the passengers read books, especially textbooks, and this gives the scene a slightly institutional air.

Of all the long-distance journeys we made, the one I enjoyed the most was the two-day run down to Tiflis, in Georgia. There are fewer foreigners on this line, and you get much closer to the ordinary people. At Kursk Station, in Moscow—that same station where poor Chekhov, doomed to live in the sunshine at Yalta because of his consumption, had so many partings from his wife just before he died—you still see the myriad Chekhov types. They wait in the waiting room with a relaxed and colorful sort of patience—the soldier with his tunic unbuttoned, the peasant sprawling asleep on a bench, the housewife with her bursting string bag of vegetables and her children skirmishing around her, the odd Tatar, dark, mustachioed, and weather-beaten, and dressed in an embroidered jacket and baggy pantaloons. Some of these southern people look more Chinese than Russian. In the "hard" class, the cars have open berths with a corridor running down the center—they are not unlike the old American Pullman sleeping cars, except that they are more crowded and there are no curtains—and the families settle down

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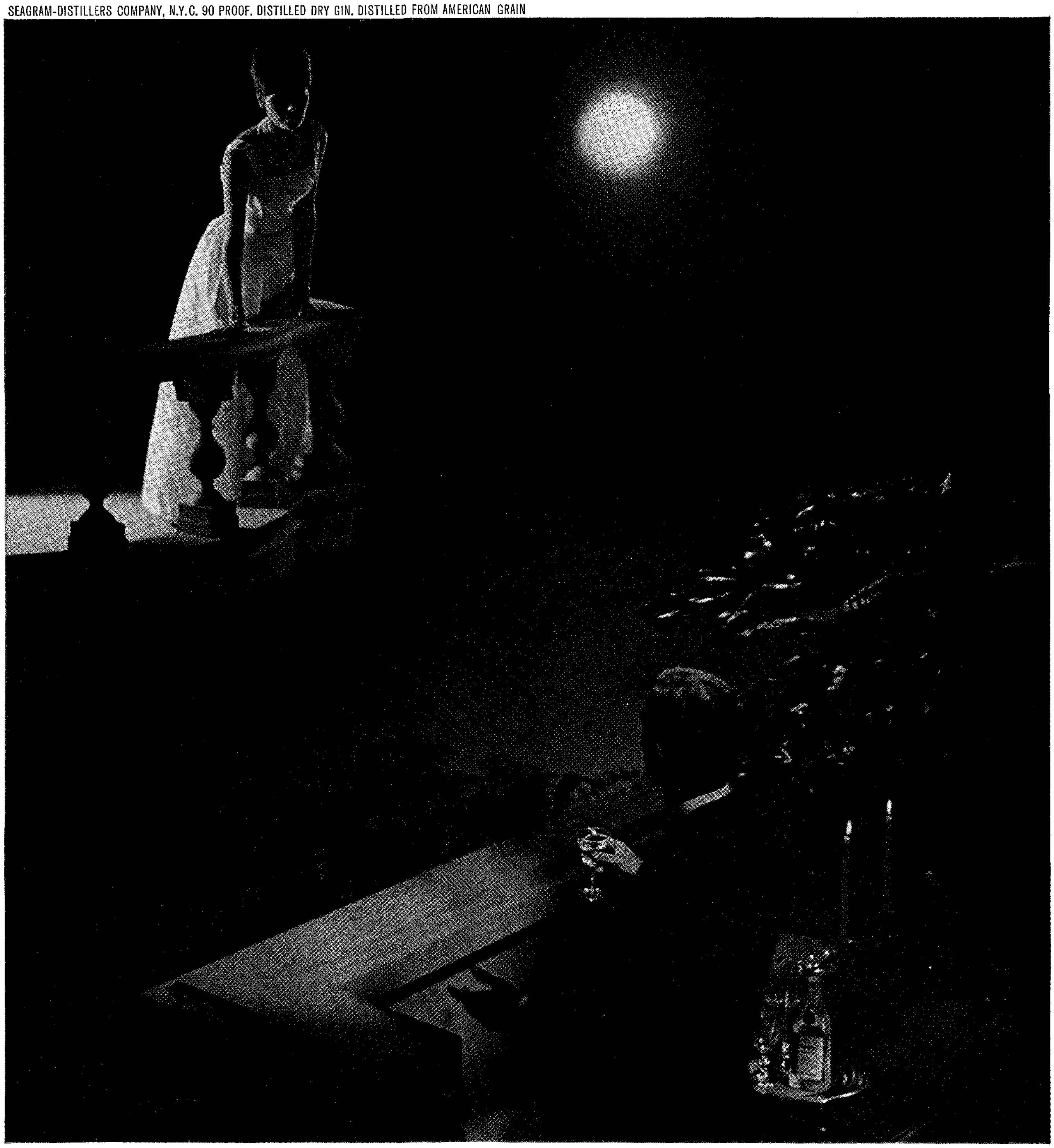

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as though they were at home. The mother feeds her child, tea from the samovar is handed around, the chess games begin, the loudspeakers pour out their flood of music, and, oblivious of it all, jolted by every passerby, battered by noise, the sleeper sleeps with utter Russian abandon.

Whatever else happens to you on a Soviet train, you can never be lonely. When my wife and I made our way to the restaurant car, we found a Georgian drinking party in progress there. Georgians have a reputation as Homeric drinkers even in Russia, where every drink is a toast and downed at one gulp, whether it is vodka or cognac or a full tumbler of wine. Half a dozen hefty-looking men formed the nucleus of this celebration, but gradually they had drawn in all the passengers sitting at the other tables. They made speeches, they drank, they sang (both solo and in chorus, and their singing was remarkably good), and they sent the waitress off for another case of wine. Understanding nothing of what was being sung or said, and feeling embarrassingly foreign, we tried to make ourselves as inconspicuous as possible at one of the corner tables. But this would not do at all. Two full tumblers of wine and a plate of cucumbers and tomatoes were sent across to us, and at once the company was on its feet, someone launched into an oration of welcome, and, to roars of applause, we downed the wine.

Georgia is a great railway center; as you travel south from Moscow, the transcontinental lines come in from Siberia in the northeast and from White Russia and the Ukraine in the northwest. Everyone arriving from the cold north is headed for the sun and the Black Sea, and it is a pleasant thing, after you pass Rostov-on-Don, to wake in the morning and see people selling little branches of cherries at the wayside stations. Goats ramble about in the fields among thatch-roofed cottages, and on each side of the track the steppes stretch far away. The attendants in the train have changed into white uniforms. No bloated capitalist travelling down from New York to Miami or from Northern Europe to the Mediterranean ever experienced the same exhilaration that these Russian travellers apparently feel when they behold, possibly for the first time, the mountains and the sea. In a strange way, the very flatness of the steppes and the icy north is claustrophobic; the long winter grips people in, and the Communist routine that controls and directs almost every act of their working lives is a constricting thing. And so this first vision of the sea and the

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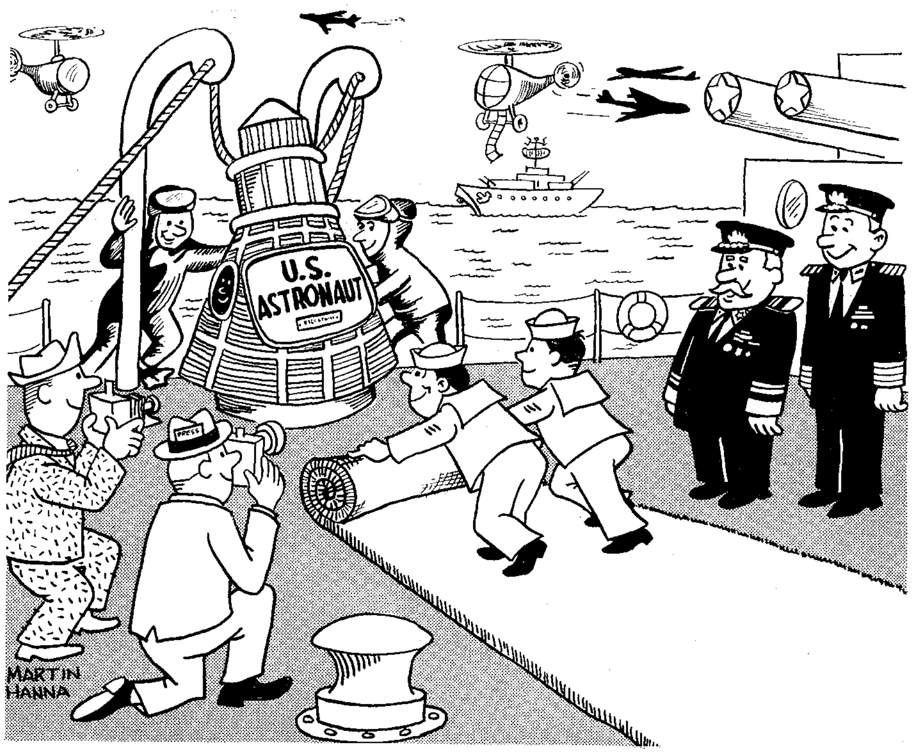

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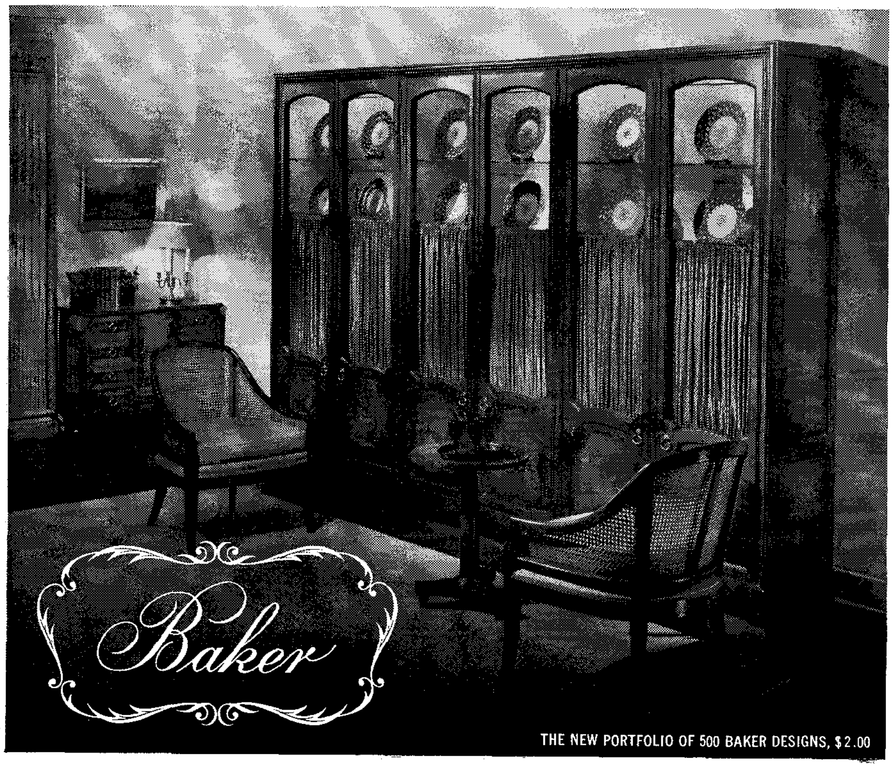

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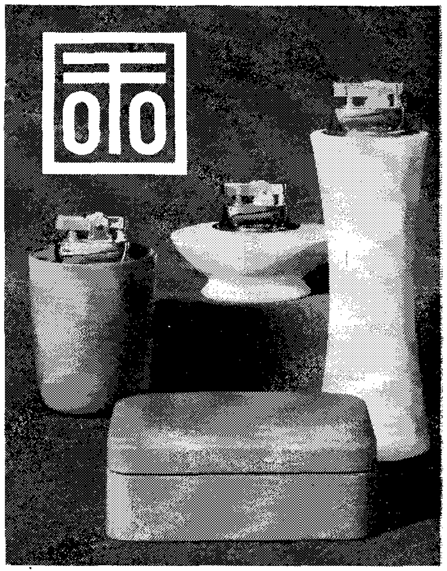
mountains must be a tremendous escape.

Naïvely, I myself had come south expecting to see Cossacks in fur caps and leathery horsemen from the steppes; I had imagined narrow streets with rickety wooden houses, oxcarts, and girls in local costume. What I got was the extraordinary spectacle of countless thousands of almost naked Russians lying like seals on the narrow pebble beaches of the Black Sea. From Sochi to Batum the train bowls along the very edge of the shoreline, and you see it all: the concrete bathing establishments, the launches and ferryboats buzzing to and fro, and this horde, this stupendous ant heap, of pink bodies. As for the cities in the south, nobody in a place like Tiflis would dream of riding a horse now, and an oxcart would be overwhelmed by the traffic. The crowds of office workers and factory hands in the streets look like the crowds in any industrial center anywhere, and year by year new concrete buildings swallow up the countryside. I had forgotten, of course, just what a leveller the revolution has been. The color and the contrasts of local life have been swept away just as thoroughly as the grand dukes and duchesses were, and these technically independent republics in the south—places like Georgia and the Armenian and Azerbaidzhan Republics—are just as closely bound to the Marxist scheme of things as Moscow is.

In a sense, then, you never really arrive at a destination in Russia; it is simply more and more of the same thing, and the industrial belt follows you from Moscow no matter where you go. The last thing you see in every railroad station is a statue of Lenin—one of his hands clutching his workman's cap and the other outstretched, conferring a Marxist blessing upon you—and this is the first sight you see in the station at the journey's end. It gives you the feeling that you are travelling in a circle and forever coming back to the place you started from.

WE left the train at Sochi and travelled back to Italy on a Russian ship, the Litva. Apart from the food, I can recommend this journey, too, since the Litva is a fast and modern vessel, and very comfortable. Once again, you pass gently through the Iron Curtain, calling at Yalta and Odessa (where most of the Russian passengers get off), and then at Constanta, in Rumania, and Varna, in Bulgaria. One fine day, you finally sail down the Bosporus and anchor at the bottom of the Golden Horn, in Istanbul. Advertisements foul



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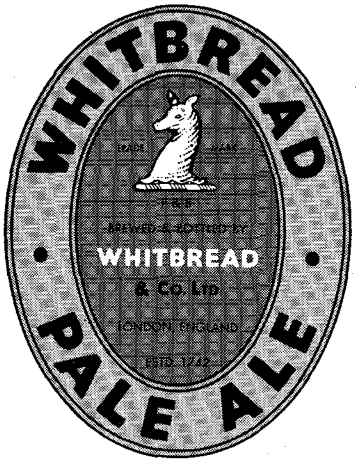

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the skyline, every kind of newspaper is on sale, people are gorging themselves in restaurants and throwing their cigarette butts anywhere, and the traffic is chaotic. Nobody seems to care who you are or where you are going or what you intend to do. You are back in the decadent Western world, and it is not unpleasant. —ALAN MOOREHEAD

•

## [LAUGHTER] IN THE HOUSE OF LORDS

[*From the London Daily Telegraph & Morning Post*]

WESTMINSTER, Tuesday.

Air Chief Marshal Lord Dowding, war-time chief of Fighter Command, told the House of Lords to-day how to get rid of a plague of rats or other vermin: Ask them to leave.

Supporting a private members' Bill to enable the Home Secretary to ban the use of pest poisons which experts deemed cruel, he asked why animals should be poisoned at all.

Some time ago he read a book by an American who found his house overrun by ants. Overcoming his initial anger, the author talked to the ants, told them how much he admired their industry and communal spirit, but asked them if they would leave his house alone in future.

Two days later there was not an ant in the place, although his neighbours' houses suffered just as much.

Offering confirmatory evidence, some of it personal, Lord Dowding related: "My wife's mother used to keep chickens in her garden, and she suffered in various houses into which she moved from the depredations of rats in the fowl-run.

"She had a very great dislike, amounting to fear, of rats and mice, and it was not easy for her to clear her mind of anger and prejudice. However, after watching for some weeks and getting actually to know the different individuals, her attitude changed.

"Eventually she spoke to the rats in the same sort of terms as this American man had used to the ants. The effect was immediate. That occurred at three separate houses at different times. She cleared her fowl-run of rats altogether.

"I will add to that that we ourselves have cleared our house of mice and silver fish by similar methods."

Earl BATHURST, Under-Secretary, Home Office, commenting on this "interesting and original idea," confessed: "I am one who firmly believes that there is something in these extraordinary powers that some people do possess both over animals and human beings.

"Nevertheless, if we all set about acquiring the power Lord Dowding mentioned, we should merely push our rats and other tiresome vermin on to some other unfortunate individual who has not got these powers."

A very pertinent observation, Lord DOWDING conceded. "On the last occasion on which my wife's mother cleared her fowl-run of rats a neighbour next day said to her: 'I can't think what has happened: my garden is suddenly swarming with rats.' " [Laughter.]

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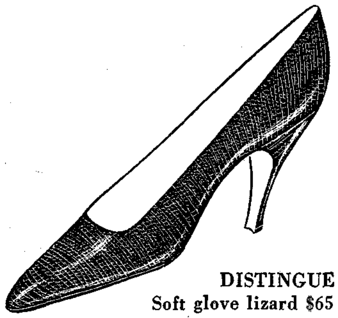

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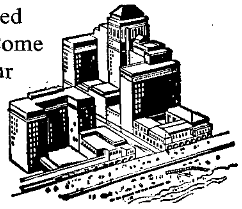

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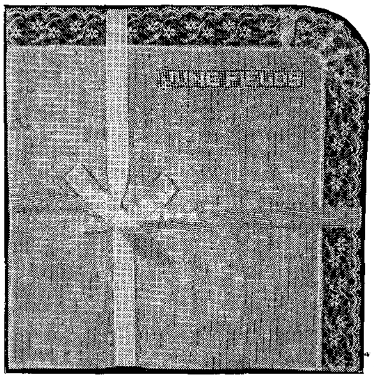

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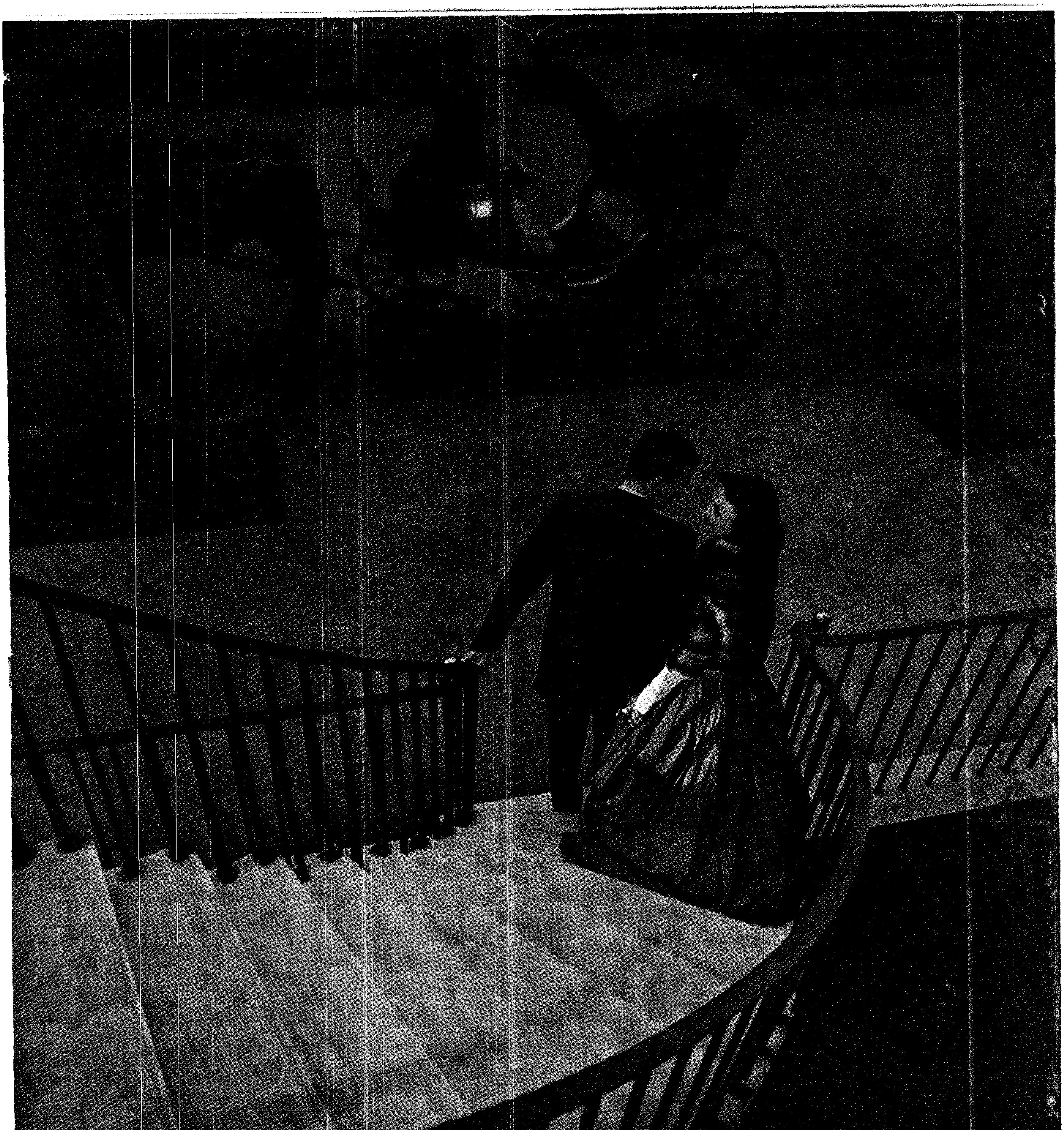

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PHOTOGRAPH BY BURT GLINN

## THE KEYS TO HALF THE CITY

THE van marked Atlas Moving Company was the first moving van I'd seen all fall on my street. It made me think belatedly and a little guiltily of the young man I met at a party early this past summer.

He was a singer from Boston, who had just moved to New York, and he was short, plump, and pinkly shining like a baby fresh from its bath. When he told me about hunting for an apartment, his face puckered almost tearfully. "I was prepared to pay a hundred dollars a month," he said, "for something really nice. I'd take an unfurnished place or furnished, but in either case I'd put in my own small grand."

Even allowing for his coming from Boston, I was surprised at such economic naïveté in these times. Did he really believe that a hundred-dollar bill laid out flat would cover a living room scaled to a Steinway?

He said he'd been looking mostly in the Village. "But they want two or three hundred dollars for not much of anything." His tone was more hurt than indignant. "I'd always thought Greenwich Village encouraged young artists."

He asked me where I lived, and I said in an old Village brownstone near Fifth Avenue. With the smugness of an early settler, I mentioned the high-ceilinged rooms and the terrace.

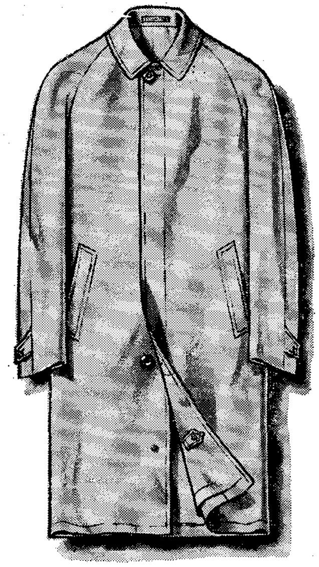
His mouth worked. "Is it— Forgive my asking—do you have to pay a fortune?"

I said that, even with the fifteen-percent increase that I had agreed to pay several years ago, the rent was only about eighty dollars.

"I don't suppose there's anything open in your building now," he said wistfully.

There wasn't, I said. But I told him about the first day I went there, in 1941, with an agent who showed me three other vacancies in the same small house, which contained only eight apartments. That was almost the normal ratio—four out of eight to rent. Thinking back, I could hardly believe it myself. "If you went to a real-estate agent in the Village then and told him you could spend a hundred dollars," I said, "he'd practically carry you around on his shoulders. You might have five or six agents phoning, persuading, offering to come down on the rent. Even if you only wanted to pay sixty or seventy, you had dozens of places to choose from."

He put his drink down on the floor



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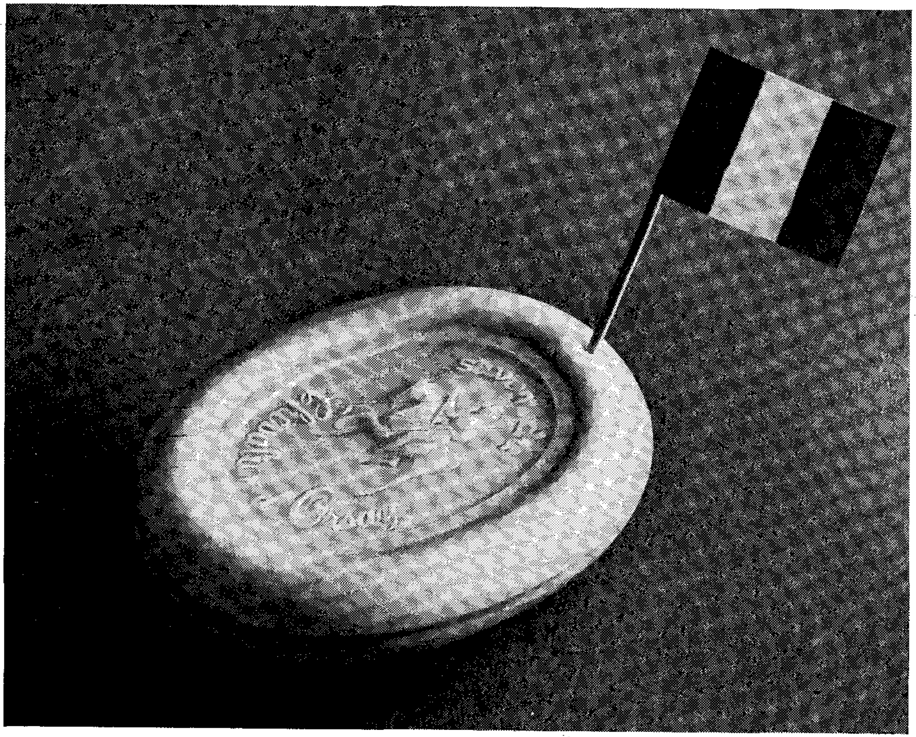

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and stared at me. I hadn't held a young man so enthralled for years. I mentioned the fat tabbed notebooks an agent would flip through—vacancy listings arranged by the number of rooms and location. "He'd ply you with descriptions and addresses, and you'd sift and discard, to save yourself the trouble of inspecting more than fifteen or twenty. Too far west, too far south, too many flights up, not enough light on the ground floor, too big . . ."

"If there were that many good ones, it must have been hard to decide," the young man said.

I said sometimes it had taken me days. "There was a one-floor-through I still remember, but it was too expensive—probably ninety a month. The big bedroom was at the back, and from it you went through French doors leading down some steps into a garden. There was an ailanthus tree, and a fountain, supported by the stone figure of a child, that was a really good piece of sculpture." Too late I remembered that this rosy stone figure I was seeing in memory was in another garden, in another palace—the Barberini.

No matter. The young man was sighing with happiness. "What was the living room like?"

"It was smaller than the bedroom. Not more than twenty feet long. And I thought *it* should have opened into the garden. That was the main drawback, apart from the high rent."

"You could easily have switched around and made the bedroom into the living room." I could tell by the busy look in his eyes that he had already moved his grand piano near the garden door, but with the sounding board facing in, so that no damp would get into the strings. "You don't happen to remember the address?" he asked me. "I might just drop by and take a look. If rents were frozen around that time . . ."

But tenants had been frozen, too, I told him. They hadn't budged an inch till wreckers had practically razed the building. "There's a red brick apartment house there now, with the name beside the door: 'The Peter Warren.' Whenever I go by, I want to add a carrot and a middle name."

Singers are literal-eared. They follow a conversation the way they follow a score. At least this one did. After looking at me blankly for a moment, he asked, "How about the side streets farther away from Fifth Avenue? Could you find better buys there?"

"Once, for a year, I lived on East Ninth Street near Broadway—a huge skylight studio, with the best fireplace I

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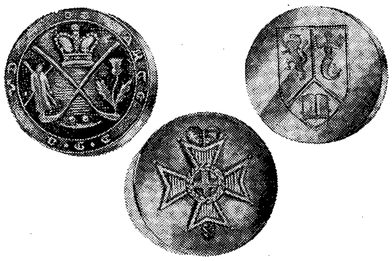

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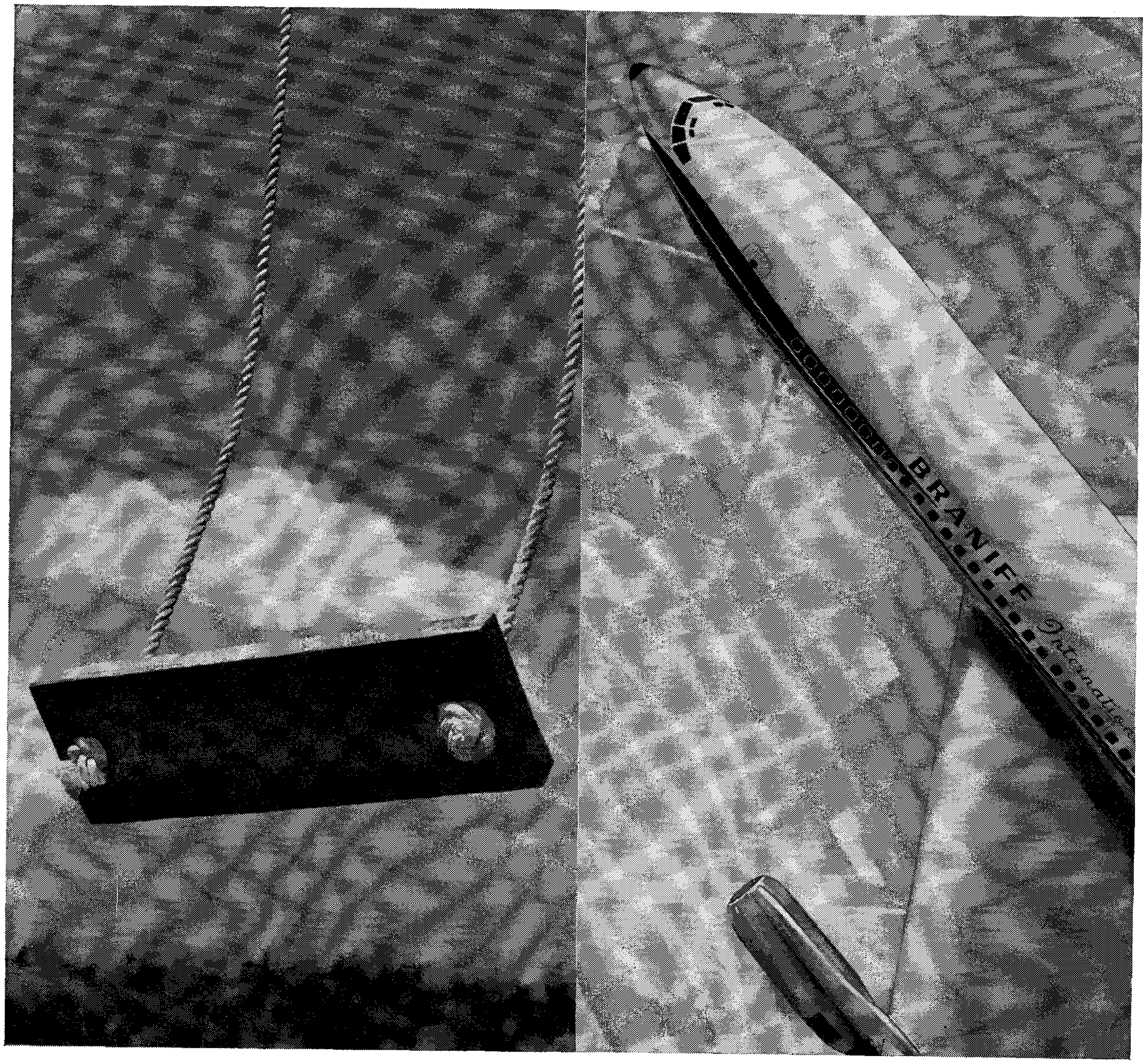

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ever had, and a separate kitchen. Forty-five dollars."

"Forty-five dollars," he said, caressing the small round numbers.

"But it was horribly hot in summer," I added hastily. "So I only stayed a year."

"An air-conditioner would fix that." He sounded rather impatient with me. "If you only paid forty-five dollars, you could afford an air-conditioner."

"They weren't invented yet," I said, thinking that air-conditioning was a cold, mechanical substitute for the atmosphere we'd flourished in. I thought of the first apartment I'd ever had, on Cornelia Street, at thirty-two fifty a month furnished; it had a Civil War-vintage bathroom painted cerise and a Léger-like mural over an iron tub. The main room was concert-grand-sized, with rough plaster walls exactly the color of mud. The couch-bed was low and squashy, like an Oriental divan, and the wall above it was festooned with strings of Christmas-tree lights left by some former tenant. Perhaps at the peak of a tender evening, he or she would turn them on. They weren't much good for reading in bed, but they made an interesting light, ranging from green to mauve. These little bulbs, I told the young man, were one of the two main attractions for my visitors from uptown. The other was the superintendent, a fat, bald Italian named Romeo. My guests used to think up flimsy excuses to call him, for an icepick or something, and he was always good-natured about it. I remembered a tenant down the hall shrieking, "Romeo! Romeo, the sink's backing up!," and Romeo charging to the rescue with a plunger held high. "In those days," I said, "a superintendent did all kinds of odd jobs for you. He'd make a bookcase or a flower box or saw the posts off a bed or fix an electric toaster. Landlords wanted tenants to be happy, so that they'd sign a new lease in the fall. If you were unhappy in the middle of the year or saw something you liked better and wanted to get out, you had a lease-breaking party. You invited a mob of friends and asked them to make as much noise as possible. Sometimes it took all night to get them rowdy enough so that the neighbors complained. And you might even have to throw a few things out the window—Villagers never used to fuss much about noise. It was quite hard to get out of a lease. The landlords needed us. They were always offering some special inducement to woo us away from a rival, like the first three months rent-free, or gas and electricity included. Occasion-

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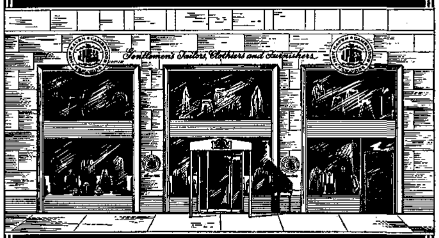
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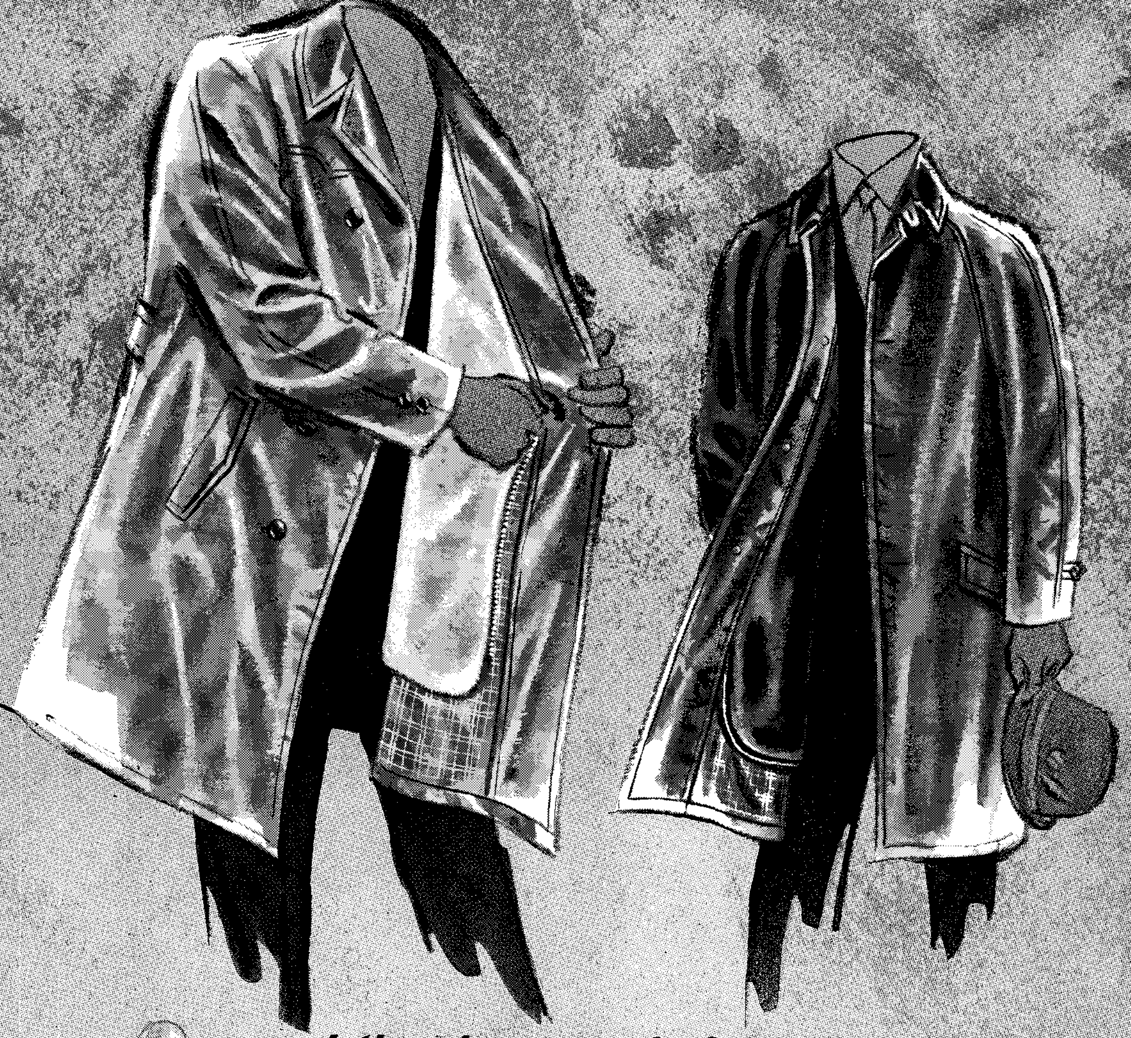

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ally a landlord would even let a tenant's rent slide for a year or two, if he thought he was really talented."

I myself had never known any such cases first hand, but the exalted look on the young man's face made my conscience light as a bird. "On October 1st," I went on, "almost everybody moved, just for fun. The streets were bulging with vans—it was like a gypsy festival. One mover in the Village let us ride on his truck when he moved our stuff, and everybody waved to everybody else. And the landlord might send in a hot casserole for your first supper in the new place. *Paella* or *rigatoni.* Of course, you had to return the dish."

"Of course," the young man said solemnly.

Our host at the party came over then and broke up our twosome, which was just as well. But when I was leaving, an hour later, the young man rushed over and took both my hands in a gripping farewell. "It's been wonderful talking to you. And if you happen to hear of an apartment— Wait, I'll give you my number." He tore a lined page out of a tiny notebook and wrote on it. "I'm staying in a—" He was blushing so much I thought of that young man in a Thornton Wilder novel who unknowingly has dinner in a bordello. "In a Y.M.C.A.," he finished. "Just as a stopgap." He was going to Colorado for the rest of the summer, to sing in Central City. "I hear they keep an oxygen machine backstage there for singers," he said. Mentioning the oxygen machine seemed to revive him. His color was normal again and his voice came out strong as he explained that he already had a contract for a job in New York starting in mid-fall. "So I have to get settled by then, with my piano. I'd sign a lease here in advance if the right place turned up, but I have to leave soon."

I said I'd let him know immediately if I heard of anything but that I was afraid I wouldn't. He still looked trusting and hopeful.

ON the way home, I suddenly realized what his faith reminded me of. It was the way my brother and I had listened, as children, when Grandmother told us about the Indian chief who used to come to call on her family, bringing venison or a wild turkey as a present and staying for a meal in the kitchen. Even though there wasn't a single Indian left around western Pennsylvania in our youth, we were so buoyed by Grandmother's stories we lived in a world of belief. As long as

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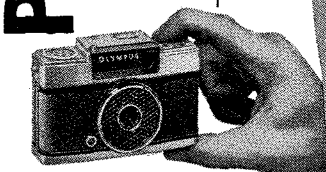

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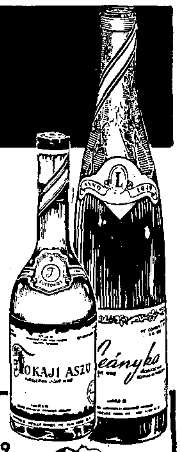

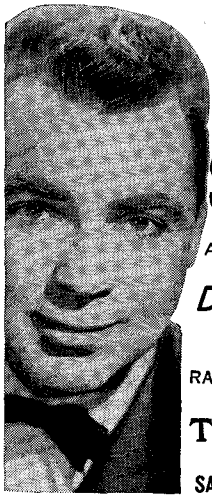

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such wonders had happened, right on that spot, they might happen again. They might happen right here, too, I thought. Perhaps before too long a millionaire's foundation will restore the old Village just as it used to be, and beg the young artists to come back and live in it, if only as tourist bait.

Whatever the young man has signed up for this fall, for a hundred dollars, I hope his moving day will be golden and scarlet—the gypsy colors. I think I'll send in a first-night casserole, with a long loaf of crusty bread and Chianti in a straw-covered bottle. I can tack on a little plaque stating that in olden times, in the Village, the empty bottles were used as candleholders and were believed to cast a romantic spell.

—Hildegarde Dolson

•

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[*From Grist, publication of the National Conference on State Parks in coöperation with the National Park Service*]

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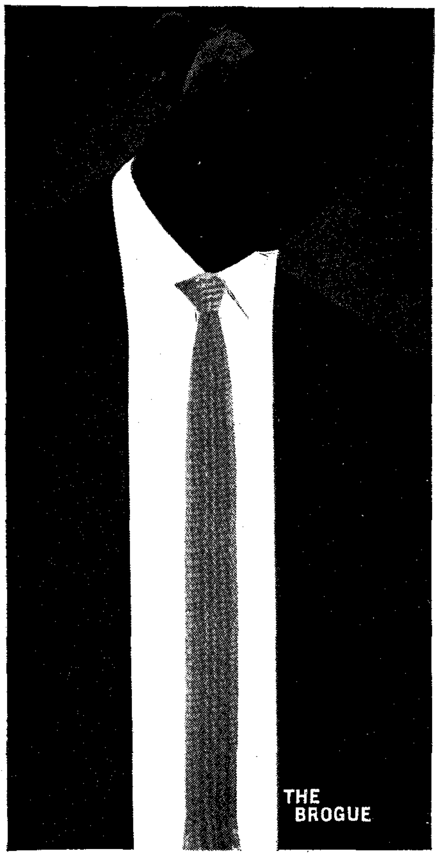
•

Many are the anecdotes about the Father of our Country, but the fictional one often overlooked, now making the rounds, is about George Washington throwing a dollar across the Potomac. The story is he was more than testing his pitching arm. Actually, he was making an investment. When he threw the dollar, an Indian named Crow was waiting on the other side to catch it. He took the dollar and bought a sack of grain, a kettle, and some copper tubing. That was the beginning of a partnership between them which made them a fortune. They tried calling their first batch of bourbon "Old Wash," in honor of George, but the name didn't seem to catch hold. Finally, the switch was made to "Old Crow," in honor of the Indian's nation. Everything went fine from that day on.—*Press release from the National Distillers Products Company, New York.*

Not in the public-relations field, it didn't.



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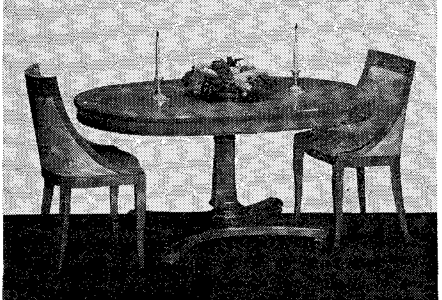

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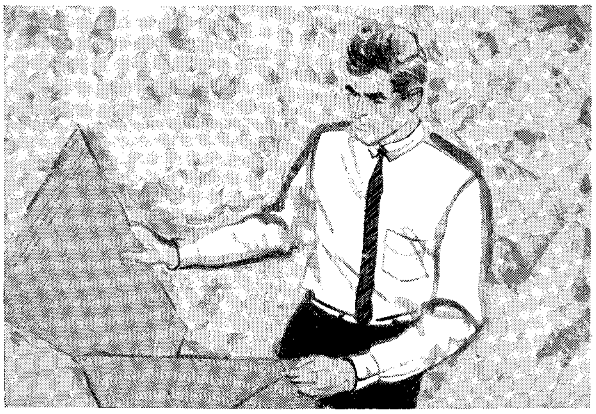

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# LETTER FROM WASHINGTON

SEPTEMBER 27

JUST ten days ago, when the Congressional passion for economy was at its height, the Senate Minority Leader, Mr. Dirksen, of Illinois, took the floor to note the hundred-and-seventy-fifth anniversary of the conclusion of the Constitutional Convention. Senator Dirksen asked the unanimous consent of his peers—of whom a half dozen or so happened to be on hand—to read into the *Congressional Record* the full text of the Constitution and the Bill of Rights and certain other "basic documents of our freedom." The latter turned out to be the Pledge of Allegiance to the Flag, the Declaration of Independence, Lincoln's Gettysburg Address, "The Star-Spangled Banner," and the Monroe Doctrine, as set forth in President Monroe's message to Congress on December 2, 1823. The Minority Leader did not make clear why he thought it a service to spend the taxpayers' money burdening the *Record* and the United States mails with a group of documents that, except for the Monroe Doctrine, can hardly be said to suffer from lack of distribution. When it comes to burdening the *Congressional Record*, though, no one ever explains anything. (A recent issue contained four separate insertions of the text of a syndicated column by William S. White urging a more militant response to the Soviet presence in Cuba.) "There being no objection," as the *Record* always says, "[Mr. Dirksen's] documents were ordered to be printed." Congressmen and other citizens unfamiliar with the Pledge of Allegiance or the national anthem, uncertain about the provisions of the Constitution or the complaints registered in the Declaration of Independence, curious to learn exactly what message Lincoln brought to Gettysburg, or a bit fuzzy about the exact language of the Monroe Doctrine may satisfy their wants by referring to the several pages that follow page 18,481 of the present volume of the *Congressional Record*, copies of which are available at many of the larger libraries and in a few of the better political clubhouses.

In any period but this, the inclusion of the Monroe Doctrine in a small anthology of sacred writ would come as something of a surprise. Why not a Federalist paper or two, or Washington's Farewell Address, or the Emancipation Proclamation? The answer, of course, is Cuba, and it can safely be assumed that it was precisely in order to establish the Monroe Doctrine as a holy text that Senator Dirksen asked to have it printed with the Declaration of Independence, the Constitution, and the Bill of Rights serving as introductory matter and with the Gettysburg Address and Francis Scott Key's ballad directly following it. For several weeks now, the chambers of both Houses have been ringing with demands that the Doctrine be immediately invoked and applied. It has become the main plank in the platform of a number of Congressional candidates seeking to make a strong case against the present administration, and of a few orators seeking to belabor the last one. "The reason we're in trouble in Cuba," Harry Truman is reported to have said not long ago, "is that Ike didn't have the guts to enforce the Monroe Doctrine." If Mr. Truman made any recommendations during the last Eisenhower years about when or how to "enforce" the Monroe Doctrine, his advice is not recalled here. In July of 1960, the Eisenhower administration cut off Cuba's sugar quota, and in January of 1961 it ended diplomatic relations with Castro's government, but these steps were taken simply in pursuit of American national interest, and not under cover of the Monroe Doctrine, which, indeed, was never mentioned in the executive proclamations. Nor was it used as justification for the limited support that the Kennedy administration gave the exile army that landed in the Bay of Pigs in April of last year. It has not, in fact, played a significant role of any sort in recent American policy, for the simple reasons that it is irrelevant to most of our undertakings and that, in and of itself, it is unenforceable. It is irrelevant, for one thing, because we ourselves, for almost half a century, have violated the part of it that pledges us to nonintervention in Europe, whose affairs we were to observe only as "anxious and interested spectators." (A virtue of the version that Senator Dirksen read into the *Congressional Record* was that it included this part of the Doctrine. It has been conveniently overlooked by most congressmen, and *Time* recently ran a five-page history of what it called "the Durable Doctrine" without once mentioning the first of the Doctrine's two provisions—the guarantee to post-Napoleonic Europe that we would not interfere there.) The part that pledged us to oppose, by unstated means, any disturbance of the then existing arrangements in this hemisphere is irrelevant not because we no longer offer support to the governments of the south but because we have, in a manner of

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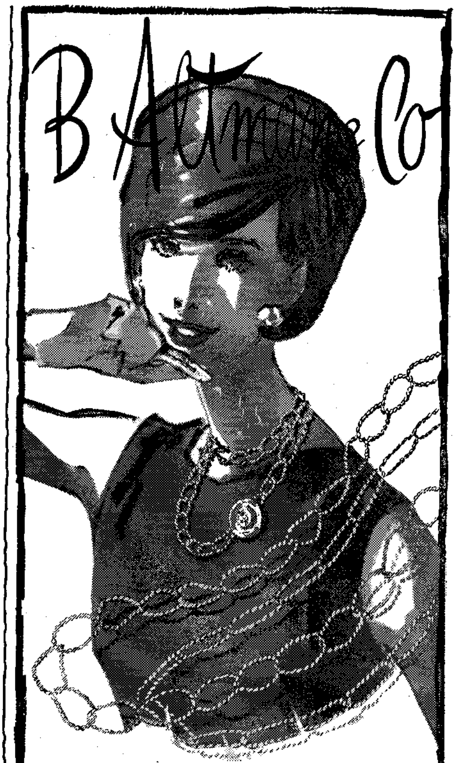
speaking, extended the principle that lay at the heart of the Doctrine—the defense of national sovereignties and the right to self-determination—to nations on every continent. Whereas in 1823 we said that we would regard any attempt to establish alien power systems in this hemisphere as "dangerous to our peace and safety," we are now committed to opposing alien power systems in Southeast Asia and sub-Saharan Africa as well as in the Caribbean.

Congressmen who have recently come upon the Monroe Doctrine speak of it as though it were a municipal ordinance, and as though anyone disregarding it could be booked, tried, and, if found guilty, penalized in prescribed ways. "The Monroe Doctrine, cornerstone of American foreign policy, has been violated," Senator Keating, of New York, has said. Representative Fisher, of Texas, has said that a naval blockade of Cuba is in order, "since the Soviets have now openly and brazenly violated the essence of [the Doctrine]." Most of the calls for blockade or invasion have been made in the name of the Doctrine, as if these were the established penalties for its violation. But the Doctrine is a doctrine, not an ordinance, and it is unenforceable for the same reason that "The Star-Spangled Banner" is unenforceable. It proclaims an attitude, a viewpoint; it expresses resoluteness and good will and hope. There is a sense in which it may be said to have been, in the nineteenth and early twentieth centuries, self-enforcing; the fact that we declared it to be a guiding principle of American diplomacy no doubt had a deterrent effect on European powers that were tempted to move into this part of the world. But it could not be "enforced" except by acts of war, and these never happened, despite "violations" by England, Spain, and France. To say that it could not be "enforced" is not, of course, to say that it could not be honored and upheld in war, just as the Atlantic Charter was honored and upheld in the Second World War and the United Nations Charter in the Korean War. Indeed, the principle that the Monroe Doctrine asserted, which is now embodied in policies applying to other parts of the world, may very well be honored, in a quite easily foreseeable future, by some sort of military action against Cuba. But the ultimate case for such action would not, in the minds of most responsible officials here, rest upon any commitment to the Monroe Doctrine, and would be just as strong if the Doctrine had never been proclaimed. It would rest upon the security of this country and its allies, which is the prin-



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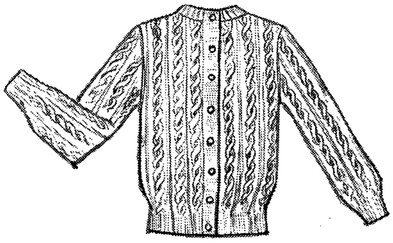

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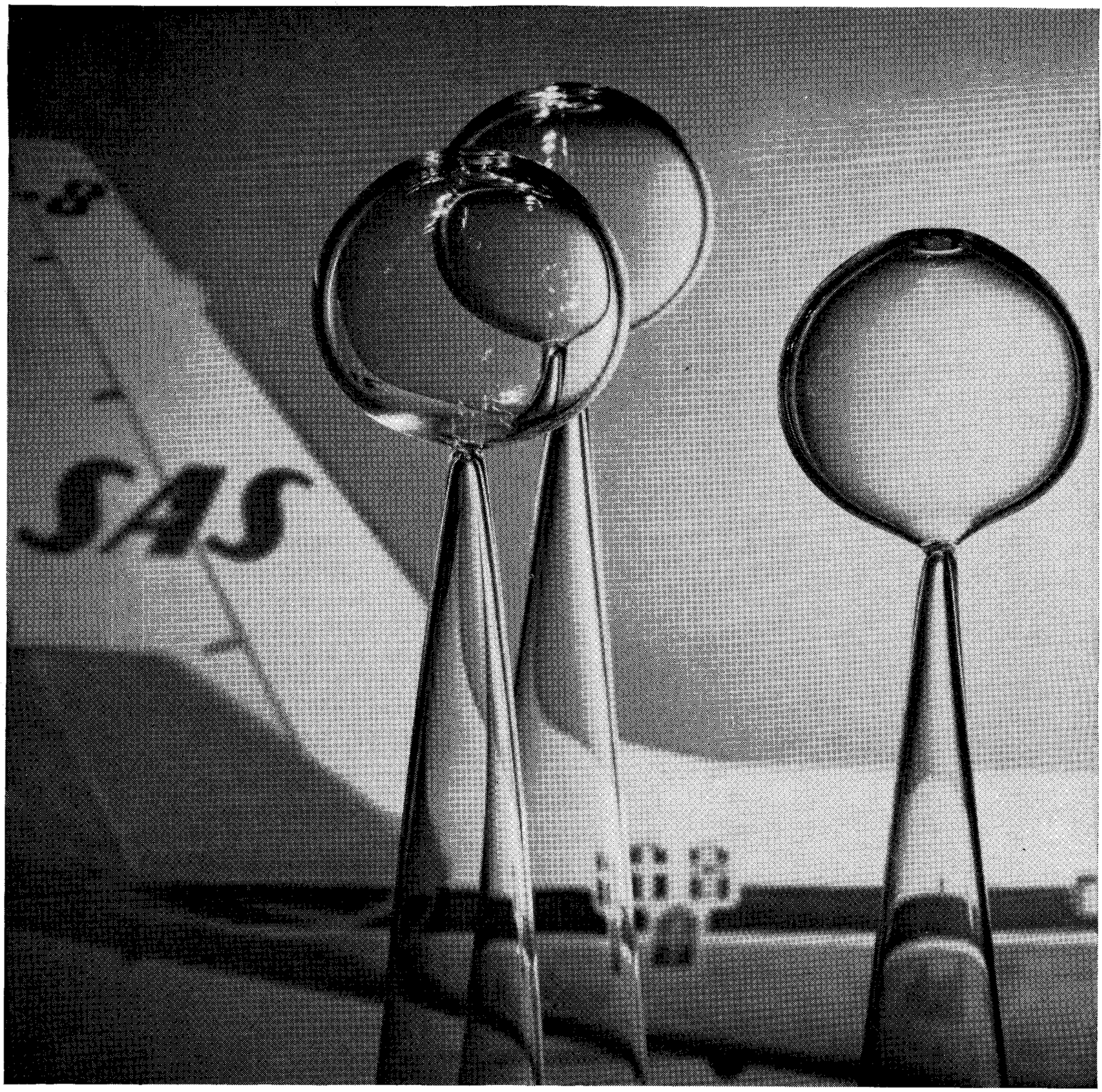

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ciple that all our diplomatic and military policy is ultimately based on.

THE difficulty raised by all the talk of the Monroe Doctrine and by the attempt to give it the force of an amendment to the Constitution (another document currently being honored in the breach) is that such talk tends to obscure the whole question of security—of "peace and safety," as the Doctrine had it. The debate turns more on a strongly colored version of past history than on the facts of present history. The meaning of these facts for American security may be difficult to assess, but the facts themselves are not very difficult to come by. American intelligence on the Cuban political situation was scandalously poor a year and a half ago, and may be just as inaccurate today. However, the information that reaches here of shipments of Russian material and personnel to Cuba is gathered not by masquerading operatives of the C.I.A. but by representatives of several military and civilian agencies. They make less use of false mustaches than of cameras. Moreover, there is nothing particularly covert about most of the activities they are reporting on. The Russians are making no effort to conceal the fact that they have taken over the military establishment in Cuba and a far larger part of the industrial establishment than was ever managed by Americans. On the contrary, they are taking all the credit for it that they can get. Their ships steam slowly by Guantánamo with the hammer and sickle plastered all over them and with military hardware on deck and uncovered. Nor are they trying to conceal their chartering of carriers of other nations. Observers on reconnaissance planes and ships can learn all they need to know about the delivery of cargoes and about the coastal defenses that the Russians are installing. There are, to be sure, questions that will not soon be answered about the people whom the Soviet Union has been sending to Cuba, and about the responsibilities they are assuming there. What is known is that in recent weeks some four thousand European Communists, the great majority of them from the Soviet Union, have moved in, and that most of them are currently engaged in pursuits of a basically military character; they are assembling machinery of Soviet and satellite manufacture, training Cubans in its use and maintenance, and supervising the construction of military installations on the coasts and near the cities. The President has several times been criticized for saying in news conferences that the Russians had thus far done nothing to

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**JOHN:** "Appellation," sir? It is a metaphor which I should like to extend. Could we not think of ourselves as *proprietors* of this magnificent market by virtue of the fact that we manage the one best means of reaching it?

**TOM:** A most fruitful application, sir! And could we not, by the same principle, point to our market's $1,900,000,000 in retail sales as evidence of *well-stocked shelves?*

**JOHN:** Droll, Mr. Garten, droll! And I, in my turn, should like to point to the well-heeled *customers* of Supermarket—those two millions who enjoy some 4 billion dollars in annual income. *There* is the wherewithal to fill many a bag and cart!

**TOM:** We have, Mr. Sinclair, constructed an allegory of breath-taking proportion! So let us once and for all leave off this carping and quibbling about whether Charleston or Huntington is heart and hub. Rather, let us once again declare the advertiser winner! He who, for a single price, probes well beyond both metropolises!

**JOHN:** Agreed, sir! We are in business. The business of selling Supermarket. And to that end, might we not say, "We deliver!"

**TOM:** And who is being droll *now*, Mr. Sinclair? But you have a point! We *do* deliver. A point which the Katz Agency man will happily document! WSAZ-TV, Channel 3, an NBC Primary Affiliate, Division: The Goodwill Stations, Inc.

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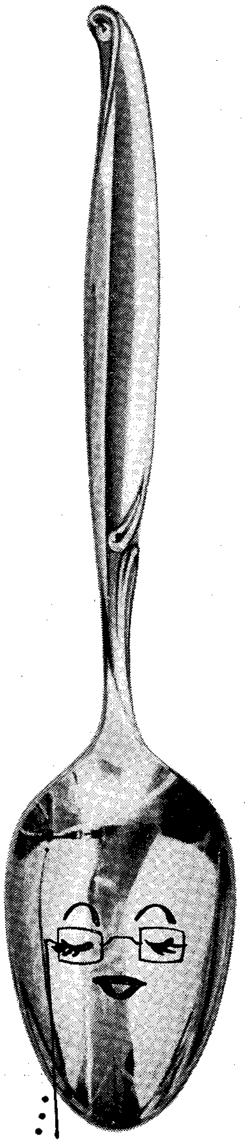
**1.** *Vice President, General Manager,* WSAZ-TV

**2.** *Manager, Charleston Operation,* WSAZ-TV

strengthen the offensive capabilities of the Castro government ("I don't know what in the name of God that man's thinking of," a Southern senator was heard to say in the Senate cloakroom last week. "Did you ever hear of a loaded gun that wasn't an offensive weapon?"), but from the information available here, no gun or rocket or missile at present in the Cuban arsenal has a range of more than about thirty miles. There are known to be a few torpedo boats of Soviet or Czech or East German manufacture that could cruise into the waters of other Caribbean powers, including the United States, and direct guided missiles at targets ten or fifteen miles away, but with the kind of surveillance that the United States has been maintaining for about three years Castro's Navy could hardly survive its first missile fired in anger. In the view of most experts here, Khrushchev has been extremely careful not only to avoid any appearance of making Cuba a *Soviet* military base but to give Castro no weapons whose imprudent use could get him into much trouble. For a time, there were people who thought that he might be sending in some very powerful equipment and insisting on Soviet control of this equipment in order to be certain that the Castro government did not involve him in adventures he was unwilling to undertake. But a look at what is on hand in Cuba has convinced our experts that he has given the Cubans nothing he dare not entrust to their management, and that if the Soviet personnel on the island has any purpose other than the setting up of the equipment, that purpose is to tighten the Russian hold on the island's political and economic life.

The military buildup in Cuba does not appear to administration officials to constitute a direct threat to the security of this republic. No one denies, though, that the Soviet presence in Cuba constitutes a threat to the political stability of the hemisphere—or, rather, adds greatly to the existing instability of the hemisphere. The Monroe Doctrine did not serve as a deterrent, nor did all the resolutions of the Organization of American States. The Soviet Union has made a dazzling display of its own boldness and of the circumspectness of American policy—a circumspectness that, commendable as it may be from the point of view of those charged with the responsibilities of leadership here, is likely to prove emboldening not only to Castro but to would-be Castros in Latin America and in other parts of the world. The consequences of this display might well be like those that followed the American



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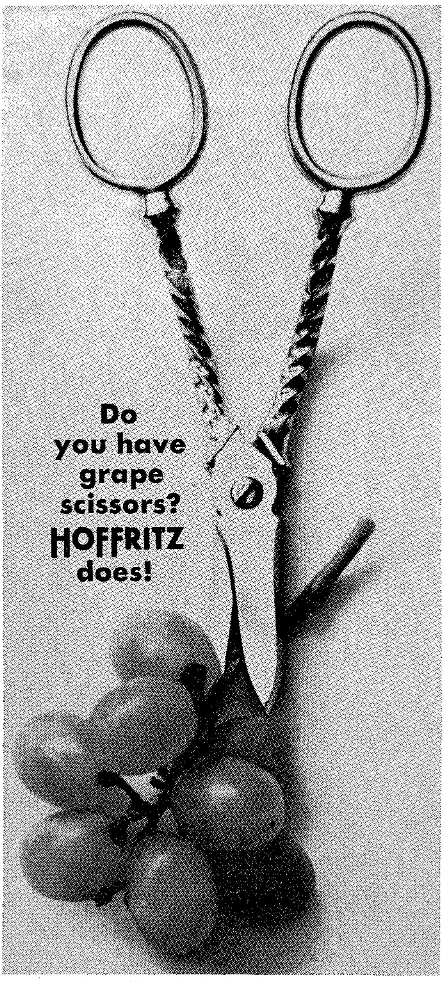

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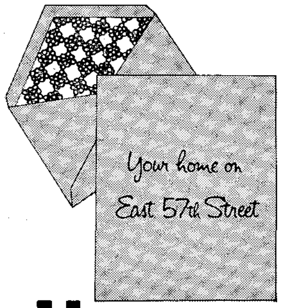

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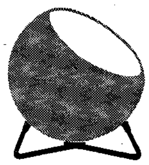

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dispatch of Marines to Lebanon after the bloody coup in Iraq in 1958. The Eisenhower administration—believing the Iraqi overturn to have been a straight-out Communist revolution, which it subsequently turned out not to be—answered a Lebanese plea for assistance despite talk from Moscow about the global war that might ensue. The Marines went ashore in Beirut, no global war ensued, and Soviet prestige in the Middle East suffered a sharp decline—partly, perhaps, for reasons that had nothing whatever to do with the American intervention but also partly, perhaps, for reasons that had a good deal to do with it. *Post hoc, ergo propter hoc* may be a logical fallacy, but it is an almost universally accepted political rule. At little cost to themselves, the Russians have demonstrated in Cuba that a regime, even half a world away, that calls itself Marxist-Leninist can reasonably hope for benefactions of many sorts from the U.S.S.R., and that it will not necessarily be destroyed for accepting them.

The cost in money and manpower of establishing a Soviet presence in this hemisphere has been a mere fraction, it is estimated here, of what we are putting into the effort to stiffen the defenses of South Vietnam. It is even possible that the Russians may, in time, turn a profit on Cuba. The risks they have undertaken, though, are great. Whether or not all of them were intelligently weighed in Moscow is uncertain. The Kremlin knew, of course, that any movement of Soviet military equipment and personnel into Cuba would outrage American opinion, and this was doubtless one of the things that pleased it about the enterprise. It may not, however, have calculated that this outrage would lead to the building of a quite formidable war party in this country. There are people here who believe that Khrushchev understood this very well, and that his aim was to provoke another American invasion. This is a minority view, though. Most people believe that what he mainly wanted to do was to save the Castro regime (which was in deep trouble), to demonstrate his contempt for the inter-American system, and to divert American and Western attention from Berlin. Whatever Khrushchev may have wanted, the fact is that a war party has arisen, and fear of its mounting power is great among those who believe that an invasion now would be folly. Within the administration are many people who think it entirely possible that the President will in time become unable to resist the pressures for some kind of military ac-

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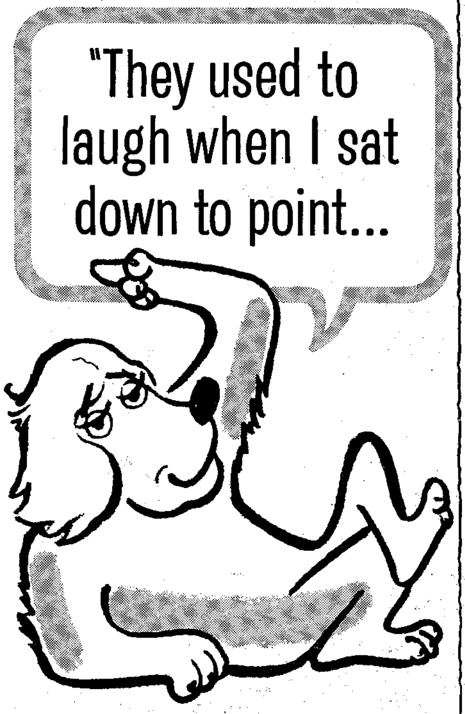
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tion. Although the resolution on Cuba that was passed in the House yesterday and in the Senate last week was not bellicose in tone—saying, in fact, only what the President himself had earlier said—there was vast dissatisfaction with it among those who voted for it. Nearly all its critics felt that it erred on the side of moderation. When Congress adjourns, most of the critics will be candidates, and Cuba will be a campaign issue.

Whether or not Cuba will be a central issue depends on circumstances and on people who are beyond the administration's control. If the Soviet buildup should increase in pace, the clamor for blockade or invasion will increase with it. Many people who have been watching it closely believe that the Russians have moved in about all the personnel and all the equipment they need for their present operations; the traffic now, these people say, is quite routine. If this is the case, it may diminish the appeal of the war party to the electorate, but there are ways in which its appeal might be strengthened. Not only in this country but in a good many others around the Caribbean there are Cuban exiles who are far more eager than any congressman to involve this country in an invasion of Cuba. This government cannot restrain them—first, because an effort to do so would be repugnant to our own policies and our own ideals about the legitimacy of nationalist aspirations, and, second, because they are free to use many bases over which we have no jurisdiction. Their appeal to the American conscience would be large even if that conscience were not burdened with guilt over the Bay of Pigs. If, as their leaders have promised, they step up their efforts to harass Castro and the shipping of his Soviet suppliers, and if they are met with fire from Castro's new coast artillery in the process, the demand to do what we failed to do in April, 1961, will be heard on every hand here.

IN a floor debate on Cuba a couple of weeks ago, Senator Humphrey, of Minnesota, an administration supporter and spokesman, said, "There is enough American firepower afloat off the coastline of Cuba at any one moment to destroy every major Communist installation in Cuba in a few hours. We know exactly where those installations are. Castro is well aware that we know it. . . . Castro can triple or quadruple his imports of Soviet technicians and arms without requiring us to assign a single additional destroyer or fighter squadron to our Caribbean forces."

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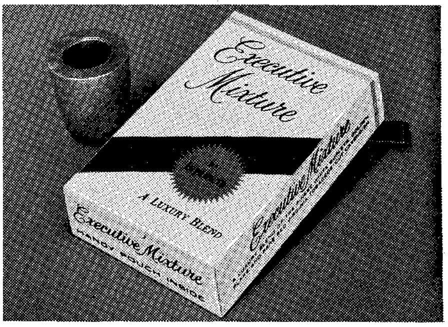

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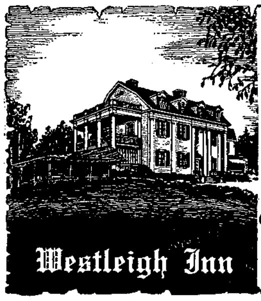

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Most military authorities here accept the Senator's estimate (indeed, it is based on assurances given by them) of the ease with which we could, if the need arose, demolish Cuban power. But they make a sharp distinction, as not too many congressmen do at the moment, between the requirements for destroying Castro's military strength and the requirements for destroying the political strength of Castroism and Communism in Cuba. An invasion would, in all probability, be a fairly simple matter, but unless the invading forces could promptly install a Cuban government acceptable to most Cubans, they would have to become, or be replaced by, occupation forces. The more recent Cuban refugees insist that no government headed by exiles would be accepted by any substantial number of Cubans today, and that any attempt by the United States to install one would be certain to dampen the ardor of the Cubans who now oppose Castro. A Castro deposed by American arms could probably win more sympathy among his countrymen than the Castro who is now in at least nominal authority has had since late 1959. One leader of the military establishment here has estimated that it would take ten divisions to maintain an effective occupation of Cuba. That is about half of our present establishment, and it might be several years before the occupiers could withdraw. Moreover, it is considered a fairly sure bet that the moment our forces were tied down in Cuba an urgent demand for their services would arise in half a dozen other parts of the world. Having extended the principle of the Monroe Doctrine to most of the globe, the administration feels, this country is forced to think in global rather than hemispheric terms. —RICHARD H. ROVERE

•

There is beautiful truth as well as fine poetry in the famous old poem by Rabbi Ben Ezra, and these lines fit us Senior Citizens perfectly:

"Grow old along with me,
The best is yet to be,
The last of life for which the first was made,
See all, nor be afraid."

—*Stockton (Calif.) Record.*

And don't let Robert Browning scare you!

•

### ANTICLIMAX DEPARTMENT

[*Photograph caption in the Tatler & Bystander*]

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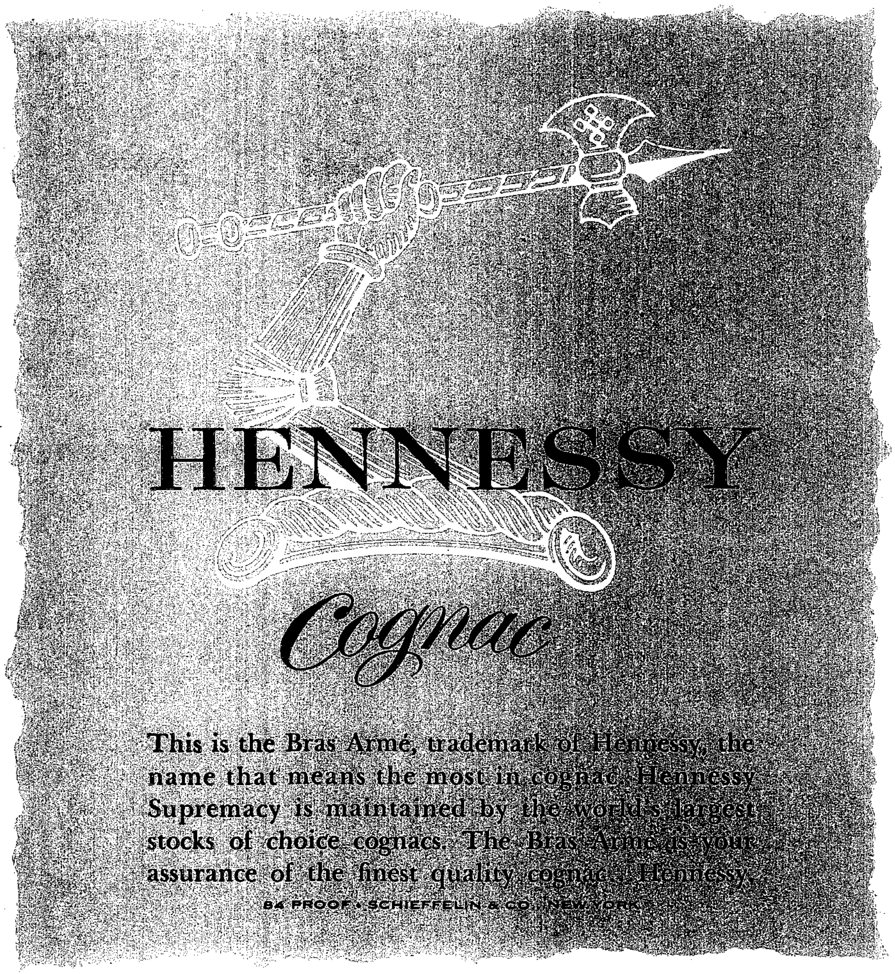
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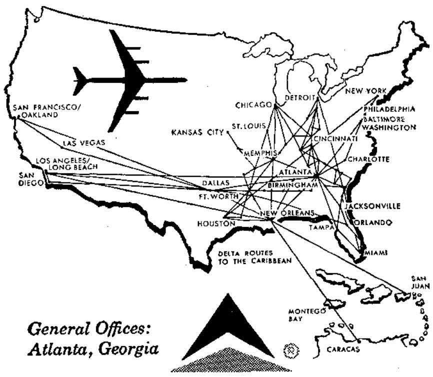

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# THE CURRENT CINEMA

## *No More Crying*

Jackie Gleason is one of those flagrantly ambitious performers for whom the success or failure of a given venture is seemingly less important than its size—only let a thing be big enough and the question of whether it works becomes an irrelevance. That reckless line of reasoning is, at any rate, one way to explain Mr. Gleason's colossal wrong guess in making the movie "Gigot," of which he is the ever-present star, and for which he not only wrote the original story but composed the music that accompanies, and occasionally inundates, the action. "Inundates," in fact, is the word that best conveys the languid, alluvial flow of the whole long, poster-colored, fake-heartwarming picture, in which Mr. Gleason's eyes are nearly always awash and the other members of the large cast are often to be seen sniffling away with repellent fervor. Paris, the setting through which the story pours, is largely built of stone and manages to survive the flood; a flimsier city would surely have been swept straight down the Seine in a glissade of weepy Gleason.

NEWS NEWS NEWS NEWS

Scenes that will make an audience simultaneously laugh and cry are a notorious temptation to comedians, but to bring them off requires a Chaplin, coupling the intuitions of genius with an incomparable delicacy of execution. Jackie Gleason isn't to blame for not being Chaplin, but he *is* to blame for so obviously challenging his great predecessor with this highly derivative account of a hapless mute who, cruelly mocked on every side, befriends a tuberculous prostitute and her hungry child, brings them to the filthy cellar in which he lives, learns to steal in their behalf, comes to love the child, is betrayed by the prostitute, accidentally causes a grave injury to the child, is pursued by an angry mob, falls into the river, is thought to have drowned (here we abandon Chaplin for Twain), attends his own funeral, hears how much his old tormentors really liked him, is discovered hanging about the cemetery, and is again pursued (Chaplin in, Twain out) down the dwindling perspective of a Paris street, presumably forever. Mr. Gleason huffs and puffs his way through this sorry pastiche with little of his usual tact, and the director, Gene Kelly, has made matters worse by providing us with innumerable closeups of the mute's bearded, bleary face, and by letting many acts of sadism—practical jokes, beatings, repeated physical humiliations—run much too long. In short, a deplorable mishap for everyone concerned, and I hope Mr. Gleason will try hard to pretend that it never happened.

"A Kind of Loving" is an English picture in the same genre as "Room at the Top," "Saturday Night and Sunday Morning," and "A Taste of Honey." The setting is the sooty squalor of the industrial Midlands, and the characters, as they emerge more or less painfully from the lower depths, find the sunlight neither very strong nor very constant. Their humanity is at the mercy of circumstances whose weight is simply and crushingly economic. Marriage is a young girl's only goal and a young man's doom; once he has been lured onto the domestic treadmill, the odds are great against his ever lifting his head again. In "A Kind of Loving" there are no surprises, except, here and there, the welcome candor of the dialogue; as scene follows scene, one gets the feeling that the picture might go on, not unpleasantly, for years, the sides of a true slice of life being parallel and extending into infinity. I attribute my willing suspension of impatience to a remarkably able cast, headed by Alan Bates, Thora Hird, and June Ritchie, and directed by John Schlesinger. Poor Miss Ritchie has to do almost as much crying as Jackie Gleason does in "Gigot," but she's a lot prettier to watch, and I'm glad to say that by the end of the picture she's in excellent spirits.

—Brendan Gill

◆

The week's most tactful hostess was Mrs. Stanley A. MacKenzie, of Lochmoor boulevard, who opened her home for the Smith College Club tea for prospective students on Friday. Mrs. MacKenzie pinned her name tag on the back of her shoulder so that guests could unobtrusively learn her name without groping or squinting at the tag when meeting face to face.—*Grosse Pointe (Mich.) News.*

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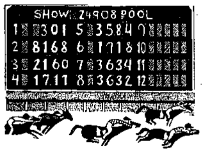
# THE RACE TRACK

## *Restoration Story*



IT'S good to see Kelso back on top again. He won the Woodward Stakes at Aqueduct last Saturday with all his old-time mastery, beating Jaipur by more than four lengths and Guadalcanal by eleven. Until about a fortnight ago, for reasons that baffled his stable, he wasn't within seven pounds of his last year's form. Then he seemed to come to himself all of a sudden, and romped off with the Stymie Handicap. I think I remarked at the time that he was looking particularly well. In the paddock before the Woodward, he had the air of a champion. He was on his toes, there was a handsome sheen to his coat, and he appeared to be in better muscular condition than he had been all season. Even so, on looks my pick of the eight starters was Jaipur. Beau Purple, T. V. Lark, Guadalcanal, and Hitting Away had their followers, too. As had been expected, Beau Purple was quickest out of the stall gate, and in a trice he was half a dozen lengths in front, an advantage he held easily for half a mile, with Jaipur the closest behind him. One could see Kelso galloping smoothly in third place as they swung into the backstretch, and then, approaching the five-furlong pole, he turned on an astonishing burst of speed and went sweeping past Jaipur to join Beau Purple. They went together for perhaps a dozen strides, and then Beau Purple faltered and fell back. As he did, Jaipur challenged Kelso but couldn't gain a yard, whereupon Guadalcanal rushed up from ten lengths back to take third place. The mile and a quarter was run in 2:03⅕, which is a full three and a fifth seconds slower than the time for the Woodward when Kelso won it last year. The explanation is that the track was still drying out after heavy rains. As a matter of fact, I was surprised that Beau Purple ran as well as he did, because he's never liked sticky going. He might have been hard to beat had the footing been fast.

The Woodward wound up a very successful session at the Big A. Attendance for the thirty days totalled 912,081, and $84,436,564 was bet in the tote. As for the other races last week, one worth remembering was Monday's Discovery Handicap, for three-year-olds, in which a son of Tom Fool named Comic ran over Dedimoud and Black Pirate,

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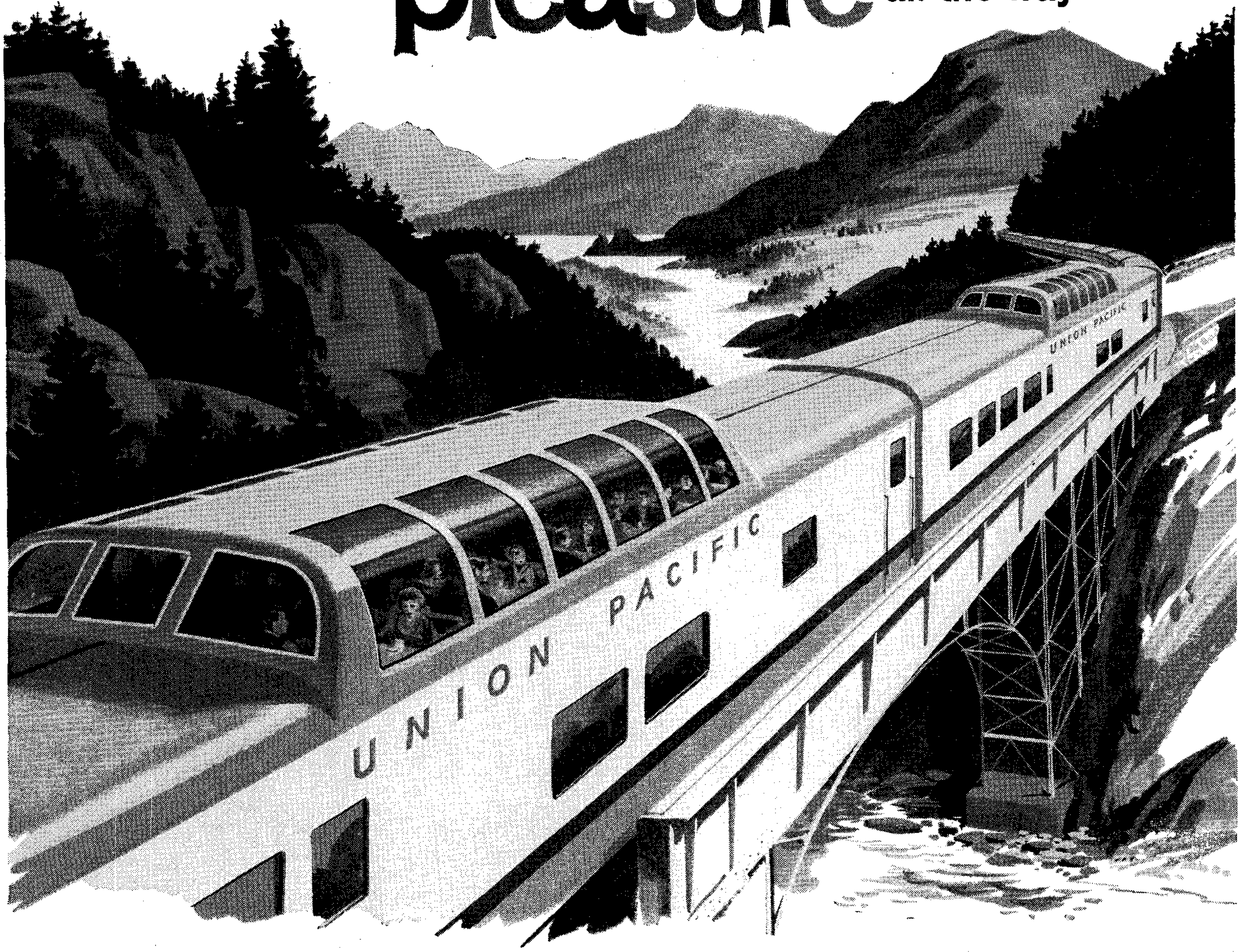

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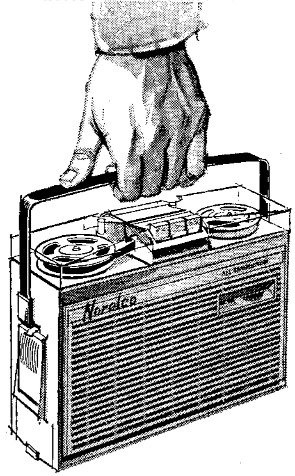

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the leaders, in the stretch, and paid a $24.80 mutuel. Among the also-rans were Ridan; Decidedly, who won the Kentucky Derby; Greek Money, who won the Preakness; and Prego, who won the Flamingo Stakes on a disqualification. It wasn't the first time that Decidedly, Greek Money, and Prego were out of the money, and it won't be the last. There was an excuse for Ridan. He suffered a bad cut on the coronet of his left hind hoof, and it probably stopped him. The talent got an even bigger shock a couple of days later, in the Astarita Stakes, for two-year-old fillies, when Smart Deb, unbeaten in seven starts, led all the way, only to have her number taken down. This was because shortly after leaving the starting gate she made what one observer called a sharp right turn, which, since she was on the rail, caused no end of confusion. Anyway, she went on to finish three lengths ahead of Main Swap, Pams Ego, and Fool's Play, who were placed one, two, three by the stewards. Smart Deb will be a starter in the Frizette at Belmont on Saturday.

MAYBE you've noticed the increasing number of assumed stable names in racing these days. Not so many years ago, there were only a few—Greentree, Wheatley, Calumet, and so on—and everybody knew whose stable was whose, but now, what with multiple partnerships owning a single horse and men putting their racing interests in their wives' names, you need a copy of the *Racing Calendar* to find out who owns what. Last month's issue of the *Calendar* lists two hundred and seventy-nine assumed names, and it's my guess that there are as many more in the Middle West and on the Coast that aren't registered with the Jockey Club. One thing we can be grateful for is that you can't register as an assumed name a name that has been given to a race horse, so there'll never be, say, a Man o' War Stable. We do have some little dandies, though, like Alumination Farm (which still bemuses me), the Alphabet Stable, the Big Me Stable, Ceedoubless Farm, Derdlim & Ynot Stables, HER Farm (and his capitalization, one supposes), Gol-Dee Stable, More Horse Farm, Shoestring Stable, Hangover Stud. That enough? —AUDAX MINOR

•

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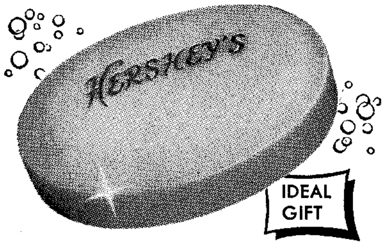

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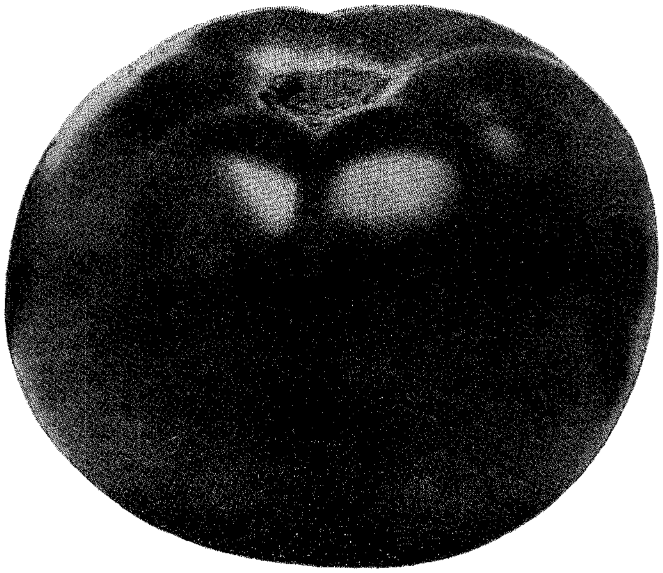
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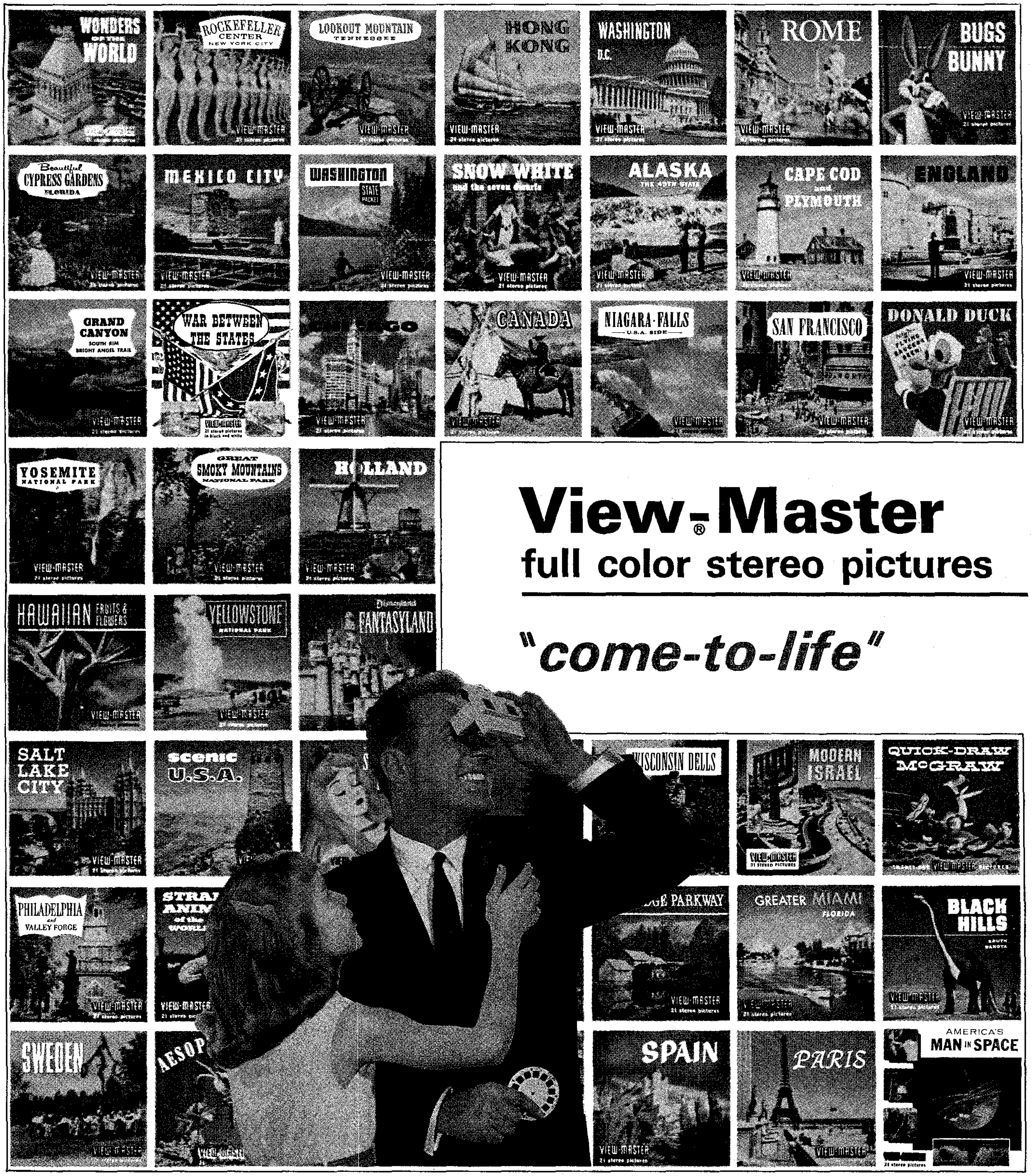
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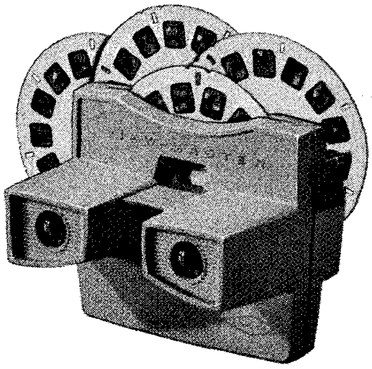

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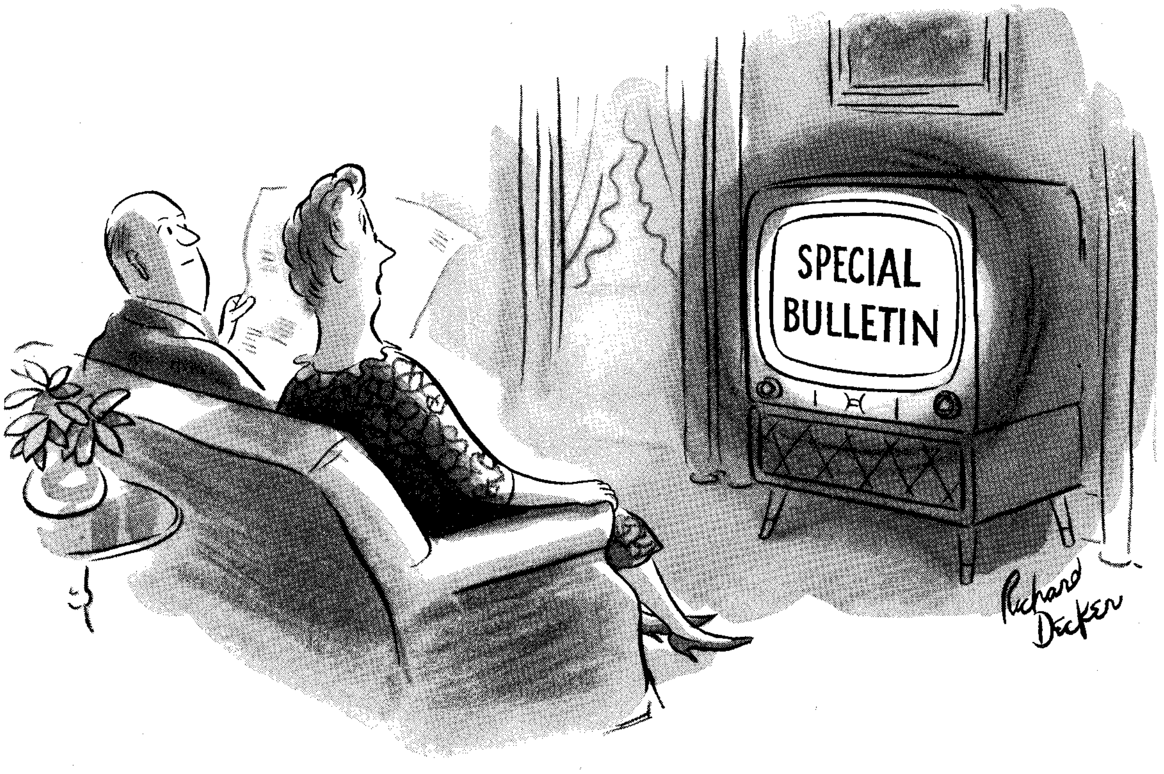
# BOOKS

## *Swinburne of Capheaton and Eton*

THE poetry of Swinburne is now so out of fashion that it seems to have become very difficult to interest people in him at all. Yet two scholars who are strong admirers have recently done important work on him and made available unpublished materials which fill out one's incomplete picture. One of these is the late Randolph Hughes, who rescued and had printed, between 1942 and 1952, three hitherto withheld manuscripts of Swinburne's, all written, it would seem, in the eighteen-sixties, when the poet was at the height of his powers, but, for reasons of propriety, never published (though the second of them was privately circulated in an edition of twenty copies). These are six chapters of an Italian romance in mock-Renaissance prose, "Lucretia Borgia: The Chronicle of Tebaldeo Tebaldei;" the opening scene of a play called "Pasiphaë"—intended to supply the loss of Euripides' tragedy on the subject—which contains, in the Nurse's speech, one charming passage of poetry; and—what is of most interest—the novel "Lesbia Brandon," which, though one of Swinburne's major projects, his friend Theodore Watts-Dunton prevented him from printing. (The two former were published in England by the Golden Cockerel Press, and the third by the Falcon Press.) Hughes had also intended to make available a number of other works by Swinburne which had been circulated only privately, but his death, in 1955, prevented this. It is to be hoped that the publication of these hitherto suppressed writings will be continued by the other great Swinburne specialist, Mr. Cecil Y. Lang, formerly at Yale and now at Syracuse University, who has edited for the first time the whole of Swinburne's extant correspondence. Mr. Lang's edition of this correspondence, which runs to six volumes ("The Swinburne Letters," Yale University Press)—the last two have just appeared—presents also, among its more than two thousand letters, a good deal of unpublished material and includes, besides Swinburne's own letters, many others from his family and friends, and from writers such as Browning and Matthew Arnold, Victor Hugo and Baudelaire, with whom he exchanged books and compliments. The correspondence has been supplemented by extracts from obscure memoirs which record impressions of Swinburne at various times in his life.

It is amusing and no doubt inevitable that both Hughes and Lang should be rather unconventional editors and should have caught, in their different ways, something of the tone of their subject and of the literary atmosphere in which he lived. It is appropriate that their commentaries should remind one of the constant personal flavor and sometimes bristling attitudes of the early-nineteenth-century scholars, such as Gifford and Dyce, who edited those Elizabethan dramatists to whom Swinburne was so devoted. Hughes, an Australian who lectured on French literature at King's College, London, was excessively bellicose and gave vent to his indignation against everyone else who had ever dared to write about Swinburne, in rhetorical denunciations which echo, in a coarser form, the style often adopted by Swinburne himself in detonating against his opponents. In his edition of "Lesbia Brandon," a hundred and eighty-nine pages of text are enveloped in an enormous commentary of four hundred and twenty-nine pages, which contains a few real insights and some new information but which exhibits Hughes's inability to make any assertion about anything without savagely attacking someone else's assertion or being impelled by his taurine instinct to make a fierce charge at someone who has no real relevance to the subject. His foreword to "Lesbia Brandon" is knee-deep or waist-deep or neck-deep in huge footnotes, the longest of which, occupying the greater part of four pages, consists of a tirade against Ezra Pound. Such an editor resented the intrusion into what he considered his own domain by Cecil Lang and treated him with the utmost rudeness, which incited Lang to retaliation. The editor of "Lesbia Brandon" had castigated on every other page the carelessness and incompetence of his predecessors, and Mr. Lang addressed to the *Times Literary Supplement* a letter that filled almost the whole of a page, in which he listed the misprints, misstatements, and inaccurate quotations that had been perpetrated or permitted by Hughes himself in connection with "Lesbia Brandon." "The arraignment of this book and its author," Lang concluded with a sigh, "has been a



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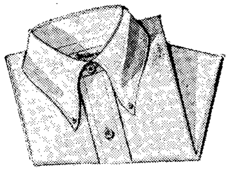

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melancholy and tedious task." Hughes replied with his usual fury, but putting forward the very weak excuse—which he would never have accepted from anyone else—that at the time the book was going through the press he had been forced to be absent from London. He quoted Swinburne as having said about William Bell Scott, apropos of the "posthumous falsehoods" of Scott's memoirs, that he had been "insolent, impertinent and presumptuous," and added, "The adjectives apply fully to another case; and let him whom it fits put on the cap and go and stand in the corner."

In the case of Lang, as with Hughes, we always feel a personality present, but a much more agreeable one, which asserts itself in an occasional joke or a sprightly informal remark: "Swan seems to have existed and probably had a first name, though all the chroniclers have carelessly dropped it somewhere," "Clara Watts-Dunton, who didn't bustle into the picture until years later," "a mock book of travel that ran (but not very fast) in *Blackwood's*." And this indifference to deadpan scholarship, this sympathetic imagination, only add to the attractiveness of these volumes. We seem to accompany the editor, to participate in his researches—though he sometimes accomplishes feats which make us wonder how they were done. He has performed, really, prodigies in tracking down the innumerable quotations and allusions which are scattered through Swinburne's letters. The poet is likely to assume in these letters, as he is said to have done in his conversation, that everyone else has read all the same books as he and remembers them with the same exactitude, and one is almost driven to supposing that Mr. Lang has held in his head the whole text of these two thousand letters while he carefully went through every book he could imagine that Swinburne knew. It has, I believe, been complained that he has gone too relentlessly far in giving references that everyone must recognize—as when he notes every echo of Sarah Gamp or explains that Ananias is to be found in Acts 5:1–5—but this serves to bring out in a striking way that Swinburne must have known almost by heart the Bible, the Prayer Book, Shakespeare, and Dickens, as well as have had an enormous range among lesser writers, famous and obscure. Now and then Mr. Lang takes for granted a knowledge of other matters which might not be possessed by the ordinary reader—as when he says, at the first appearance of Thomas J. Wise as one of Swinburne's correspondents, that "identification is

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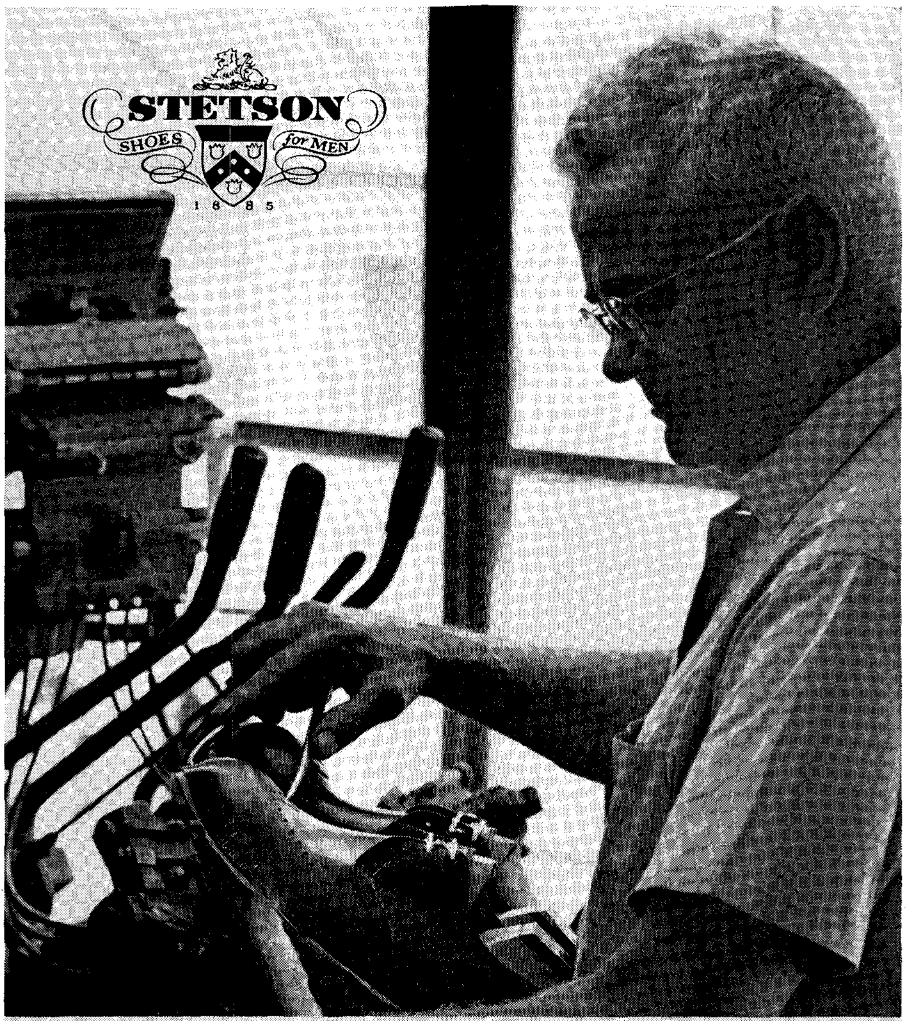
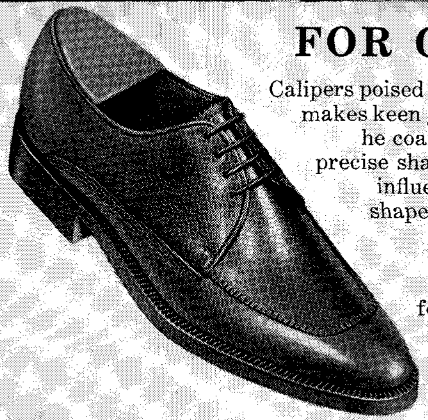
superfluous." Now, that Wise first established a reputation as an infallible and omniscient bibliographer, then was exposed as an unscrupulous rogue, a forger of first editions, and a faker of Elizabethan folios is, to be sure, known to all English scholars, but outside this group perhaps not known widely.

Mr. Lang has collected here, without exclusion or expurgation, every letter of Swinburne's that he was able to track down—including those that Edmund Gosse had believed to be forever unpublishable. Gosse was hampered, when he wrote Swinburne's life and published a selection of his letters, not only by his own Victorian scruples but also—and even more seriously—by the determined obstruction of the poet's relatives. He felt, however, that the gap he had been forced to leave in his account of Swinburne's career laid him under the obligation, as one who knew more about him than any other surviving friend, to put on record those aspects of his subject which Swinburne's relatives would never have allowed him to reveal—his outrageous and disastrous drinking and his peculiar sexual habits. Gosse, therefore, wrote a supplement to his life, which was bought by the British Museum, and Mr. Lang has now had this printed as an appendix to the correspondence. We must be grateful to him and to Hughes for disregarding both genteel inhibitions and the recent lack of interest in Swinburne. They have expended a great deal of exacting labor—in the case of Mr. Lang, many years—in order to contribute to literature a fuller knowledge of this strange, gifted man and his work, and they deserve citations from the Republic of Letters.

THE reviewer has, rather to his surprise, read these six volumes of letters straight through with an interest and an enjoyment hardly ever fatigued. It is true, no doubt, as Mr. Lang says, that Swinburne as a letter writer "is not to be compared with the great masters in English." His intellectual limitations are obvious—not so much in the scope of his interests as in a sort of arrested development in the juvenile preoccupations of his school days, which is felt throughout this long correspondence in a certain repetitiousness and monotony. It was at Eton that Swinburne discovered the Elizabethan dramatists, familiarized himself with them more thoroughly than many boys of that age can have done, and conceived the enthusiasm for them that was to last all the rest of his life; he was still writing about them at the time of his death. It was





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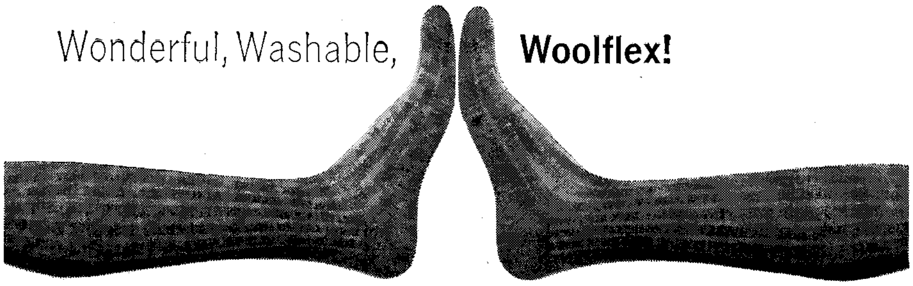

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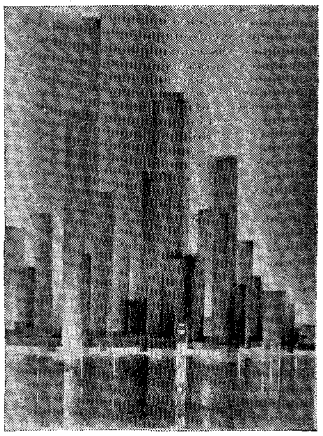

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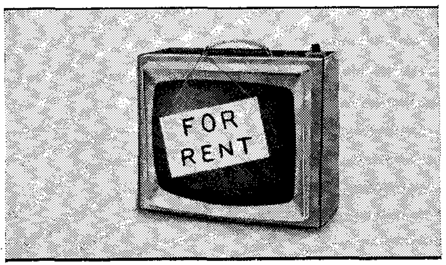

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at Eton that he first also read Hugo and Landor, and they remained for him supreme heroes toward whom his attitude was quite abject. The founding of the Second Empire had occurred while Swinburne was at Eton, and inspired him with that hatred of Napoleon III which was to cause him later at Oxford to hang upon his wall, opposite a picture of Mazzini—one of his great admirations—a portrait of Orsini, the *carbonaro* who attempted to assassinate the Emperor, and to try to leap up and kiss it, which his slight stature did not quite permit. It was at Eton that he received the floggings which were to remain, also, one of his obsessions and which seem to have conditioned a crippling of the whole of his emotional life. Swinburne's violent republicanism seems also to have been derived very early from his extraordinary old Gallicized grandfather, who—though the Swinburnes, who had been Catholics, were loyal to the Stuarts and fled to the Continent with them—had been a friend of Mirabeau and, by supporting the Revolution, had made himself "liable," as he told the boy, "to be impeached and executed for high treason." (He was born in 1762 and lived to be ninety-nine.)

But Swinburne combined, like Landor, an ardent republicanism with a certain lack of enthusiasm for democracy. He makes fun, in his early phase, of Victoria and her consort and, running true to Tory tradition, pretends to scorn the house of Hanover, but though passionately on the side of the republicans in the Italian *risorgimento* and the overthrow of the Second Empire in France, he is later to write an ode for Victoria's Jubilee which—though he insists on its essential republicanism—he is very much pleased to hear has been well received by the Queen, and at the time of the war in South Africa he becomes quite ferocious against the Boers. As for Ireland, he begins by defending the Fenians against the British police, but later becomes equally ferocious, after the Phoenix Park murders, against Gladstone, Parnell, and Home Rule, and when taxed with inconsistency, writes letters to the papers asserting that it is all a question of method. Mazzini, he declares, had never approved of the methods of the *carbonari*. Swinburne has evidently by this time forgotten his hero Orsini. Mazzini had always insisted that the union must be preserved. Swinburne is in fact quite naïve in his attitude toward political events, as he never quite is about literary matters. He has not, at any stage of his life, thought about them

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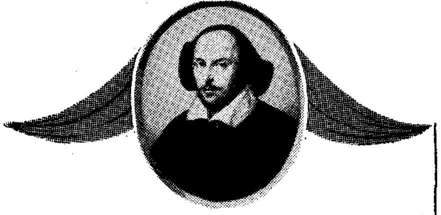

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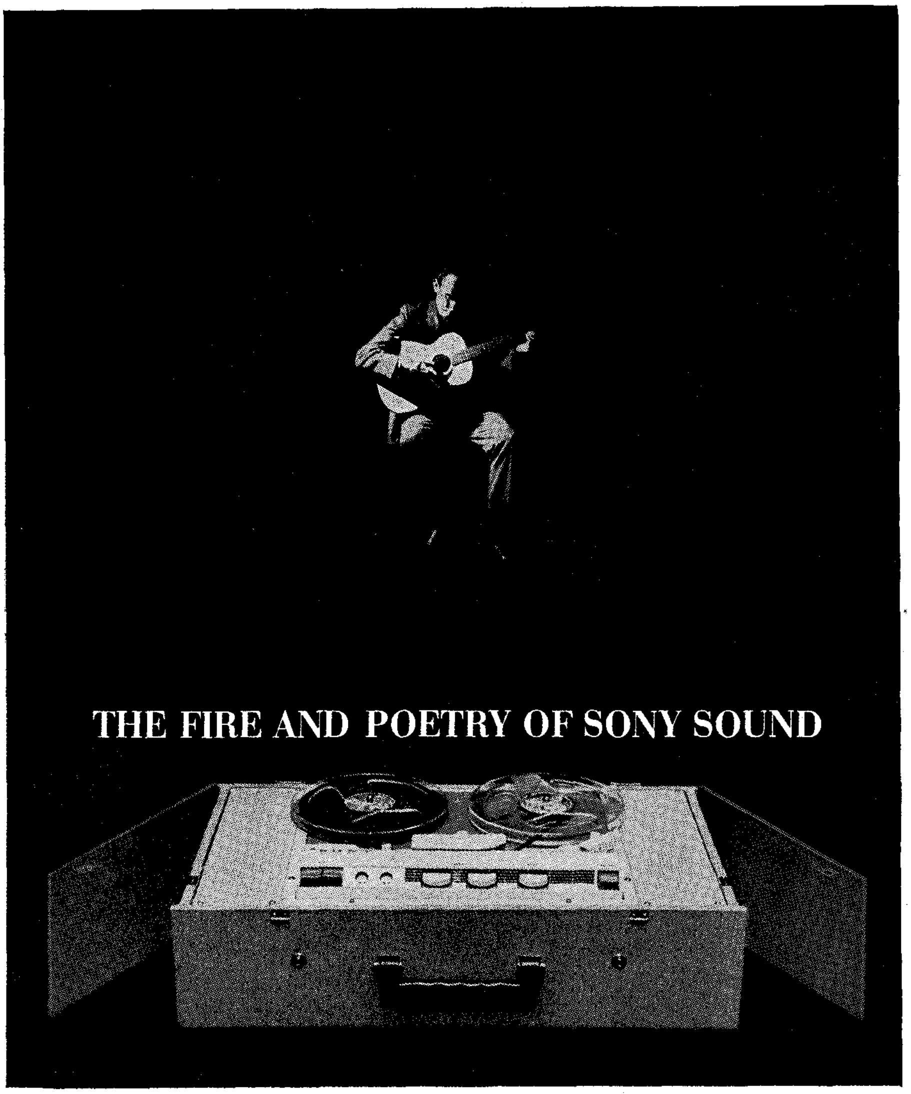
realistically at all, and his rhetorical verse on these subjects has become today, it seems to me, unreadable.

Yet his hailings of the sunrise of republicanism, his invectives against its enemies, do not become so boring in Swinburne's letters as they do in his other writings. Why is this? He is here reiterating them as relentlessly as anywhere else. But in his odes and his prose essays, he so often, as his mother once complained, does not know when to stop. He piles up enormous monuments that can only impress through their bulk, and he brings to them a factitious solemnity that can soon become tedious or approach the burlesque. In his letters, on the other hand—except in his epistles to the papers, in which he appears in his public role—he can never go on so long, and his affectionate and humorous nature prevents him from becoming a pompous bore. This and his unfailing vivacity. We know that he was often ill, and Gosse tells us that in middle life he had a period of depression and irritability. But there is no self-pity in Swinburne. Though he sometimes mentions indisposition as an apology for not answering letters, though he sometimes becomes enraged over something that has been written about himself or a friend, he never complains about his own afflictions and, though frequently denunciatory, he is rarely ill-natured or peevish. Even his hatreds have a certain exuberance, and his rages all run to rhetoric. Here is a life lived entirely for literature, in which nothing else is really important—and since literature is inexhaustible, a life that is immensely enjoyed. He drank too much when he lived in London, and this made him a volcanic nuisance. He loved swimming and revelled in the Channel and in the seas of Northumberland and Cornwall. He was enchanted by his walking trips with Jowett and Richard Burton. Swinburne never married and, after his first disappointment in love, seems to have had no serious love affairs; but, although self-regarding in the sense that his life is centered about his own work, his literary enthusiasm is generous and overflows to his favorite authors as well as to the work of his friends. His personality, so eccentric and endearing, comes out in this correspondence as rarely in his formal writings—the combination of signorial dignity, an old-fashioned ceremonial politeness, with schoolboy ribaldry and impish mischief. He is delighted when a man named Robert Browning is arrested for a second offense of running naked at noonday through the Marble Arch and



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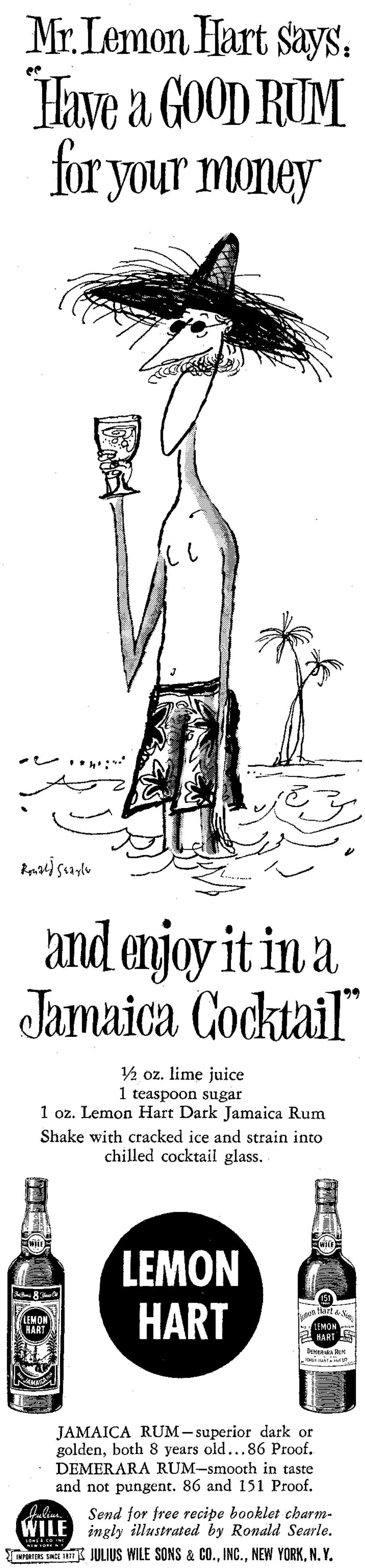

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when a man named Matthew Arnold is fined for playing tipcat in the street.

BUT these letters have another kind of interest. Taken together with certain of his other writings—especially "Lesbia Brandon"—they enable one to recognize as one may not have done before exactly who and what Swinburne was. The poet of "Poems and Ballads," the retired elfin bookworm of Putney, have, to be sure, been much and well described. The fantastic little man of genius, with his blazing shock of hair, his sloping shoulders, and his twitching movements, who skipped and danced as he poured out poetry, sometimes shocking people, sometimes annoying and sometimes exhilarating them, has been created for literary history by Edmund Gosse, Max Beerbohm, Henry Adams, and others. Adams described him as "a tropical bird, high-crested, long-beaked, quick moving, with rapid utterance and screams of humor, quite unlike any English lark or nightingale. One could hardly call him a crimson macaw among owls, and yet no ordinary contrast availed." This Swinburne is a legend of Victorian London. But what his life had been like in his youth and how he afterward came to live is only fully to be learned from these letters, from the results of the special researches of the scholars who have lately been working on him, and from Swinburne's more personal writings, which are also his most unfamiliar—especially his two novels. For Swinburne had a story to tell which he does not tell explicitly in his poetry but which he does partly tell in his fiction, and it is to elements of this personal story, so little brought out by Gosse, that I particularly want to call attention.

Artemisia caudata

The point is that Swinburne was unique among important English writers of the nineteenth century in that he belonged to the top nobility. He describes himself in one of these letters as coming from the same social class as Byron, Shelley, and Landor, but actually he must have outranked them. His father, the Admiral, was the second son of the French-born and bred Sir John Swinburne, whose father Algernon believed to have married a Polignac, though his cousin Mrs. Disney Leith says that this is not quite correct; and his mother was the daughter of the third Earl of Ashburnham. Both families were intermarried with the Dukes of Northumberland. The Ashburnhams and the Swinburnes were exceptional in having a good deal of France in their background, in having become incredibly inbred, and in being unusually cultivated. Swinburne had grown up among his relatives, and he spent the greater part of his life with them. The pattern of his life after Oxford, except for two early years when he rented a room at the Rossettis', was to live alone in lodgings up to the point when the excitement of London life and the lack of restraining influences would culminate in a fit—he seems to have been an epileptic—or in a complete alcoholic collapse. The city always went to his head. Alone in his lodgings or in company, he would be carried away by transports that sometimes reached the point of paroxysm, and he would consume all the liquor in sight. On one occasion, when dining out, he got into the dining room before dinner and drank up the dessert wine set out there. They found him, says Gosse, "dancing like a fairy-maenad, round and round the dining-table." Gosse explains that Swinburne was under the impression that he carried his liquor well; he would forget what had happened when he was drunk and deny what people told him he had done because he could not believe that it was possible for a gentleman to behave in that way. This seems obviously confirmed by these letters, in which we never hear of his having a hangover but only of incapacitating illness that has resulted from unexplained or improbable causes. In one case, when he has had to retreat to the country and spend many days in bed, he keeps writing that he has been poisoned at some house where he has stayed from having slept in a room with certain "Japanese lilies." Gosse tells us that he "had waked in the middle of the night in a delirium, rousing the household with his shrieks." When things got to this pass, his friends would either ship him off to his parents or his family would come and get him. Except for a very few weeks, he seems never to have had even a regular mistress; and, with no one to keep him in order, he was obliged to fall back on the Swinburnes, among whom he would sober up, recover his balance, and accomplish his work.

In London, Swinburne said quite truly, he saw little of the literary world. Most of his close friends—George Powell, John Nichol, Jowett, Burne-Jones, William Morris—he had first known at Eton or Oxford or had this background in common with them, and the Rosset-

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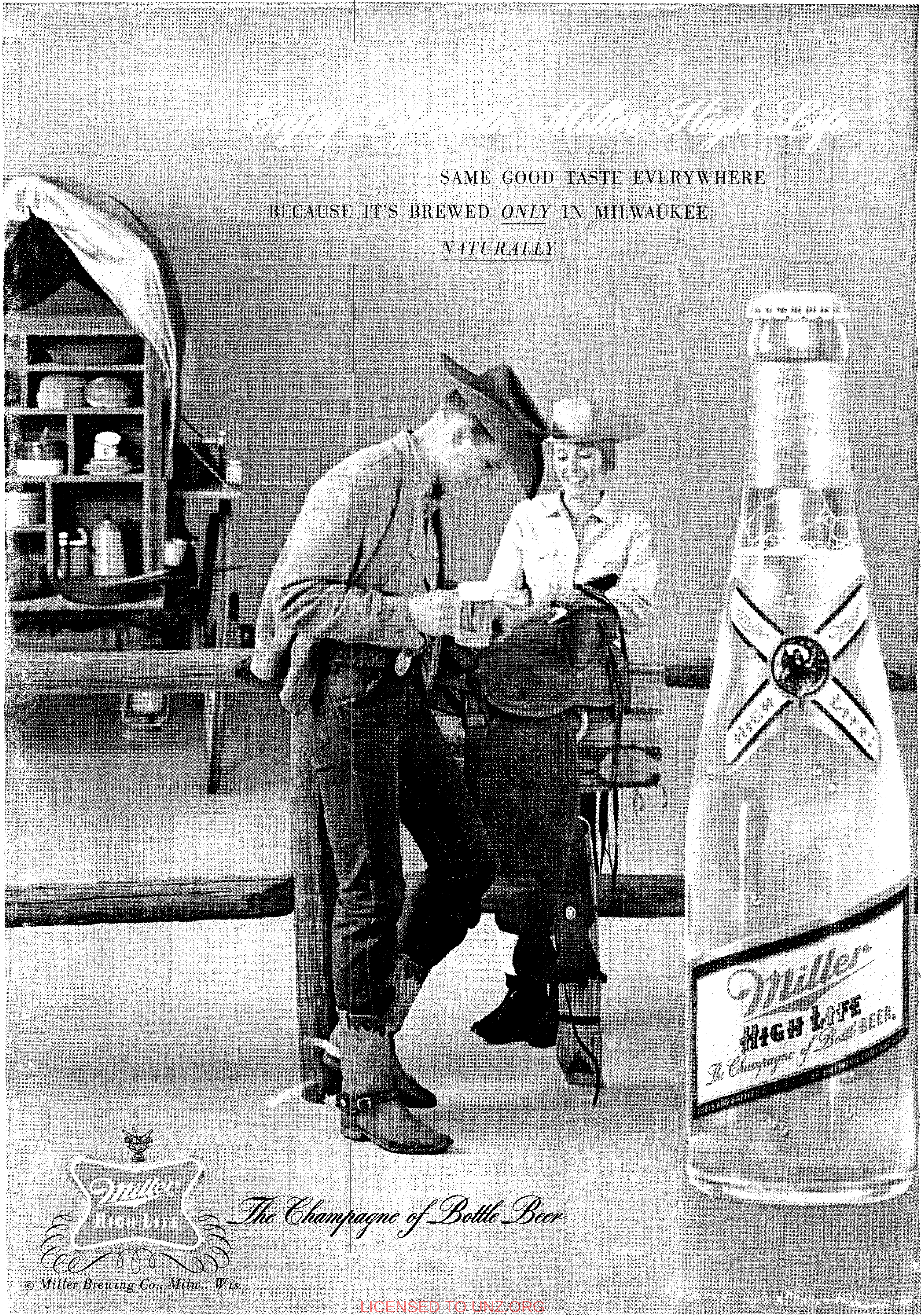

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tis, too, he knew through Oxford, from the time when Dante Gabriel had come there to do a mural with Burne-Jones and Morris. He can never have known much about London. You get almost as little sense of it from his correspondence as you do from his other writings. Most of his business with publishers was handled by more practical friends, and he was dropped from his only club for stamping one night, in his cups, on all the hats that he found in the coatroom. (Gosse and Swinburne's friend Coulson Kernahan give different accounts of this. Gosse says that, leaving the club, Swinburne destroyed the hats, after trying them on one by one, in a fury because none of them fitted his disproportionately large head; Kernahan that, coming into the club with a friend, after an evening on the town, when a special committee meeting was being held, and beholding the formidable array of opera hats, silk hats, and bowlers hanging on the coatroom pegs, he and his friend were inspired to line them up in two rows on the floor and, hopping on one foot, with the other ankle held in the hand, to compete in a race the objective of which was to get first to the end of the line, stepping on all the hats.) A letter which refers to this incident is distinguished by Swinburne's usual dignity; he seems puzzled by the action of the club and implies that it is merely a question of making the damage good, which he will of course be glad to do.

During the last thirty years of Swinburne's life, when he lived with Watts-Dunton in suburban Putney, he was guarded by his jealous companion from intruders and friends alike, but even after his father's death, when his mother had sold their two country places and was living in other houses, he paid her long visits in the summers or autumns. He wrote Watts-Dunton in 1882 that he had "got again into a delightful groove of quiet family life, and should not"—but for missing Watts-Dunton and his sister and her little boy—"care how long I remained in it." He became more attentive to his mother and wrote his sisters long letters. He was immensely proud of a dear Aunt Ju, who, at ninety-two, walked "slippery" moors and climbed an "awkward and rather precipitous bank" with him, and who did not mind being caught in the rain. To his sister Alice he dedicated, with verses of the warmest devotion, one of his later poetic plays and went to the country to read it to her.

One of the most striking features of Swinburne's family was their interest in literature and the arts. Swinburne's mother taught him French and Italian

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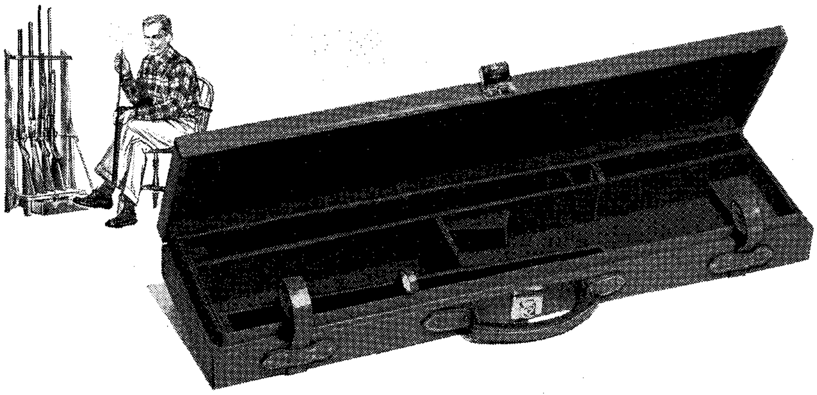

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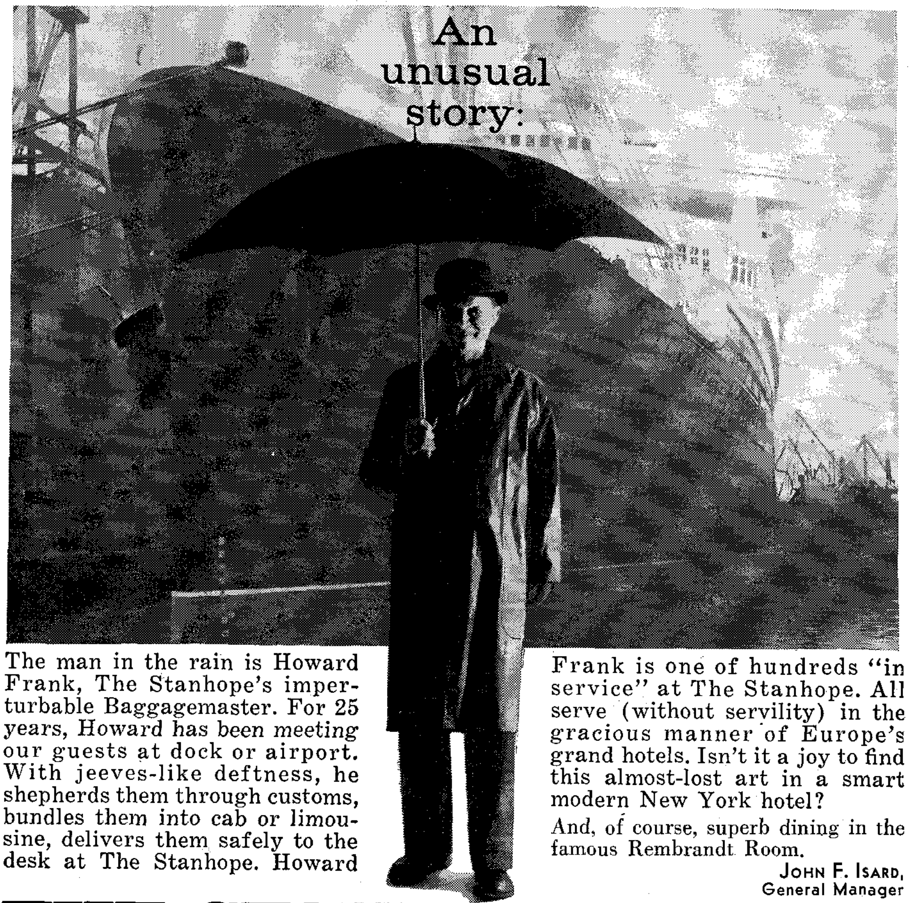

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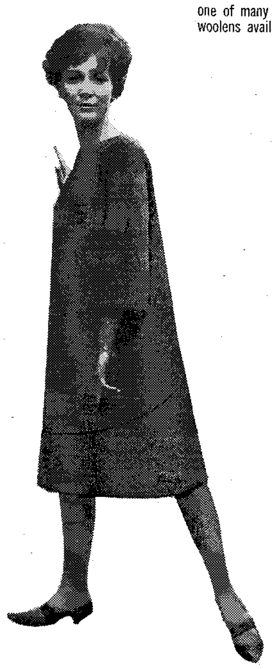

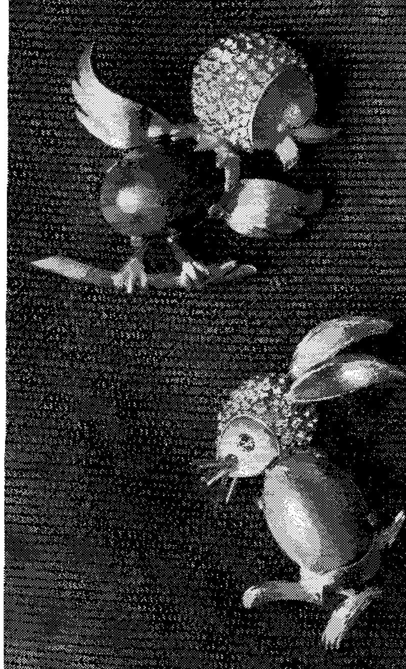

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so early that he was familiar from childhood with the literatures of those languages. His uncle, the fourth Earl of Ashburnham, had collected a valuable library of manuscripts and rare books, and it is evident from the letters Swinburne wrote after his father's death that the library of the Swinburnes themselves contained rarities and curiosities. The family, including the Admiral—though Algernon less than the others—were also extremely musical; they sang and played the organ and piano. Some of them painted, and Turner was a friend of the family (as was also Leigh Hunt). In the period of his liveliest intellectual life, Swinburne sometimes, during the months when he is staying with his family, complains that he has no one there to share his interests, and he writes to William Rossetti, in connection with Shelley's relations with his father, that he has "no more doubt that it may be said for Sir Timothy that his son was what Carlyle calls 'an afflictive phenomenon' than that I was the same to my father before, during, and since my Oxford time" (he had not been allowed to graduate, for reasons which may be imagined but which have never been made known). He tells Rossetti that he is "sure you can never have felt at that age the irreparable, total, and inevitable isolation from all that had once been closest to the mind and thought, and was still closest to the flesh and the memory, the solitude in which one passes from separation to antagonism of spirit (without violent quarrels or open offense, but by pure logical necessity of consequence) the sense that where attraction gradually ends repulsion gradually begins, which many besides Shelley, and as affectionate and faithful by nature and temperament as he, *have* felt at that age." Yet the Admiral from the very beginning offered to pay for the publication of Algernon's books and did pay for that of "Atalanta in Calydon," and he very much pleased his son by reading the whole of his gigantic "Bothwell," a blank-verse drama about Mary Stuart. It is quite touching, after the publication of "Atalanta" and the first series of "Poems and Ballads," which caused so much scandal, to find the father writing to Ruskin, who had been trying to reassure him about Algernon, "It is a great comfort to us to know that he has a friend who understands him so well and can sympathize with him. We all care for sympathy, but he is so far beyond us that it is not easy in his case to give it, at least with reference to his writings: and they contain passages that give us great pain and sorrow,

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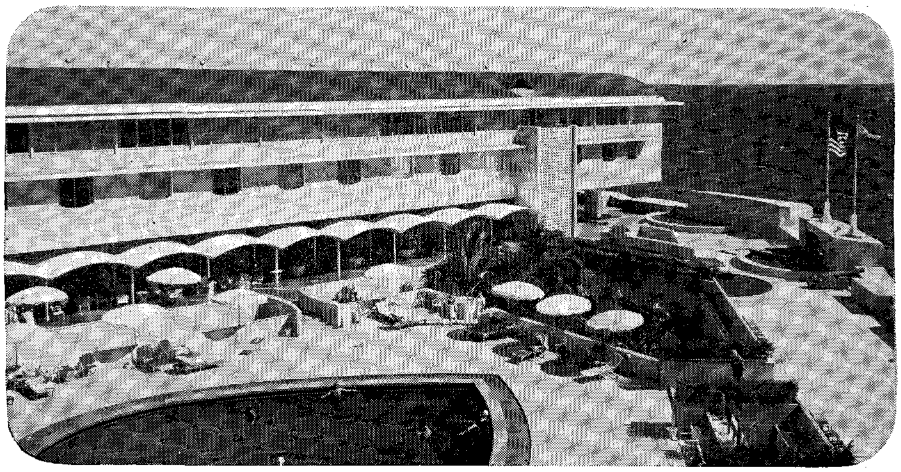
and check the longing desire to be pleased." Yes, Swinburne was in certain ways fortunate. He had in childhood adored Northumberland, from which his family came and where they went every summer and autumn to stay with Swinburne's French grandfather, and he delighted in his summers at Capheaton, the country seat of the Swinburnes on the Isle of Wight, where he loved to ride and swim with his brothers and sisters and cousins, and to plunge into the poetry which he read and wrote and in which he swam like the sea.

But Swinburne's immersion in his family had the effect of limiting his emotional life. It is evidently the key to his only real love, to its frustration, and to his inability ever to fall in love again. It is evidently the key to "The Triumph of Time," "Les Noyades," and "A Leave-Taking," the three poems, printed together in the first "Poems and Ballads," which come out of a crisis in Swinburne's life that has never until very recently been properly understood. Gosse, in his life of Swinburne, asserts that the inspirer of "The Triumph of Time" was a certain girl nicknamed Boo, the adopted daughter of a London physician, who, according to Gosse's legend, laughed in Swinburne's face when he proposed marriage to her. The poet, says Gosse, was "deeply chagrined, and, in a way which those who knew him will easily imagine for themselves, he showed his displeasure, and they parted on the worst of terms." This, it now appears, could never have happened. The story has been investigated by a Swinburne collector, Mr. John S. Mayfield, and he has discovered that the Boo in question was only a little over ten years old when Swinburne is supposed to have wooed her.

Mr. Mayfield published his findings in 1953, and Mr. Lang has applied himself further to the problem of the poet's disappointed love. He reread "The Triumph of Time" and discovered that it is said there quite clearly that "the speaker did *not* declare his love, and the Innominata *had no suspicion* of its existence." ("Les Noyades" corroborates this.) It is also quite clear that the lady is now married to someone else but that the speaker will continue to see her. There is no suggestion whatever that they have parted on bad terms. Mr. Lang looked up a rough draft of certain stanzas of the poem which—combined with some stanzas of "A Leave-Taking"—had been preserved in a manuscript in the Yale University library, and these threw further light on the situation. From these



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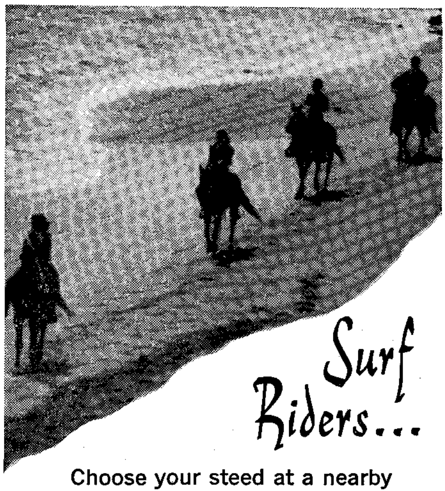
and the poem in its finished form we must conclude that the poet and the lady had written verses and enjoyed music together. Now, we know that Swinburne had a cousin—Mary Gordon—with whom he was extremely intimate, who played the organ, who wrote *bouts-rimés* with him, and with whom he collaborated on a children's story. Swinburne writes to one of his sisters ecstatically about hearing Mary Gordon play Handel. She was evidently accomplished and attractive, and she and Algernon had been constantly together as children. We know that from the summer of 1863 till early in 1864 he was living with his family on the Isle of Wight, very near the Gordons' place. When the Swinburnes went abroad at the end of the summer, Algernon stayed on with the Gordons from October to February. But Mary Gordon at some point not much later must have had to announce to Swinburne that she was engaged to Colonel Disney Leith. She married in June, 1865. We may imagine that Algernon, then in his middle twenties, was already in love with his cousin but had not yet told her so. When Mrs. Leith wrote an introductory memoir to a collection of his letters to his family, she made a point of denying, in contradiction of a rumor which she says has been circulated, that her relations with Algernon were anything other than those of brother and sister. On the other hand, she tells us that, just before her engagement, Swinburne read her some parts of a novel which was evidently "Lesbia Brandon."

Now, we find in "Lesbia Brandon" a scene between brother and sister which is intensely erotic and extremely moving; and the description in another novel, "Love's Cross-Currents," of the hero's ecstatic ride with his cousin seems exactly to correspond with Mrs. Leith's account of her reckless country rides with Algernon, in the course of which, as in the novel, they carried on the most animated conversations. From Mary's own point of view, her brilliant cousin, however sympathetic and affectionate, and however erotic in the past their relations may once have been, may well have seemed unimaginable in anything but a brotherly relation. "My marriage," she writes, "in 1865, and subsequent residence for much of the year in Scotland, naturally caused something of a gap in our constant correspondence and intercourse, though he was always the same when we did meet," and they do not, in fact, seem to have corresponded for twenty-five years after this. I agree with Mr. Lang that his theory is confirmed by Swinburne's novels as well



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as by his late play "The Sisters"—all of them based on the family relationships. (The paper in which Mr. Lang has dealt with this matter appeared in the March, 1959, issue of the *Publications of the Modern Language Association of America.*) The extraordinarily complicated tangles of kinship which sometimes make these works so confusing come to seem less bizarre and more credible when we learn that Mary's and Algernon's mothers were sisters and their fathers first cousins, and that their paternal grandmothers had also been sisters and first cousins of their common maternal grandmother. One can conceive that it may have been as natural for Mary to turn away by instinct from this too protracted inbreeding as it was for poor Algernon—of whom we are told that he was somewhat gauche and distant with women—not to be able to feel any very strong attraction toward anyone but a clever cousin.

ANOTHER special feature of Swinburne's family which made him so exceptional in Victorian England was the French strain, which gave him what can almost be called a non-English alter ego. He wrote French with facility and elegance, though occasional incorrectitudes, and cherished France as a second fatherland, with which he always kept up close connections. It is a little surprising to see how much of this correspondence is in French—his letters to Victor Hugo, Mallarmé, Vacquerie, and others; and there is a letter from Baudelaire, whom Swinburne had discovered with excitement at a time when he was apparently not known in England and had no great reputation in France. Swinburne perpetrated also, in French, a whole series of burlesques and hoaxes, from epigraphs for his poems in imitation Old French to a Hugoesque novel of which over fifteen thousand words survive. Two of his hoaxes were extremely sly attempts to impose on the editor of the *Spectator* with reviews of imaginary French authors, the quotations from whom he concocted himself. One of these was Félicien Cossu, the author of "Les Amours Etiques," a Baudelairean poet who writes about his mistress in the following vein:

*Sa voix glapissante a des sons doux et m'attire;*
*Son rictus morne et flasque est un divin sourire;*
*Sa crapule a l'odeur fraîche et chaste du lait;*
*Et son vomissement quelque chose qui plaît.*

The other of the bogus reviews deals with a work called "Les Abîmes," by an author named Ernest Clouët, a prose

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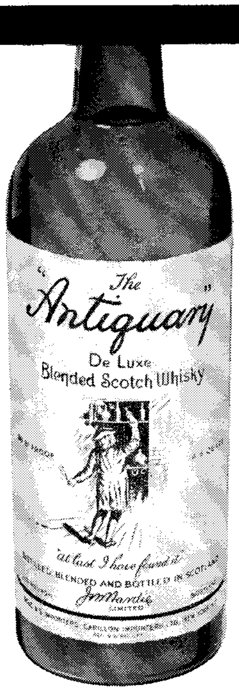

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counterpart of "Les Amours Etiques." What is masterly in these burlesques is the contrast between the French decadents letting themselves go and the tone of the English reviewer, with his restrained but superior sarcasm. After quoting an apotheosis of the Marquis de Sade in a poem called "Prométhée," and indicating the regrettable direction which the author appears to be taking, the reviewer concludes complacently, "We who have no inclination that way just now, will take leave of Mr. Clouët with a word of kindly counsel. We recommend him to give up all idea of making headway against the tide of modern morals, even with that Titan-phantom of the Arch-Unmentionable pulling stroke-oar in his boat. We do not believe he is really the sort of man to end in Bicêtre [an insane asylum to which Sade was consigned]. We implore him to think of some honest trade—say of grocery—as an opening in life, feeling convinced that he would sleep warmly and well under protection of the proverbial bonnet de coton; and very heartily wish him speedy repentance, timely silence and compassionate oblivion." The editor refused both these pieces, in the first case remonstrating with Swinburne for the suggestion that the *Spectator* should print anything about an author so vile; in the second, though the article got as far as proof, perhaps suspecting the hoax.

Swinburne wrote also, in French, two burlesques of a more elaborate kind—a novel called "La Fille du Policeman" and a drama called "La Sœur de la Reine." He idolized Victor Hugo, and when "L'Homme Qui Rit" appeared defended it against the ridicule the book had provoked by its comic mistakes about English life; but in "La Fille du Policeman" he is to some extent parodying the sensational romanticism of his favorite as well as of other French novelists who have undertaken to write about England. The point of both these *jeux d'esprit*, which are also tours de force, is the opposite of the journalistic hoaxes. Instead of subjecting the French to the complacent disapproval of the English, the imaginary French author here, who is supposed to know nothing about England save a smattering of the early history of the reign of Queen Victoria and a few English phrases and proper names, which he invariably misunderstands and misuses, is attempting to impose on the English the conventions of French fiction and drama. In "La Fille du Policeman," the Chartist movement is represented as a popular revolution *à la française*. Prince Albert, who wants to establish himself as king in all

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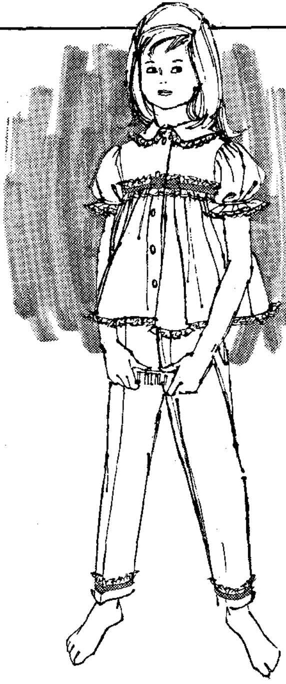

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but the name, pretends to sympathize with the uprising and is known as "*le prince-prolétaire*." The mob gathers in "*la grande place Wauxhall*" and moves on "*Buckingham-Palace*"—"*le vieux palais gothique*"—which is guarded by the "Queen's own aldermen." But the Prince demoralizes the rebels by throwing open to them "*les immenses magasins Alsopp-Barclay*" and giving them access to unlimited beer. George Meredith writes in one of his letters, after Swinburne has read him this novel, "One chapter, '*Ce que peut se passer dans un Cab-Safety*,' where Lord Whitestick, Bishop of Londres, ravishes the heroine, is quite marvelous." This heroine is the daughter of a noble policeman who has taken a leading part in the uprising; John Whitestick is a cynical prelate who has had the girl rendered insensible with opium. This climactic chapter has disappeared, perhaps suppressed by someone who found it too shocking. In the play, "La Sœur de la Reine," Queen Victoria appears as a debauched and cruel tyrant who vents her passions in long French *tirades*. She makes a tumultuous scene of jealousy with Lord John Russell, who has been one of her lovers, and when he threatens to expose her scandalous life, she threatens to have him beheaded, as she has just done with the headmaster of Eton for telling his students about Messalina. The sister is an illegitimate daughter of the Duchess of Kent, who has spent her early life as a prostitute but has just married the Lord Mayor of London, and who creates a second-act curtain by turning up at court and compelling the Queen to receive her. Only two acts of this drama are known to be extant, but a friend to whom Swinburne had read it has left on record what is evidently a passage from one of the scenes that have been lost. Victoria is confessing to her mother a humiliating love affair: "*Ce n'était pas un prince; ce n'était pas un milord, ni même Sir R. Peel. C'était un misérable du peuple, un nommé Wordsworth, qui m'a récité des vers de son 'Excursion' d'une sensualité si chaleureuse qu'ils m'ont ébranlée—et je suis tombée.*"

Mr. Lang is soon to publish these pieces in a volume of Swinburne's miscellanies. They are not only amusing in themselves but are interesting as showing how Swinburne was continually shifting back and forth between an English and a French mentality. I believe that it is probably true, as is suggested by Georges Lafourcade, Swinburne's French biographer, that these writings, though meant as burlesques, do actually imply a longing for

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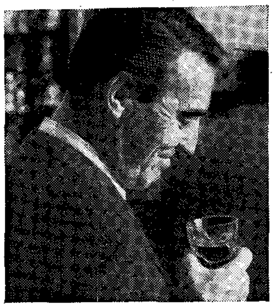

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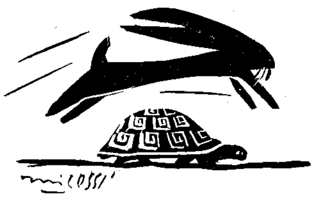
an England more passionate and violent than that of the Victorian age. This double point of view is important, as we shall see, in Swinburne's fictions, one of which contains another French parody. The scene is an English household in which the schoolboys are working at their Latin verses while a lady who has come to call is discussing with placid complacency the splendid work that the local clergyman is doing for "those poor women" and another lady is reading aloud from a new French novel called "La Chimère." The latter two conversations tangle in the following passage: "And so his wife heard of him at the public house, Herbert, and went up to see the clergyman and found him"—"*La tête renversée dans les seins de Cécile, qui haletait comme une moribonde. Cette figure virginale écumait d'amour. La chair de ses joues prenait des tons violacés. On voyait sur la blancheur mate de son cou des taches presque jaunes. Tout son sang battait furieusement. Sa chevelure paraissait s'animer et siffler. Son amant presque pâmé ne râlait plus que par moments.*"

EDMUND GOSSE speaks of Swinburne's "rigidity," and in spite of these alternations it is true that a certain stiffness is one of Swinburne's so queerly mixed traits. It is the cause of his capacity to be boring as well as of the tenacity of his character. Swinburne is hardly mercurial; even his jokes are likely to go on too long; and it is this peculiar rigidity which makes his sometimes brilliant literary criticism so difficult to assimilate in comparison with that of almost anyone else of equal importance in this department. His letters are, however, as their editor says, full of excellent literary commentary of a more informal kind, and this is one of the things that make them readable. It is very entertaining and illuminating to hear so non-Victorian a Victorian writer express himself so freely on the subject of his contemporaries, and gossip about the writers of the past, as to whom he knew everything discoverable, down to the last detail of Beaumont's and Fletcher's joint household and every tergiversation of every Vicar of Bray in the course of the seventeenth century, as if this were all recent scandal. These letters have sent me to his essays—which I had before found rather unsatisfactory—with the result that I appreciate them more and have come to understand better what it is about them that puts one off. My experience had been that if one read Swinburne's study of—let us say—Thomas Middleton, which made one eager to enjoy this dramatist, and then went on to read Middleton himself, one was sure to be disappointed. Where were the masterpieces which Swinburne had been praising? Yet Swinburne, as a critic, is not undiscriminating; he does not hesitate to say that something is bad, and he knows how, in any given piece, to distinguish between what is good and what is not so good. The trouble is that most of his statements are much too extreme and flat, either in praise or in condemnation. He has been carried away by his subjects as he was in the transports of his conversation, but in writing these exaggerations, he has hardened and stiffened and deadened them. There are here not merely dithyrambs but judgments, and the judgments of an intelligent man, but—as in his poetry—there are no nuances, no ready intuitions, no humanizing touches. Swinburne is indeed rigid, with a rigidity which no doubt derived from his aristocratic origins. In his personal relations with people, as his memorialists all record, except among his family and his intimate friends, he always puts others at a distance. His publisher—as Mr. Lang notes—the cultivated Andrew Chatto, he treats exactly as if he were a tradesman who did not always give satisfaction. Not that he ever, in his discussion of literature, tries to score off the non-Us as a U (though an Ashburnham, it may be noted, had married a Mitford). When he believes that his honor is offended, he is very clear in his mind as to who is and who is not a gentleman, but he merely mentions in passing that Dickens, one of his favorites, did not understand titles and supposed that Sir John Smith's wife could be called Lady John Smith; and his interesting discussion, in his "Wordsworth and Byron," that spirited retort to Arnold, of the social origins of the English romantics is a simple assigning of them to their origins by someone who knows what those origins are but is incapable of making of them any invidious use. For Swinburne, great literature itself constituted a kind of aristocracy. The poet was ennobled by his genius. But the effect on the poet, seen from Swinburne's position, was also rather peculiar. The riches of English literature are displayed as if among the oak panellings and the high glass-doored cases of the library of some great house. Swinburne, like his Uncle Ashburnham, though on a very much



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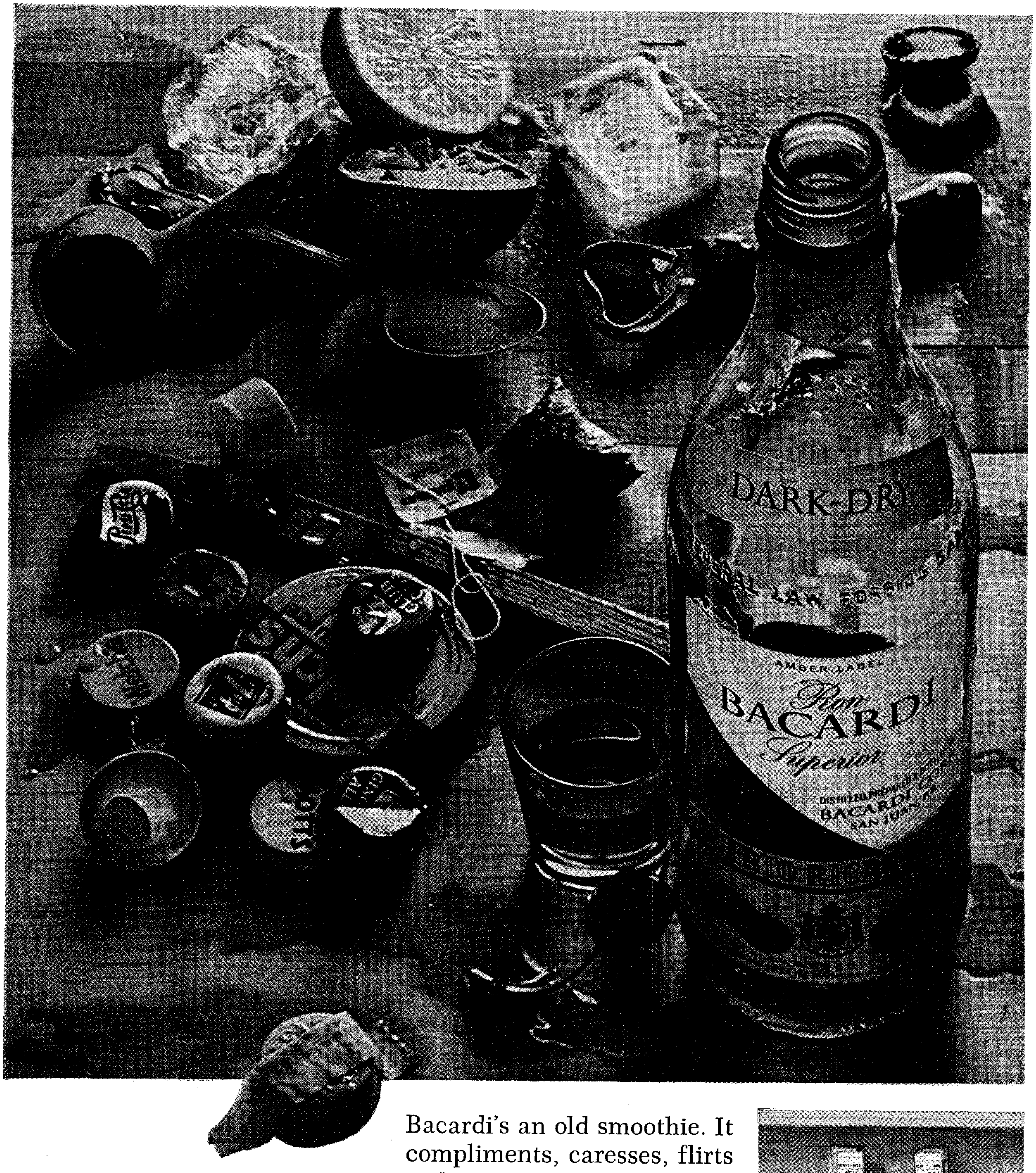
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©BACARDI IMPORTS, INC., NY. RUM, 80 PROOF smaller scale, was a collector and loved to show his folios. Such humble fellows as Heywood and Dekker as well as the bricklayer Ben Jonson and the Warwickshire burgess Shakespeare became part of the national pomp and part of the aristocrat's possessions. This, I believe, is what makes Swinburne's criticisms seem so different from anyone else's. The lofty tone and elaborate style, the architecture of the stately and solid sentences, the symmetrical ornamentation of the decorative antitheses and alliterations, the epithets in balancing pairs of a more luxurious Johnsonese have enclosed them in a nobleman's library and sometimes prevent us from noticing—though we know that he is extremely well-informed—how acute and accomplished this nobleman is.

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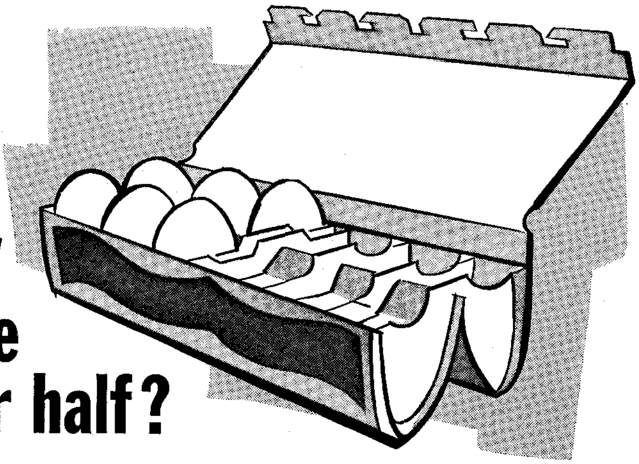

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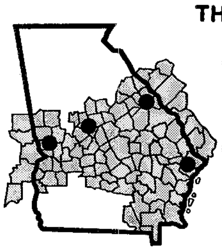

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efforts to do so come out very clearly in his letters; and we now have—together with "Love's Cross-Currents," which was published during Swinburne's lifetime and included in his collected works—the greater part, presumably, of "Lesbia Brandon," with fragments, included in Hughes's edition, of other similar fictions. They all deal, though the names sometimes vary, with more or less the same set of characters, about whom, according to Hughes, Swinburne was projecting a cycle. But "Love's Cross-Currents," the first of these novels, he found great difficulty in getting published. On the surface it is relatively proper; Swinburne consented to a slight expurgation, but though it was written in 1862, it was not published till 1877, when it appeared in the *Tatler* as a serial, with the title "A Year's Letters." Since Swinburne was dealing with his family, he felt obliged to use a pseudonym and called himself Mrs. Horace Manners, and he thus failed to profit by his own reputation. It was not till 1905—his parents were dead—when Swinburne was sixty-eight, that he was able to persuade a publisher to bring it out over his own name. George Meredith and others had praised the book, and it seems to have had a good press, but by this time Swinburne's great reputation had been made as a poet and a critic of poetry; no one expected him to succeed as a novelist, and the book has been entirely forgotten by the historians of English literature. This is one of many examples of the extent to which mere fashion and academic tradition have the power to establish a canon. I am not far from agreeing with Hughes that "Love's Cross-Currents" is a "neglected masterpiece." But copies of the first edition may be picked up today for a dollar. Swinburne's second contemporary novel was begun, according to Hughes, in 1864, immediately after he had finished the first. He had decided now to "give them the works." In a letter to Richard Burton, he describes it as "a scheme of mixed verse and prose—a sort of étude à la Balzac *plus* the poetry—which I flatter myself will be more offensive and objectionable to Britannia than anything I have yet done." This is the work which—though Swinburne never gave it a title—has come to be known as "Lesbia Brandon." In proportion as it was more audacious, it encountered even more discouragement than its predecessor had. Some of Swinburne's friends became apprehensive. When he had given it to Watts-Dunton to read, his friend would not return the whole manuscript.

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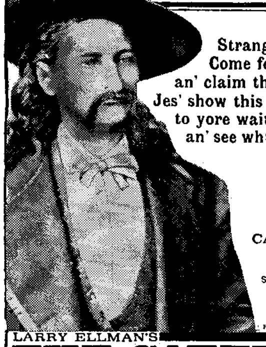

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In letters to this self-appointed censor, of 1877 and 1878, Swinburne is still begging Watts-Dunton to give certain missing chapters back. He did succeed in inducing his publishers to set up the chapters he had, but Watts-Dunton seems further to have obstructed the project by intercepting the proofs of them while Swinburne was away in Edinburgh. He never restored to Swinburne the parts he had been withholding but, after his friend's death, sold all or most of the manuscript to Thomas J. Wise, the bibliographer and forger mentioned above, who kept it in a scrambled state. Edmund Gosse—who had heard Swinburne read aloud, with, as he says, "his amazing violence," "two long passages, the one a ride over a moorland by night, the other the death of his heroine, Lesbia Brandon"—declares that in Wise's opinion and his, "this mélange . . . ought never be published." But Randolph Hughes did reassemble it and explosively bring it out. One of the chapters, which was missing from Wise's manuscript, has turned up in the Huntington Library. The discreet and evasive Gosse says that "Swinburne thought he had completely suppressed" this project, but we know now that the book is brilliant and that the author took it very seriously. Even as late as 1881, he writes to a woman friend, herself a novelist, "Some day perhaps I shall take heart of grace to ask for your frank opinion on certain crude attempts of my own at novel-writing—or more properly at studies of life and character in our own day."

"STUDIES of life and character in our own day"—this is what one least expects from Swinburne, yet it is what one does get in these novels. The mimicry of which he was a master and which we know from his literary pastiches and parodies is applied here to social types. "Love's Cross-Currents" is told mostly in letters, and the personalities are admirably conveyed through the vocabulary, the tone, and the rhythm of their various epistolary styles. In "Lesbia Brandon," the worldly conversation of the "venomous old beauty" Lady Midhurst and Mr. Linley, the scholar, collector, and wit, with his eyes of which the "gravity and mockery were alike impressive and repulsive," whose whole face sometimes "bore the seal of heavy sorrow and a fatal fatigue," has something in common with the dialogue of the characters of both George Meredith and Oscar Wilde and seems to show that the latter was exploiting a vein of epigrammatic talk that had already been brought to perfection in the social life

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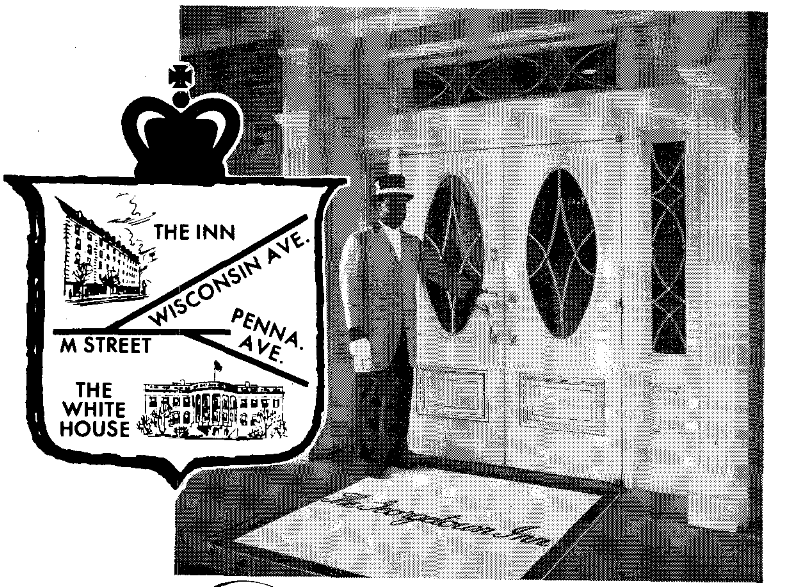

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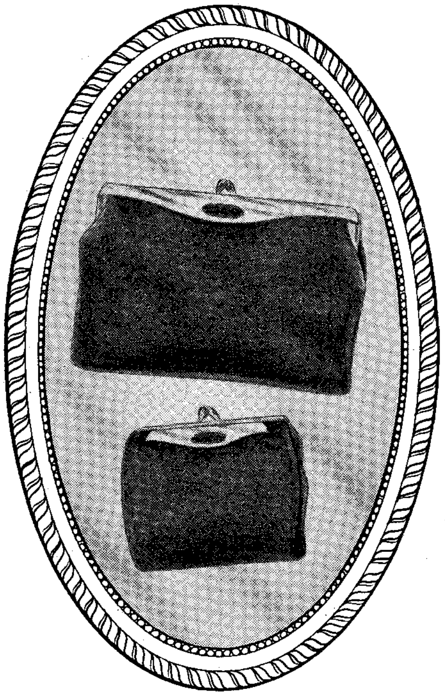

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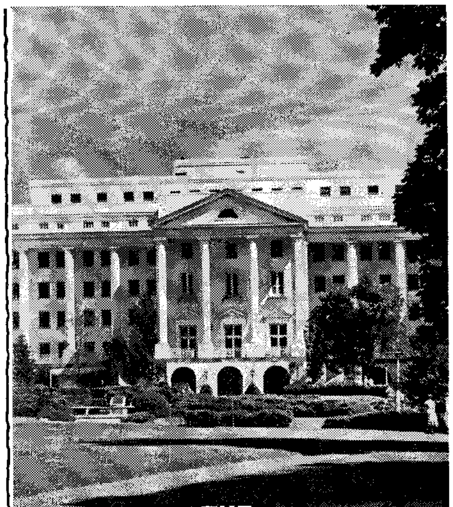
of London by the middle nineteenth century. The conversations at cross-purposes quoted earlier from an unidentified fragment are strikingly anticipatory of Ronald Firbank, who, however, can hardly have read it. There is nothing of this kind, of course, in Swinburne's poetry, and these novels present also an unexpected contrast to Swinburne's writings in verse in their descriptions of people and landscape. He here gets away almost completely from the monotonous vocabulary of his poetry, the rhetorical abstractions and the tiresome alliterations. It is a curious deficiency of Swinburne in his poetry—for a writer so sensitive to style—that he can never surprise or delight by a colloquial turn of phrase, a sharply observed detail, a magical touch of color. He can never, like Tennyson or even Arnold, strike off something actually seen in words at once exact and sensuous. There are sights we remember from the earlier Swinburne—the sunset over the sea in "Hesperia," Whistler's "White Girl" before her mirror (though if one had never seen the picture, would one ever have known precisely what she looked like?), the "Forsaken Garden" "in a coign of the cliff between lowland and highland,/ At the sea-down's edge between windward and lee,/ Walled round with rocks as an inland island" (one of the very best of Swinburne's lyrics)—but they inevitably tend to be lost in the swathings of the poet's uncontrollable verbosity. And later on he cannot get away from those generalizing, visageless monosyllables that mean little and evoke nothing—*love*, *tears*, *light*, *dark*, *earth*, *fear*, *faith*, *world*, *wings*, *song*, *time*, *life*, *death*. Certain passages in these later poems, we learn from his letters, were derived from real places, and yet they always seem to be nowhere. In writing to William Bell Scott, with whom he had visited Bamborough Castle in Northumberland, he says "You will admit the truthfulness" of his description of it in "Tristram of Lyonesse," and speaks of "the lovely view of the three blue herons on the ledge of a sea-rock to which I remember that I vainly though urgently called your attention, then distracted by seasickness." But when one looks this up in "Tristram of Lyonesse," one finds that, in a Never-Never Land of fairy-tale pre-Raphaelite dream, the blue herons that one had hoped would be breathtaking have been so strung out and diluted that one is almost as little aware of them as of the seasickness of William Bell Scott. Their blueness is not made more vivid by being described



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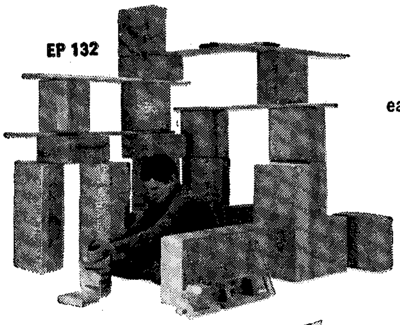
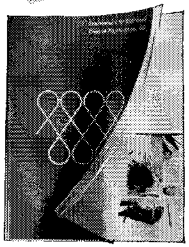
as "blue as the clear north heaven;" their heads are "bright" and their feet are "bright," and we have, just a few lines before, had "the bright sea's boon." We become exasperated with Swinburne for not knowing that too much brightness will make things dim. He writes to his mother from Putney that he has discovered in "a corner of the neighboring woods or copses . . . the loveliest group or natural arrangement of white and pink or red hawthorns I ever saw anywhere," and later he tells her that the opening of the Arthurian poem on which he is now at work was "inspired by the . . . hawthorns about here which are *too* lovely while they last." But when we look up this opening of "The Tale of Balen," we do not find the hawthorns at all. From the letter we at least know what color they were; in the poem they are merged with other things as simply "bounteous bloom," and all the rest is "flower and flight," "glad in spirit and sad in soul," "bush and brake and bole," "earth and sea," "blood and breath," "time and death," etc.

But in the novels written long before this, to which Swinburne was never to return, he was able to do something quite different. In "Love's Cross-Currents," at the beginning of Chapter 3, you are already quite out of the pre-Raphaelite world and in the presence of a recognizable England which the poet has invested with a charm that is never obscured by the wordy blur: "This was a little old house, beautifully set in among orchards and meadows, with abundance of roses now all round it, under the heavy leaves of a spring that June was fast gaining upon. A wide soft river divided the marsh meadows in front of it, full of yellow flag-flowers and moist fen-blossom. . . . It was a splendid place for children; better perhaps than Ashton Hildred with its huge old brick-walled gardens and wonderful fruit-trees blackened and dotted with lumps or patches of fabulous overgrown moss, and wild pleasure-grounds stifled with beautiful rank grass; better decidedly than Lord Cheyne's big brilliant Lidcombe, in spite of royal shooting-grounds and the admirable slopes of high bright hill-country behind it, green sweet miles of park and embayed lake, beyond praise for riding and boating; better incomparably than Captain Harewood's place, muffled in woods, with a grim, sad beauty of its own, but seemingly knee-deep in sere leaves all the year round, wet and weedy and dark and deep down, kept hold of somehow by autumn in the midst of spring; only the upper half of it clear out of the clutch of

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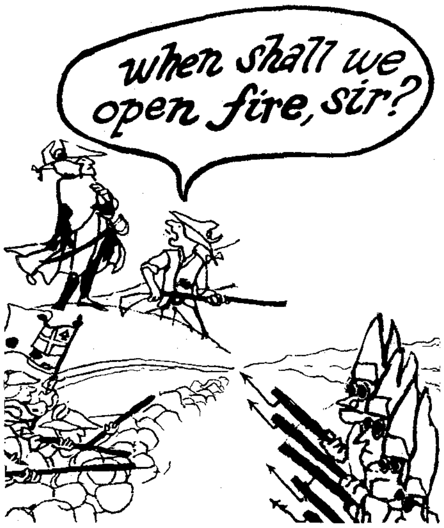
winter even in the hottest height of August weather, with a bitter flavor of frost and rain in it all through summer. It was wonderful, Lady Midhurst said, how any child could live there without going mad or moping. She was thankful the boy went to school so young, though no doubt his father had picked out the very hardest sort of school that he decently could select. Anything was better than that horrid wet hole of a place, up to the nose and eyes in black damp woods, and with thick moist copses of alder and birch trees growing against the very windows; and such a set of people inside of it!" And after this—especially in "Lesbia Brandon"—you get splendid descriptions of swimming and riding that convey the thrill of real experience while at the same time giving the impression that, like Swinburne's fantastic Elizabethans, they are somehow framed and varnished as painted panels in the great ornamental country houses in which the characters lived.

I know of nothing else like this in English fiction. It is obvious that Swinburne at this time in his life was attempting to effect a mutation, and it seems tragic that the obstacles he met, the restraining and stunting influences, prevented him from doing this. He would have produced something so much more interesting than the grandiose routine of his verse! How urgent to the end of his life was the need to tell his personal story, to return to those early impressions and emotions which he had never fully described, is shown by his writing at fifty-five a blank-verse play, "The Sisters"—dedicated to the mother of Mary Gordon—which is unique among Swinburne's tragedies in taking place in nineteenth-century England. Here we find the same tangle of interrelated characters on the same Northumberland estate, the same young hero, Reggie, who appears in both the novels and who is always Algernon himself. But the conventional poetic form to which Swinburne has become accustomed completely destroys the reality and deflects the force of the story. Swinburne is still, to be sure, attempting to do something slightly different from his dramas in the grand manner: "The tragedy of 'The Sisters,' " he says in his introductory survey to the collected edition of his poems, "however defective it may be in theatrical interest or progressive action, is the only modern thing I know in which realism in the reproduction of natural dialogue and accuracy in the representation of natural intercourse between men and women of gentle birth have been found or made compatible with expression in genuine if simple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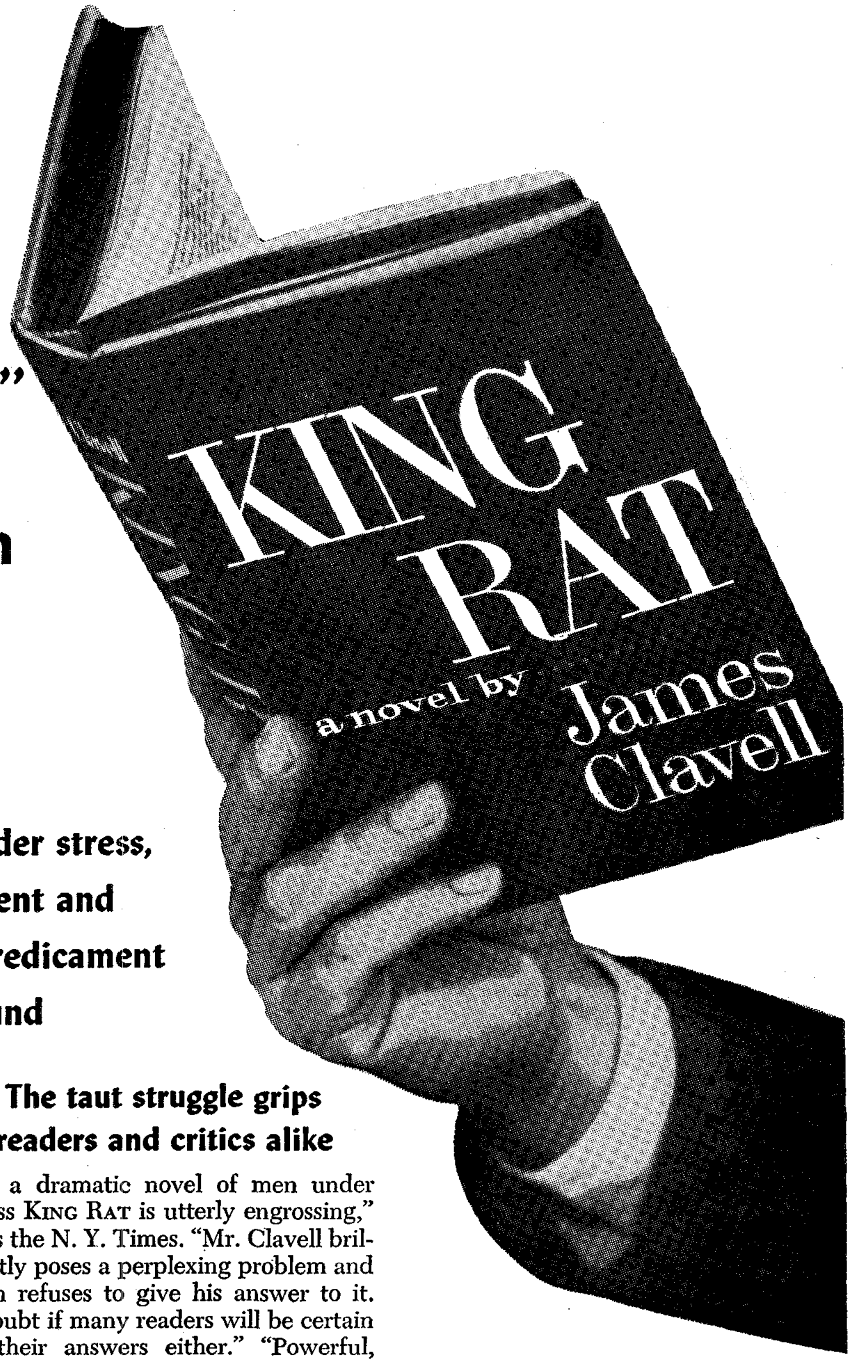

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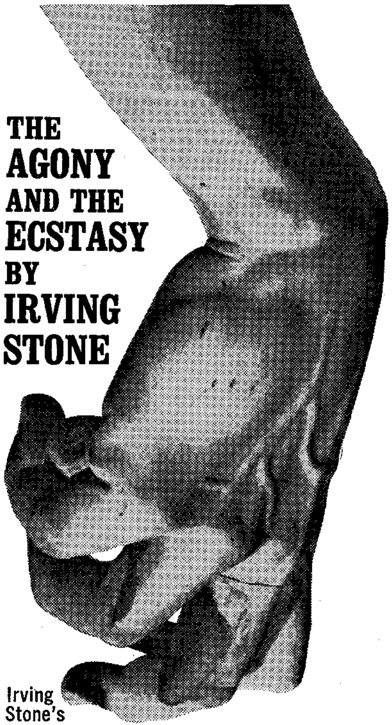

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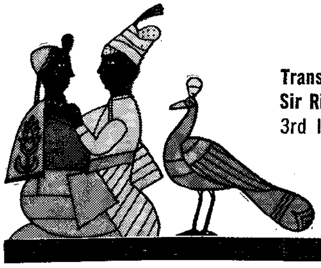

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blank verse." But it is all too easy for Swinburne here to romanticize his relations with Mary Gordon. Reggie Clavering, like Reggie Harewood in "Love's Cross-Currents," is in love with one of his cousins, Mabel, and, in this case, she with him, but Swinburne is evidently merging himself with his successful rival, Colonel Leith, who had been gravely wounded in India, by making Reggie a brave soldier who comes back with a wound from Waterloo. The whole play becomes most implausible and artistically most inacceptable when Swinburne confuses and falsifies the family situation by the introduction of Renaissance poisonings. He was also, in another late play, "The Duke of Gandia," to return to a favorite subject, the Borgias, which he had earlier attacked in the prose work recovered by Randolph Hughes, "The Chronicle of Tebaldeo Tebaldei." One of the charms of the Borgias for Swinburne was that they gave him an opportunity to deal with incestuous situations, and in "The Sisters" he mixes the two milieux. The young people act a play which has been written for them by Reggie. It is a Renaissance tragedy that takes place in Italy, and the heroine's twin sister Anne, who is also in love with Reggie, enters so into the spirit of the piece that she procures a flask of real poison from a disused laboratory in the house and, after pretending in the action of the piece to poison the character played by her sister, she proceeds, after contemplating suicide, to allow Mabel actually to drink it, apparently under the impression that it is something to cure a cold. Reggie also takes a dose, and he and Mabel die together, forgiving Anne. The situation is further complicated by another cousin, who is one of Reggie's oldest friends but who is also in love with Mabel. The point is that all these young people are so closely bound by kinship and intimacy that it is impossible for Reggie and Mabel ever to extricate themselves to the point of being able to marry one another.

ONE'S enjoyment of the splendor and wit of these novels is, however—for an American reader, at least—likely to be somewhat disturbed by an element which seems to him bizarre and repellent, and this element appears in the correspondence in an even more unpleasant form. As a result of his experience as a boy at Eton, Swinburne had made a cult of the traditional British practice of flogging, and this had become for him inseparable from his capacity for sexual gratification, which seems to have been exclusively masochistic. The pleasure and importance of being

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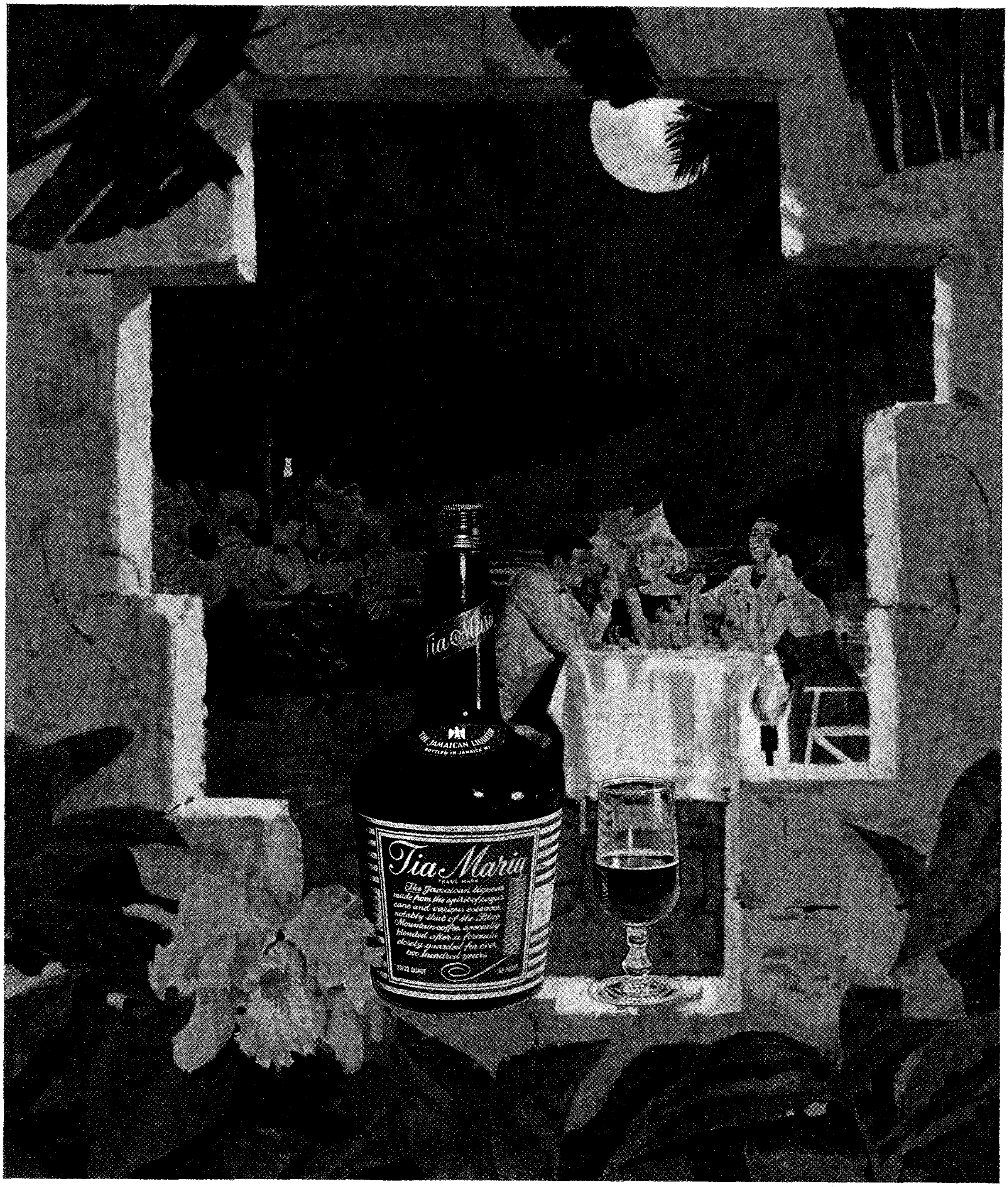
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flogged are made to figure in all three of these family fictions. In "The Sisters" it is touched upon lightly; in "Love's Cross-Currents" it is dwelt upon at greater length; in "Lesbia Brandon" Swinburne pulls out all the stops, and howls of pain become cries of ecstasy. He wrote some long humorous poems on the subject, known as "The Whippingham Papers," which Hughes had intended to publish but which perhaps we can do without; the quotations from these poems which he prints in the commentary to "Lesbia Brandon" seem not funny but simply gruesome to anyone who does not share Swinburne's tastes. This is one of the aspects of Swinburne's life that Gosse was obliged to suppress but which are dealt with in his posthumous postscript. He says that Swinburne found a brothel in London which specialized in flagellation, and that Dante Gabriel Rossetti became worried about him and tried to get him to cultivate more normal habits. Rossetti enlisted Adah Isaacs Menken, that strange international charmer from New Orleans, a more or less cultivated woman who wrote poetry, painted, and danced, and was much liked by intelligent men but who made a sensation in London by playing Mazeppa at Astley's Theatre and appearing, in flesh-colored tights, strapped to the back of a horse. She and Swinburne grew genuinely fond of one another. The affair became notorious, and a photograph was circulated in London—which Swinburne seems rather to have enjoyed—of him standing and her sitting in a chair so that she does not dwarf his height, with one hand resting affectionately against his frock coat. But at the end of six weeks, she gave him up in despair, reporting to Rossetti, according to Gosse, that "she didn't know how it was, but she hadn't been able to get him 'up to the scratch.'. . . I can't make him understand that biting's no use!" But she had become protective about him, as everyone who liked him did. She went on from London to Paris, where she took on Alexandre Dumas *père*, then well along in years; but, after she had left London, she wrote a worried letter to a common friend of hers and Swinburne's, fearing that he was ill. "She is unable to think of anything but you," this friend passed it on to Swinburne; "she wishes me to telegraph to her if you are in danger, and she will fly on the wings of the wind to nurse you."

This episode occurred in the winter of 1867-68, when Swinburne was thirty. Gosse believes that his masochistic impulses had been liberated six years before by discovering the works

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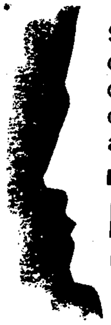
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of the Marquis de Sade, and Swinburne's letters seem to bear out this theory. Swinburne had always been interested in Sade and had already written the poem about him which he attributed to the imaginary Félicien Cossu, but he had apparently never read him until his friend Monckton Milnes (later Lord Houghton) lent him a copy of "Justine ou les Malheurs de la Vertu." His excitement is evident in his letters. He makes an excellent critique of the deficiencies of Sade considered as a serious writer, but he proceeds, in one of his accomplished French parodies, to exhibit a frank delight which goes on chortling through his correspondence all the rest of his life. Sade becomes one of Swinburne's heroes—though mainly a comic hero—and another of his monotonous obsessions. When you come to a letter to Houghton or Powell—often, too, in the case of William Rossetti—you may be sure that sooner or later the Marquis de Sade will pop up, that there will be at least a joke about him, and usually a joke that has been made innumerable times before. At first Swinburne's masochistic outbursts—especially to Houghton—become extremely embarrassing. Nothing could seem stranger than the juxtaposition of his old-fashioned courtly politeness and his high-pitched political idealism with his childish impersonations of a schoolboy who wants to be flogged. He cannot let the subject alone. He thanks Powell for sending him a birch rod and "desires a sight of the swishing room;" the view of "a fine rapid river . . . winding under fir-woods between banks clothed with broom and wild roses" makes him reflect that there is "birch enough to hand for the bottoms of all Eton." "*How* could you be at Eton," he is still writing Powell in this vein at the age of thirty-six—"and not remember to invest for me in at least two of the large photographs of the flogging-block, when you knew how I wanted them and was shy of writing to order them?" He regales his correspondents with anecdotes which Mr. Lang is inclined to regard as fantasies. For example, a young cousin of his had been birched for reading Swinburne's poems: "His tutor confiscated the book under penalties, and the boy of course cribbed it, and was (I am happy to say) caught, as he deserved, studying a most appropriately named and especially prohibited poem—and had what he calls 'such a jolly good swishing' that his elder brother tells me he came out of his tutor's study with his clothes readjusted but the blood visibly soaking through his shirt and the seat of his breeches (these being, providentially, very light)

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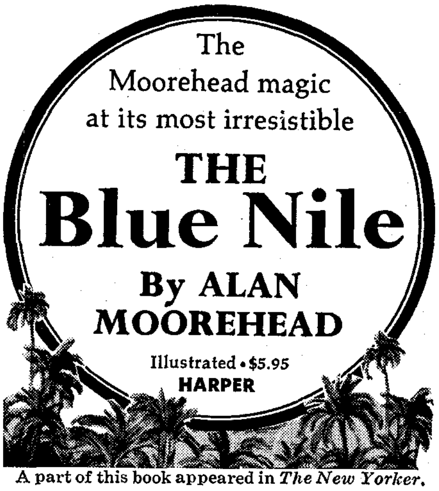
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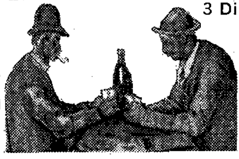
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in patches and stripes—to the wild delight of the junior male members of the household, who received him with acclamations. I wish *mon vieux* [Lord Houghton] had been by to hear—it would have made him wriggle and bubble with enjoyment till his teeth came out—a sight profitable for admonition."

Swinburne was no doubt an extreme case, but one gets the impression, in reading these novels, that—in the punitive as well as the proverbial sense—he is letting the cat out of the bag. Such a system as the English one is partly the result of a painful discipline, an enforced submission to authority. In England, they flogged at that time not merely in the public schools but also in the Army and the Navy and as a punishment for criminals; and even today the angry controversies in the British press show that many people are still full of outrage over the recent abolition of these penalties.

There is, therefore, I believe, a certain connection between Swinburne's idealism and dignity and his eagerness for flagellation. He was proud of the exploits of his forebears as crusaders and cavaliers—and Hotspur was one of his ancestors—and had a chivalrous conception of honor. He wanted to prove himself a man, which in some ways his physique made difficult, and I agree with his chief apologist, Randolph Hughes, in supposing that the satisfaction that the Eton boy had taken in his floggings was partly that of having withstood, without unmanly tears, a series of stiff ordeals. The more Swinburne was whipped by his tutors, the more he appears to have respected them. One of his memories of his school days seems incredible, yet he mentions it several times in these letters. Already a master of metrics, the boy had handed in a copy of Latin galliambics, a metre of which the only surviving example is Catullus's "Attis," and though he had never in his school days, he says, been punished for committing a single false quantity, he was now given a flogging by his tutor on the ground that galliambics were not a proper metre. To remember this in afterlife seems not to make Swinburne indignant but to afford him a certain satisfaction: though he had appealed from the tutor to another master, who took a more lenient view of his galliambics, he seems to assume that the tutor was right. Why? One supposes that, knowing he was helpless at games but had outdistanced his tutor at classics, he was willing to pay this price for his pride; and, after all, was he not partly indebted for his proficiency in Latin and Greek to the rigors of corporeal chastise-

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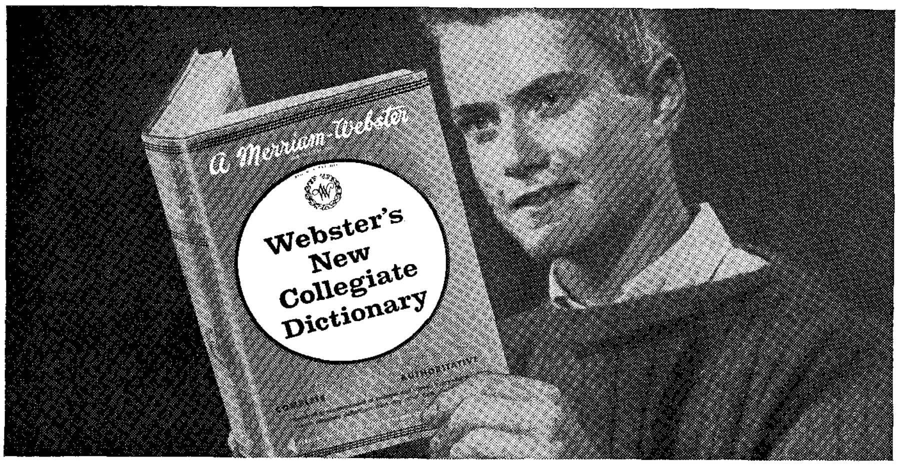

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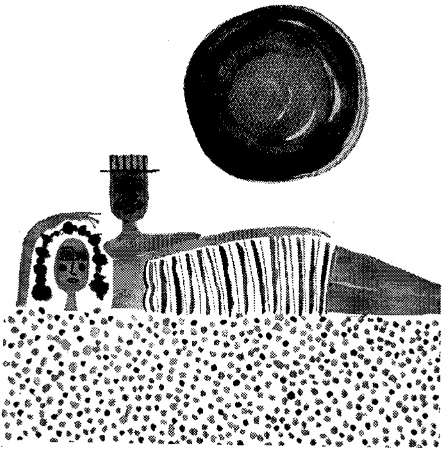
ment with which Eton boys were constantly threatened? The transmutation of the samurai ordeal into a source of erotic enjoyment is shown in a curious passage in a letter of Swinburne's to Milnes. He is writing of one of his tutors: "I have known him . . . prepare the flogging room (*not* with *corduroy* or *onion* but) with burnt scents; or choose a *sweet* place out of doors with smell of firewood. *This* I call real delicate torment. . . . Once, before giving me a swishing that I had the marks of for more than a month (so fellows declared that I went to swim with), he let me saturate my face with eau-de-cologne."

There is actually something quite touching in all this side of Swinburne. His physical courage was unflinching as well as his moral courage, and he had to find special ways of proving himself. His boyhood ambition had been to have a career as a soldier; he wanted to enlist in the cavalry. He announced this when he was almost seventeen and had just come home from Eton. His parents deliberated three days, then decided that it was impossible, that he would not do as a soldier. Algernon's disappointment was terrible. In one of his letters to Mrs. Leith—among the undated letters in Mr. Lang's sixth volume—he tells her, on her asking him about a youthful exploit, though he starts off in the third person to avoid the appearance of boasting, how he felt and what he did when his parents gave him their verdict. This letter has the vividness and actuality of the incidents in his novels. The boy "went out for a good hard tramp by the sea" till he found himself at the foot of a steep chalk cliff, almost as unscalable as the cliffs of Dover; "then all at once it came upon me that it was all very well to fancy or dream of 'deadly danger' and forlorn hopes and cavalry charges, when I had never run any greater risk than a football 'rooge'; but that here was a chance of testing my nerve in face of death which could not be surpassed." His first attempt to scale the cliff failed because he discovered, when he got near the top, that he was stopped by a jutting ledge, "so of course I felt I must not stop to think for one second, and began climbing down, hand under hand, as fast and as steadily as I could, till I reached the bottom." He tried it once more, at a different place. "As I began again I must own I felt like setting my teeth and swearing I would not come down again alive—if I did return to the foot of the cliff again it should be in a fragmentary condition, and there would not be much of me to pick up. I was most of the way up again when I



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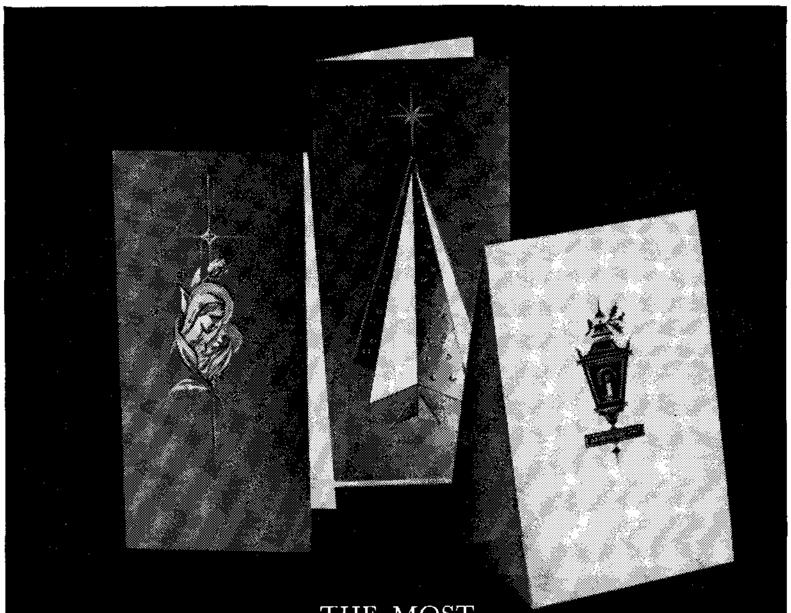
heard a sudden sound as of loud music, reminding me instantly of 'the anthem' from the Eton Chapel organ, a little below me to the left. I knew it would be almost certain death to look down, and next minute there was no need: I glanced aside, and saw the opening of a great hollow in the upper cliff, out of which came swarming a perfect flock of [sea gulls]. . . . They rose all about me in a heaving cloud . . . and then scattered. . . . I was a little higher, quite near the top or well within hail of it, when I thought how queer it would be if my very scanty foothold gave way; and at that very minute it did . . . and I swung in the air by my hands from a ledge on the cliff which just gave room for the fingers to cling and hold on. There was a projection of rock to the left at which I flung out my feet sideways and just reached it; this enabled me to get breath and crawl at full speed (so to say) up the remaining bit of cliff." At the top, he fainted; when consciousness returned, he was looking into the nose of a sheep and burst into "a shout of laughter." At home, he found the household alarmed; everybody had been out searching for him. "After eating and sleeping I had an interview with my mother, of which I should not care to write except to the daughter of yours. Of course she wanted to know why I had done such a thing, and when I told her she laughed a short sweet laugh . . . and said, 'Nobody ever thought you were a coward, my boy.' I said that was all very well: but how could I tell till I tried? 'But you won't do it again?' she said. I replied, of course not—where could be the fun? I knew now that it could be done, and I only wanted to do it because nobody thought it could." He mentions in connection with this that, when swimming off the French coast, he had once been swept out and had fainted when a fishing boat picked him up. His swimming in dangerous waters was another of his testings of strength and nerve. Though slight, he was very muscular, and had powers of tenacity and endurance which were based on a character, says Gosse, "as firm as a twist of iron." But these letters confirm explicitly one's impression that Swinburne's love of swimming, besides providing ordeals, afforded him masochistic gratification. He liked to be pounded and slapped about by the inexorable "great sweet mother."

THE cruel, inexorable woman is a figure that towers above everything else in all of Swinburne's writing. She is, in fact, Swinburne's ideal—Dolores Our Lady of Pain; Mary Gor-



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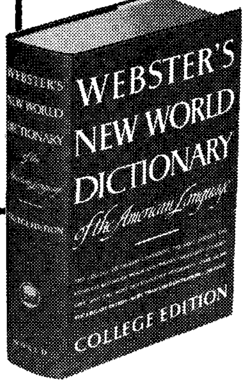

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don, who indifferently cut him down; the catalogue of perverse and destructive queens in "The Masque of Queen Bersabe;" the Messalina-Victoria of "La Sœur de la Reine;" Mary Stuart, about whom he wrote a huge trilogy and who he insists was not the pathetic victim that her sentimental admirers made her but a woman strong in intellect, passionate, and quite ruthless with enemies and lovers alike; Lady Midhurst, the relentless old schemer, who presides over "Love's Cross-Currents" and reappears in "Lesbia Brandon." Of this character Swinburne wrote in a letter to William Rossetti, when the former novel appeared in book form, "This book stands or falls by Lady Midhurst: If she gives satisfaction, it must be all right; if not, Chaos is come again," and he insists that she is entirely his own invention. Lady Midhurst is indeed at the center of "Love's Cross-Currents," prevailing, persuading, pushing, resorting to blackmail, if necessary—always bringing pressure to bear. Part French, extremely clever, a thorough woman of the world, she enjoys reading French novels and is aware of the irregular relationships in which the members of her family are involved, but she keeps them all under control and in the end she has not a scruple about trapping her young relatives in situations that are sure to make them unhappy but that give them at least the appearance of not violating British conventions. They have been doing what they liked at home but they must not create open scandal. One would not have expected of Swinburne either restraint or psychological subtlety; yet this novel is distinguished by both. Lady Midhurst is by far his most successful incarnation of the dominating, merciless woman. Poor old Adah Menken, as Dolores, has a flavor of burlesque vulgarity beside this polished and astute old spider. The French element is strong in "Love's Cross-Currents." Not only has Lady Midhurst French blood; it is evident that the book derives from Laclos's "Les Liaisons Dangereuses." Both stories are told in letters, and though the incidents and personalities in Swinburne are quite different from those in Laclos, one can recognize that, transposed into these different terms, Swinburne's theme is the same as Laclos's—the manipulation of simple people, regardless of their own real interests, by flexible and steely intelligence. But in Laclos there are two villains, and it is exhilarating when they at last get at odds and begin practicing their tricks on one another. Yet Lady Midhurst has no accomplice with whom she will fall out, to

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the ruin of their plans. She is left in the end triumphant, and the upshot of "Love's Cross-Currents" is actually more unpleasant than that of the gratuitous exploits in eighteenth-century wickedness carried out by the schemers of Laclos.

Swinburne's obsession with cruelty makes itself felt more sharply in these works than it does in his other writings, because they are made to take place not in a world of history or myth but in Swinburne's own personal world. This is something that is basic to his nature, and the closer we get to the man himself, the more uncomfortable his effect on us becomes. It is not only the nostalgia for floggings that strikes this note in "Lesbia Brandon;" the whole book is shot through with a sinister satisfaction derived from inflicting pain—even to the nasty old ballads which Swinburne has concocted for the purpose of working on his characters' nerves. He can never get away from this, and it is one thing that makes him so limited, in the long run so unsatisfactory. His enthusiasms are exaggerated, seem only half real (though these, too, have their masochistic element), but this masochistic excitement *is* real, and it is hard to be entirely sympathetic with someone who—though only on one side of his nature—longs so passionately for self-abasement. In his relationship with Watts-Dunton—though he was sometimes impatient with his guardian—he was succumbing to this morbid passivity, and that, too, is a little repellent. An old gentleman of almost sixty, he writes of his friend and himself in terms of "major" and "minor"—Watts-Dunton of course being "major"—as if they were boys at school, and a ramble in the woods, when he is fifty-seven, can still stimulate him to write to his friend as follows: "The day before your minor had (he must confess) broken bounds and played truant in very Etonian fashion, and came home so torn with brambles and stung with nettles that he felt rather as if he were returning from a subsequent and consequent interview with the Head Master (the birch itself could hardly have stung more, or lacerated the flesh quite so severely). . . . I must take you down a steep grassy dell into a most lovely bit of woodland glen which I then discovered, and on along a very high and very steep bank clothed with beeches (no birches to make a fellow feel uncomfortable out of bounds)." It was not in the least, as I have said above, that Swinburne lacked physical courage. He was once in these later years, says Gosse, threatened by a "hulking poetaster, half mad with vani-

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ty," who "waited for him with a big stick on one of his lonely walks, and proposed to give him a thrashing. The antagonist was a powerful man, his victim a sort of fairy; but Swinburne cowed him by sheer personal dignity, and serenely continued to walk on, with the blusterer growling behind him." (Of this story Coulson Kernahan, again, gives a different and more comic version. The poetaster, Eric Mackay, had written what Swinburne regarded as a "fulsome and offensively flattering letter, in which he expressed the intention of dedicating a book of his own poems to Swinburne." He wrote Swinburne three times but got no reply. After the incident recounted by Gosse, he wrote Swinburne that the book of poems would *not* be dedicated to him, and Swinburne replied that he was "honoured and relieved.") But Algernon could not stand up to Watts-Dunton, the retired solicitor and amateur of letters who had taken him under his wing, who put a damper on his meetings with more amusing people and who seems to have incited him to a derogatory article on his old admiration Whitman and to a somewhat waspish one on the "Ten O'Clock" lecture of his old friend Whistler. Mr. Lang is rather disposed to defend Watts-Dunton against Gosse, and of course it was Swinburne's own weakness that made him lapse into such a relationship, but how one wishes he had had the spirit, when Watts-Dunton had sequestered "Lesbia Brandon" and was refusing to give it back, to throw off his masochistic submissiveness and go after that respectable solicitor not with a birch but with a cudgel. How one wishes he had been allowed to make his full contribution to English fiction! —EDMUND WILSON

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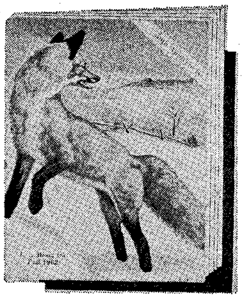

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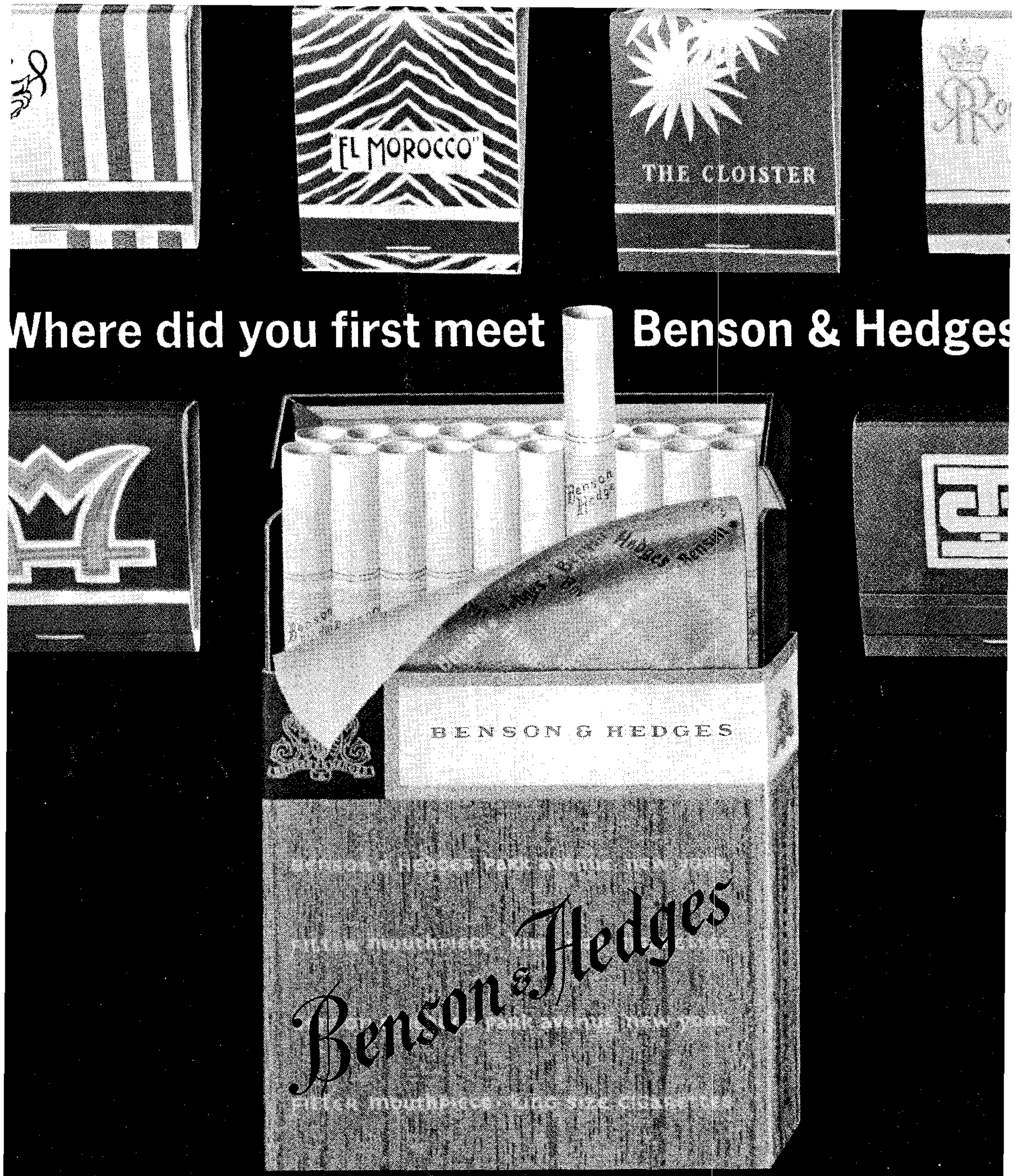

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